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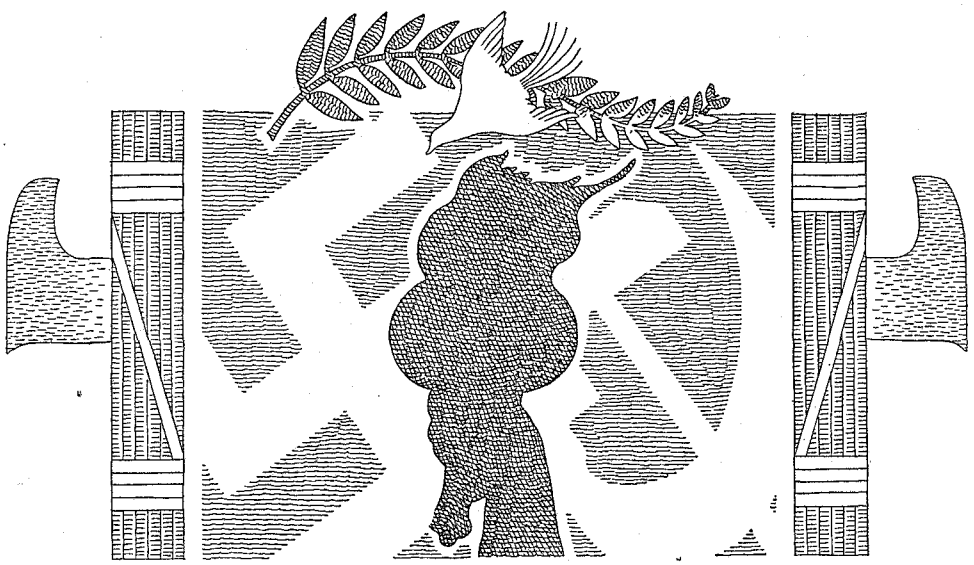

Static on the Red Network

THE MENACE OF REACTION IN AMERICA

By Chard Powers Smith

Mrs. Roosevelt, President MacCracken of Vassar, Harry Emerson Fosdick, Hatcher Hughes, Alexander Meiklejohn, Harry Hansen, Carl Van Doren, and others comment on violent revolution and their inclusion in the reactionary proscription list in "The Red Network." Their statements are included in this article which reveals reactionary fanaticism as the immediate threat to American institutions

IN my home town I am sometimes called "pretty radical"—with an ominous wag of the head—or, more decisively, a "goddam bolshevik." In New York the two or three Communists I know call me a "goddam tory." Of the two descriptions the latter is approximately correct and I do not resent it. But the first is a dangerous aspersion on me and millions like me. It is an aspersion because it is false, and it is dangerous because it represents the most serious threat to liberty in this country, the threat of so-called fascism, the threat of a powerful minority to override the Constitution in the name of "patriotism" and nullify its guarantees of liberty to the rest of the citizenry. This aspersion and this threat result in part from the failure of many honest people in this bristling minority to recognize the sharp distinction between two contrasted points of view in politics, the Radical and the Liberal. In order to clear the ground I shall attempt very broadly to describe these two attitudes of mind, and to describe the reactionary attitude which fiercely opposes both of them.

A *Radical* is one who believes that the whole existing order, both legal and economic, is unnecessarily repressive of the bulk of the population. He advocates a socialist state and, believing that the present system of private ownership and profit cannot be eliminated by constitutional, political means, proposes violent revolution and expropriation. With the Radicals must also be classed those "pinks" who, deploring violence, yet are so deeply committed to the socialist ideal that if violence seemed necessary to attain their ends they would sanction it. The essence of the radical point of view is *change by violence.* (At the outside, the Radicals comprise 3 per cent of the population.)

A *Reactionary* is one who believes militantly in the whole existing order, legal and economic. He is ready to resist and repress with violence not only sedition but also constitutional, political change which he considers subversive of the present system. In applying this repression he is willing to resort to terroristic methods, thus disregarding the safeguards of the Constitution which he pretends to defend. This is the so-called fascist attitude. The essence of the reactionary point of view is *resistance to all change, by violence if necessary.* (At a guess, the Reactionaries comprise 20 per cent of the population.)*

Between the Radicals and the Reactionaries stand the *Liberals.* Their political weakness lies in the fact that they have no concerted program. Some of them desire socialism. Some of them look only to the attainment of specific

* These and the other percentages that follow are guesses, there being no statistics immediately applicable to the real, though politically unrecognized classification I am attempting.

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humanitarian ends such as disarmament; old age, disability, and unemployment insurance; and the like. Most of them are found somewhere between these limits, holding generally to the principle of private property but believing that the ownership of industry today carries with it too much control over the lives of millions and, therefore, advocating the constitutionalizing of government interference for the relief of unemployment and want, wherever such interference becomes necessary. Generally the Liberals believe that the capitalistic system needs reforming, that with the disappearance of the frontier, the increase in population, and the dislocation of labor due to modern machinery, the unlimited competitive system must presently break down and lead either to a communistic or a fascistic dictatorship, both of which they deplore. They are very numerous, comprising the moderate Socialists, Farmer-Laborites, and Progressives, the conservative trade unions, the liberal wing of the Democratic Party, the miscellaneous groups of panaceists which spring up from time to time, and much of that large Independent vote which refuses to be classified. The common quality of all Liberals, which distinguishes them from Radicals and Reactionaries alike, is that they *eschew violence*. They believe that democracy will continue to work under the Constitution, amended from time to time under its own provisions. The essence of the Liberal point of view is *change by peaceful and constitutional means.* (The Liberals are more numerous than the Reactionaries, comprising perhaps 27 per cent of the population.)

(A little later I shall mention the *Conservative* point of view, which is like the Reactionary in convictions but like the Liberal in peaceful intentions. The solid bulk of the population, perhaps 50 per cent, is conservative.)

It is the purpose of this article to protest against the ignorant and vicious practice of identifying Liberals and Radicals. In making this erroneous identification the reactionary "Red-Baiters" confess their unconscious disingenuousness. They show their real interest to be, not the suppression of sedition as they profess and no doubt believe, but the general suppression of their political opponents, whether seditious or not. For, as I have pointed out, the distinction between the Radical and the Liberal lies precisely along this line of sedition. The Liberals seek to gain their ends only by the ballot. In theory the Reactionaries will admit the propriety of this method. But in practice they pester, persecute, and prosecute the Liberals as gaily as they do the Radicals. They find it convenient to classify as a dangerous Red any person who questions the sanctity of *laissez-faire,* or who suggests the alleviating of widespread suffering by any means other than voluntary charity. They are hot in hunting down all such mythical Reds. Their sadistic fury organized by a demagog, might well engender the Germanic situation outlined in Mr. Lewis's *It Can't Happen Here.* It has already produced a book of an appallingly similar flavor, a sort of preliminary proscription list, called *The Red Network.*

This volume, the work of Mrs. Elizabeth Dilling, appeared about two years ago. Along with much other inflammatory data, it contains a "Who Is Who in Radicalism," listing the names of about 1350 persons supposed to be implicated in the communist plot to overthrow the government. The authority which this "Who's Who" will carry among sensational patriots appeared in an interview recently given out by Harry C. Blair, political advisor of Senator Dickinson of Iowa, candidate for the Republican nomination for President. Mr. Blair said that Senator Dickinson, being concerned over the communist "boring from within," and determined to suppress Liberals, Radicals, and all such "subversive" influences, had in his office a "well-marked copy" of *The Red Network.* And so no doubt many others have it and will have it, many others who lack either the means, the inclination, or the intelligence to get at the truth. This irresponsible volume stands now as an assault on the reputations, and may some day supply the pretext for a limitation of the freedom, of hundreds of distinguished citizens who have a deeper loyalty to the country and a better understanding of its institutions than Mrs. Dilling or any of her hysterical kind.

If the author of *The Red Network* had confined her zeal to the real Radicals, who are indeed involved in an insurrectionary plot, her work would have had the justification of calling the country's attention to a condition which may one day require a strengthening of the federal sedition laws. But by including in her "Who's Who" a large percentage of undoubtedly loyal and pacific Liberals, she not only impugned her own credibility and so weakened the usefulness of her book, but encouraged those forces of repression which are a greater threat to American liberty than Communism is or will be for a long time. Drawing the line upon the question of violence, I took from her book the names of ten persons whom I had reason to suspect of opposition to violence in any form. I wrote to these persons asking for a statement, not of their political views, but of their attitude on the specific question of violence: "Would you or would you not favor a violent and unconstitutional revolution to put your views into effect?" In other words, Are you a seditious Radical, and so properly part of the "red network," or are you a Liberal and a loyal citizen? The known frankness of these people in expressing their views is a guarantee that their replies are neither mendacious nor evasive. Here are the persons I wrote to; in parentheses are the indictments of them as they appear in *The Red Network;* and, in small type, their replies to my inquiry:

William Rose Benét (National Committee for the Defense of Political Prisoners; Emergency Committee for Southern Political Prisoners):

I have been slightly irritated and also a bit amused by rumors of Mrs. Dilling's book *The Red Network* in which I understand I was included among the dangerous radicals in America. I do not suppose anybody in his senses is in favor of a bloody revolution any more than he is in favor of international war. I certainly wish that we could reorganize our economic and social systems in the United States through peaceable methods. I consider writing like poor misguided Mrs. Dilling's both ignorant and vicious because it confuses the issues before us and plays right into the hands of Mr. Hearst, whose propaganda against the radicals merely supplies fuel for a quite justifiable anger against such stupidity, and actually increases the danger of violence. In answer to your question, I certainly do not favor violent revolution.

Professor Irving Fisher (National Citizens' Committee on Relations with Latin America; National Committee American Civil Liberties Union; League for the Organization of Progress; Hon. Vice-President National Consumers' League; Peace Patriots;

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American Neutral Conference Committee):

(1) I have never even thought of securing the changes which I have advocated by any other than peaceful and constitutional means.

(2) On the contrary, some of the reforms which I have advocated are largely for the purpose of preventing any violence. In my opinion, had my monetary proposals been adopted we should never have had this depression nor the threats of violence which it has brought. I believe, furthermore, that unless these reforms (already effected in Sweden, to some extent in England and the Sterling Group) are adopted in the United States before another depression overtakes us, the United States will be in far greater danger of going bolshevik.

(3) I am accused, and often have been, by the real radicals of being a conservative.

(4) This latter is more nearly true than the accusation of being a radical. If my reforms were enacted into law, much of government intervention could be dispensed with and should be.

Doctor Harry Emerson Fosdick (endorsed *Professional Patriots*—a publication of the American Civil Liberties Union; signer of Reconciliation Petition for Russian Recognition; signer of American Civil Liberties Union petition to Governor Fuller of Massachusetts, asking clemency for Sacco and Vanzetti. Signer of ministers' commutation petition in behalf of Sacco and Vanzetti. "Persuaded Ruby Bates to testify in behalf of Scottsboro rapists and deny her previous story"):

I am a pacifist, both so far as the international struggle is concerned and so far as the class struggle is concerned. I will have nothing to do with violent, radical or revolutionary theories or methods of action. Mrs. Dilling had not the slightest interest in telling the truth about me or anybody else. When she says that I am a friend of Communism and things of that sort, it is nonsense. I am distinctly on the liberal side of the social, economic, and international fence, but I am distinctly and forever against all violent revolution and am a militant protagonist of democracy and its methods of orderly procedure.

Harry Hansen (American Society for Cultural Relations with Russia):

In college I became identified with the reform movement and supported the campaign of Charles E. Merriam for mayor of Chicago in the interests of decent government. I was interested in many measures proposed by Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson and my sympathies were with the Progressive movement and such issues as banking reform, limitation of unfair competition, regulation of railroad rates, formation of the Interstate Commerce Commission, and woman's suffrage. When the death of Roosevelt eliminated him as a potential candidate for the Republican nomination, progressive leadership could not rally and the election of Harding left me in mourning, in common with all the former Progressives. I had faith in Hoover as a humanitarian and hoped for much from him, but the present plans of the Republicans leave me cold because they seem to promise nothing but a return to that method of unrestricted exploitation which ruins the resources of the whole people. It goes without saying that I can see no merit in a violent change of the political system, for the reason that I believe the present offers security and a just reward if honestly administered.

Hatcher Hughes (Chairman National Council on Freedom from Censorship of the American Civil Liberties Union):

I like to think of the future as something free—unfated—in which anything might happen. I have both heard and read a great many revolutionary declarations of faith from people of all sorts all over the world, but I have never yet met a revolutionary program that I would risk one drop of blood to realize anywhere in the world—or one that I would lift two fingers to substitute for the worst administration we have ever had in Washington. And you may do your own picking of bad administrations, the statement still stands.

I hope this will not be construed as superpatriotism. I share much of the popular opinion that there are a lot of things the matter with our government—all governments, in fact. But when you ask me if I would favor a revolution to achieve my political program, as an honest man I have to admit that I can think of no theory of government offhand that I believe would work any better for that part of the human race I know best than the one we are now experimenting with. I am convinced that this form of government is not final, any more than the present stage of development of the human race is final. But I am equally convinced that a better government—whatever form it may take—can be more readily attained by the intelligent direction of a greater part of our effort toward the improvement of the race rather than the government.

As I see it, man's government, like his religion—and most things that he holds on to, viewed in the mass, is usually about as good as he deserves or will stand for. I have little faith in the possibility of legislating the taste for better government into the human race either by precept or example. And I have no faith in achieving this by revolution. I realize, of course, that government may often be a vital factor in affecting the race. But let's keep the horse before the cart by realizing that man ultimately creates his government, as he does his gods—in his own image. And that, therefore, man is the thing to get excited about, not the government.

I leave it for you to decide on this scant evidence whether when the next revolution starts I will be operating a guillotine or merely supplying another head to be operated upon.

P. S. As I read this over it sounds like the confession of faith of a conscientious objector to fighting of any kind. Well, I'm not that.

Doctor Henry Noble MacCracken ("President Vassar College whose communistic Experimental Theater is conducted by Hallie Flanagan"; National Citizens' Committee on Relations with Latin America; Advisory Committee of Open Road—a travel bureau conducting tours in Russia and elsewhere; Endorser of Lane Pamphlet, opposing military training):

In politics, I am an independent with leanings toward the Democratic Party. All my political addresses during the last ten years have been made under the auspices of that party with the exception that, at the time of the election of President Hoover, I made a public address over a national broadcast under the auspices of the Calvert Associates, a non-partisan society of Catholics and Protestants interested in religious toleration. In past years, I have publicly favored such unpopular measures as the adjustment by reduction of the debts of the Allies and the United States in public debate with Honorable Hamilton Fish; the recognition of Soviet Russia in debate before the National Economic Club at the Hotel Astor with John Hays Hammond and others; the academic freedom of professors in the administrative direction of Vassar College; and free access to the public forum of Vassar College of speakers of every political complexion, including radicals, as well as conservatives.

I suppose I ought to be classed as a liberal with a conservative leaning. Although blacklisted at one time by the D. A. R., I have since been a speaker at an important meeting under their sponsorship, and have also addressed the American Legion of this city. My position on academic freedom is perhaps best stated in the letter which I wrote to *The New York Times* a few months ago.

(As the Reactionaries are especially savage against educated persons, including college professors, it will not be amiss to quote from this statement by Doctor MacCracken of the liberal academic point of view.)

Our platform may be summed up in three words: Let students study. . . . They are young and docile and, by reason of their residence in colleges, unprotected by family environment from the exploitation of interested groups. They are therefore all too easily enlisted in crusades of every kind by interested parties, who not only want their financial and social support, but who wish to use them as the spearhead behind which they can conceal their own designs. . . . The dilemma of the college administrator today is that whenever he endeavors to defend his college from use as a recruiting ground for political exploitation he is charged with tyranny and suppression of free speech; but whenever he defends the right of the students on their campus to free speech and free assembly, and to listen to whom they will, he is charged with innumerable crimes, the least of which is disloyalty to the Constitution.

In concluding, Doctor MacCracken summarizes his own policy:

While academic freedom will be loyally maintained, the institution will not tolerate either the lowering of its academic standing by neglect of its true work or the disintegration of its social integrity by raiding parties under any political banner, at least so long as free institutions prevail in these States.

Doctor Alexander Meiklejohn (his position will be noticed separately, at the end of this article):

Eleanor Roosevelt (Pacifist; Non-intervention Citizens' Committee; National Consumers' League; National Woman's Trade Union League; American Friends Service Committee; Progressive Education Association; World Peaceways; Vice-President New York

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League of Women Voters; on Advisory Board "ultra-radical" New School for Social Research; broadcast for benefit of International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union):

I would not favor or support a violent revolution to accomplish any views, political or otherwise, which I might have.

Carl Van Doren (literary editor *The Nation*—elsewhere described as "ultra-radical"—1919–22; Book Committee of the American Society for Cultural Relations with Russia; Emergency Committee for Southern Political Prisoners):

I no more favor or approve revolution than I favor or approve war. Both are violence, and I am utterly opposed to violence. Revolutions come only when inexcusable stupidity has caused intolerable suffering. They need not come at all. If they do come it is for lack of the intelligence which could have brought about the same ends by orderly processes. Of course I do not want to see a violent revolution in the United States. Who really does? But I believe that a gradual revolution has been going on for a generation. I favor and approve that, and I hope it will go further —still by constitutional means.

Mark Van Doren (American Society for Cultural Relations with Russia; National Student League; Literary Editor *The Nation,* 1924–8; wife, Associate Editor *The Nation*):

(Mr. Van Doren replied that his association with various cultural movements has been solely for the purpose of effecting the free dissemination of the best literature. I gather that as a writer and teacher he has few if any deep political convictions except on matters immediately touching these two professions.)

It is not necessary here to examine the several detailed inaccuracies, exaggerations, and omissions to be found in Mrs. Dilling's indictment of these and her other intended victims. The important general fact is that out of ignorance or intolerance she has attempted to stigmatize before the uninformed public many of the most distinguished and valuable men of her time. The common crime she imputes to all these people is participation in humanitarian organizations or movements each of which she alleges to be a cat's-paw of Russia. It would require a good-sized volume to disentangle her evidence and meet it with counter-evidence, to show in the cases of how many of the 450 organizations she names her imputation of sedition is correct, and in how many cases it is without foundation. In the want of such a volume and for the sake of argument only, it may be admitted that the organizations she names include some Communists in their membership, that many of them were founded at the suggestion of Moscow, and that some remain partially under Communist control. The error of the Liberals, then, in cooperating with these organizations is a case of the old mistake of touching pitch. However innocent their purposes, they are actually abetting sedition. However generous and patriotic their impulses, they are exposed to dangerous influence. The poor childlike Liberals—some of whom I have named, so little informed in comparison with Mrs. Dilling, so much less qualified to protect themselves than she is qualified to protect them—should be gently persuaded to quit their evil companionship. Before considering this danger of the Liberals succumbing to Russian seduction, let me say a word as to the actual extent of communist activity—and, incidentally, dispel any suspicion that I am indifferent to it.

There is in this country, as elsewhere in the world, a communist plot to overthrow the government by seditious insurrection. The orthodox Communist Party includes not over 40,000 members, of whom over half are unemployed. The Party is more powerful than its numbers would imply. It is under direct orders from the Russian dictatorship and its members are fanatics who submit to a rigid discipline. They are divided into sections like the staff of an army, each with its carefully specified duties. In the capacity of more or less secret agents, many of them paid, they are scattered tactically through areas and organizations that are already disaffected or where it is possible that disaffection might be created. Beside these orthodox Communists there is a formidable number of sympathizers, members of organizations which subscribe generally to the revolutionary program but for various reasons do not submit to the central discipline. The number of these is variously estimated at between two and four million. A conservative estimate would place the entire revolutionary personnel at 2,500,000, of whom over half are aliens.

The leadership of this seditious nucleus looks to no decisive action in the near future. Its efforts at present aim in two directions which are remarkably inconsistent with each other. The first of these aims is the more orthodox. The Marxian bible prophesies that the capitalist system must one day collapse because of its own inherent flaws and leave the country in a state of chaos. It is out of this chaos that the Radicals hope to rise and effect their coup. Accordingly, their present intrigue looks to the building of an organization, schooled in revolutionary psychology and technic, to be ready to leap to take advantage of the happy event. To this end they are busy instilling class consciousness, the necessity of violence, and other Marxian principles, in the minds of the workers generally. And they seize every opportunity offered by economic discontent—especially strikes —to assume leadership and show their power, thus inviting further enlistment in their ranks.

Less obvious and more insidious is their propaganda among the youth. It is claimed that in New York City an appreciable number of public school teachers are active members of the Communist Party. It is said that the Young Pioneers—the communist parallel of the Boy Scouts—includes several hundred thousand children from the age of six upward. All of these, in their summer camps, are being conditioned to class hatred by systematic training and startling songs and yells whose burthen is blood, atheism, and license. It is amusing that the same leadership which is so frankly godless with its young is making, not without some effect, its appeal to Christian idealism in the Methodist Church!

All of this is ominous enough and certainly worthy of public attention. But it is still on a small scale and a very long way from justifying a campaign of blind intolerance against everybody who is critical of the existing system. Also, the whole communist propaganda at present is appreciably mitigated and hamstrung by a secondary aim which is inconsistent with its primary, revolutionary objective. The Party is under specific orders from the Stalin régime to soft-pedal the whole revolutionary movement in the interest of ingratiating our government. At the moment our trade—perhaps also our friendliness in the East —is of far more importance to that realist Stalin than is the ephemeral possibility of proletarian revolution within our borders. Altogether, there is no communist threat at the moment.

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There is, to be sure, an eventual threat, and there are two general ways of forestalling it. The first and ultimately the only way we can defend our country against violent revolution is to eliminate those flaws in the present system which will give the Radicals their chance. As Professor Fisher indicated, with each successive depression and its concomitant suffering the possibility of serious uprising will increase. It is to the elimination of these depressions, this suffering, and this possibility of insurrection that the chief efforts of the Liberals are directed.

In comparison to the need of a broad attack upon the diseases festering in the vitals of the country, the business of suppressing present seditious activity is an oratorical tempest in a tea-pot. It is none the less a knotty problem and I do not profess to know the answer to it. It is a truism of political history that the surest way to increase disaffection is to suppress it. On the other hand, if and when seditious intrigue reaches dangerous proportion the government —which is at present remarkably ill-armed with anti-sedition laws—should certainly defend itself. I am not of those Liberals who believe that the right of free speech and free assembly sanctions organized sedition and that the Communists should be allowed to blow off steam indefinitely. If in a few large centers communist teachers are systematically instilling a revolutionary psychology in the youth, it seems proper that such teachers should be eliminated. In cases where radical labor leaders stage strikes, not to gain specific ends, but to "rehearse" the general strike which will usher in the glorious day, then I can see no objection to prosecuting such leaders as the sedition laws may provide, not for striking, but for sedition. The danger in requiring the oath of teachers lies in the fact that a sane law may be enlarged into a political weapon for the suppression of all progressive and intelligent instruction. The danger in punishing seditious strikes lies in the possible enlargement of the method to the suppression of all strikes by terrorization and other violence, both legal and illegal—a practice which unhappily already obtains. Assaults and the destruction of property should certainly be suppressed under existing laws. Also, sedition should be punished, under present laws or more stringent laws if necessary. But the enforcement of the law should be restrained far short of persecution, and it goes without saying that whatever laws are invoked against strikers and organizers should be applied equally to those vigilante mobs whose activities to date are so much more violent.

Now, as to the Liberals getting smudged by playing with pitch. Until last year the Communists, who specialize in tactics, had little hope of such smudging. They hated and villified the Liberals more than they did the Reactionaries. Their policy from 1928 to 1935 was to disrupt at every turn the Socialist Party and the conservative Trade Unions. (Incidentally, it was during this period that they inaugurated the "innocents' clubs," the sundry humanitarian organizations many of which Mrs. Dilling names.) In the powerful liberal organizations—the Socialist Party, the A. F. of L., the Progressives, the Farmer-Laborites—the Communists saw a danger of the correction of abuses in an orderly way and therefore a serious cloud on their hope for the glorious revolution. I suspect that their apprehension in this respect was justified. Liberal organizations and individuals are the safety-valve which keeps the ship of state running on its orderly course. Without that safety-valve the radical pressure within the reactionary boiler would one day blow the whole vessel to smithereens and sink us all in the ocean of the Dark Ages.

But after the serious set-backs in Italy and Germany, Moscow changed its tactics. In 1935 the order went out for a new United Front. The Russian cub bear in our midst was commanded to coo like the dove of peace and to lie down with every liberal lamb to be found on the landscape. The Radicals began to display the most touching solicitude for the Declaration and the Spirit of '76, and they planted the star-spangled banner beside their pulpits, no longer grudgingly, but with all the jovial unction of the Big Bad Wolf. Today you will find Communists all over the place buying beer for this and that Liberal, while the latter sits a little stiffly and is not as polite as it is in his gentle soul to be. For no one understands communist tactics better than he does.

It remains to be seen what will be the upshot of this new communistic love-making. A wing of the Socialist Party has already gone over to The Revolution. The Radicals and the Reactionaries agree that the same is destined to happen all along the line, from the presidency to the farmers of Wisconsin. This opinion is a fair example of the ridiculous fanaticism of both Communists and Reactionaries. It is more likely that the event will be precisely the opposite. The Liberals vastly outnumber the Communists, and their leaders know what they are about. They are pacific idealists and they believe that any victory won by force will in turn be lost by force. They will have nothing to do with violent insurrection. They are working for specific reforms, not universal upset, and it is their misfortune and the country's that when they espouse some humane cause or other they must accept the fellowship, not of their own loyal kind, but of revolutionaries. They know the Communists for scamps who are happily relieved of the code of bourgeois honesty. I think the Liberals will make the best of their help in the several movements where they are found together. If the game begins to look insurrectionary, or after they have effected their own specific ends, they will thank the Communists for their help and invite them to go back to Russia. If the United Front accomplishes anything at all, I think it will be to integrate a real, constitutional, functional Liberal Party without a shade of red in its leadership. This would be the best possible guarantee of the continuance of the public peace. The association of a few Liberals with a few Communists in humanitarian movements is no indication of redness on the part of the former. The only menace in this association lies in the pretext it gives the bloodthirsty Reactionaries for identifying these contrasted groups and for persecuting the Liberals along with the Communists.

Meanwhile the only dangerous threat to the public peace comes, not from the Liberals, not even from the Communists, but from the Mrs. Dillings, the D. A. R.'s, the Liberty Leaguers, the K. K. K.'s, the sitters on the lid, the Reactionaries. There is one type of Reactionary who is admirable for his candor. He is the out-and-out baron who admits, "Yes, I've got it—now try and

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get it." But most of our masters are not so frank, preferring to preach good will and brotherhood while their swarms of dependent midgets, the bulk of the Reactionaries, do their dirty work for them. These insects are persons of confused energy who are unable to think, unable to focus on any new situation. Being incapable of an independent interpretation of life, they seize upon the surface patterns, the conventions of thought and action, in which they were reared. The energy that ought to flow through their minds pours hysterically into the phrases and gestures of this inherited world. If you took their ready-made system from them they would have absolutely nothing left. Consequently they are capable of being very busy, angry, cruel, and steadfast in defending it. They cheer hysterically at the mention of their candidate for Congressman. They learn and deliver jingoistic songs with zest, and they are at a loss without a band. They can and do recite phrases from the Declaration, the Constitution, and the Gettysburg Address without knowing what they mean, and immediately sally forth to violate every one of these documents. Unable to distinguish between sedition and progress, they run this way and that guarding every practice and malpractice exactly as it is. They believe that every original and liberal idea portends the overthrow of the state and can prove to you that its possessor is either a Russian, a Jew, or in the pay of the same. There is of course no difference to them between Mr. Stalin, Mr. Green, and Mr. Roosevelt. They are dangerously ready to fall a prey to any demagog who will flatter them by reciting the phrases they know. In the North they are typified by well-meaning ladies who go about getting independent thinkers boycotted or relieved of their jobs. In the South, coming of a hotter tradition, the type is more robust, a member of the K. K. K., a male moron who is openly active in mobbing, murdering, torturing, and deporting anybody who disagrees with him and his friends. For writing these words I daresay they will blacklist me whose fathers—to sink into their psuedo-patriotic vocabulary—have been on this land as long as the longest of theirs, who am bound to this country with a devotion that requires no trumpets, and who will probably be required to stand beside them resisting the alien uprising they are struggling to foment. I shudder when I think what their intimate friends Lincoln, Lee, Jackson, Jefferson, and Washington would think of them.

These brave people are a menace to the public peace, both directly and indirectly. Directly, they are the bearers of Fascism—though of course we shall call it by some other, more domestic name. Conditions and events pointing in this hideous direction are of two types: cases of the submission of large masses of people to the will of one man, often a demagog; and cases of the terroristic suppression of groups or classes by other groups or classes, highly organized for the purpose of such suppression and sometimes assisted, directly or indirectly, by local or state authorities. Some conditions pointing in the first or dictatorial direction are: the complication of government to a degree where it is difficult for a voter to form an intelligent opinion upon any issue or candidate; a consequent apathy of the people toward public affairs and a willingness to let anybody run things who will take the trouble to; a widespread and seriously held opinion that the best way out of our present muddle would be for some strong man to take hold of the government and run it under a consistent policy; a loss of appreciation, through long enjoyment, of the importance of personal liberty; the power of one man to harangue and sway the whole country through the radio; and specifically, the surrender of power by Congress to the President on a scale unprecedented in time of peace, the Long dictatorship, and the authority of Father Coughlin.

Fascistic presages of the terroristic sort are numerous. At the head of the list stand innocently the blacklisting of Liberals, or the Red-listing of them in the manner of Mrs. Dilling. From these gentle gestures it is only a step to the wholesale beating, tar-and-feathering, torturing, and butchering of labor leaders in Florida, Alabama, and California. From these expressions of private enthusiasm it is another short step to the organized terror that ensued upon the share-croppers' strike in Arkansas a year ago. From this it is another short step to the large-scale regimentation of California by the Associated Farmers (comprising fruit growers and industrialists), cooperating with state and local authorities, to keep "stoop" labor down to a wage of not over twenty-five cents an hour, under elaborate systems of espionage, threats of violence and eviction, ordinances prohibiting large meetings, lectures, and discussions without a permit, and the concentration of laborers in camps which are guarded and encircled by barbed wire in harvest time, the more recent of these being surrounded by stockades resembling prison enclosures. And from this the final step is to the condition of perfectly orderly martial law which obtained for six months in two counties of Indiana and which was the very fact of Fascism. So far these are but local and sporadic happenings, but they are greater cause for concern than anything the Communists have staged to date. Beneath them the Reactionaries, the Hearsts and the Mrs. Dillings, are consistently at work, trying to inflame the uninformed and conservative majority of the country to the point where it will tolerate a wholesale "purge," not only of Communists but likewise of all loyal and independent Liberals. And beyond the purge is Mr. Lewis's horror story, *It Can't Happen Here*. I wish that every conservative in the country would read this book from nauseating cover to cover.

Besides being a direct and fascistic threat to the public peace, the Red-baiters are a powerful indirect threat. By opposing all progress, they may increase the strength of progress to revolutionary proportions. If they confined their attentions to Communists and communist sympathizers, they would involve but a negligibly small minority of the population. But when they persecute and line up for "liquidation" all peaceful Liberals and sympathizers with labor, they are toying irresponsibly with the dogs of civil war. For in addressing themselves to these they are confronting one of the largest minority groups in the country, a group which will never be overcome by local lawlessness or even by lawful suppression. This indirect menace is grave at a moment when the Communists are inviting all critics of capitalism in its present form to join their united front without profession of Marxian orthodoxy. Already a part of the Socialist Party, the leftmost of the Liber-

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als, have surrendered their traditional peaceful policy and have joined the Communists in recognizing the necessity of the Revolution. The great body of the Liberals will not follow in that direction but they will take their own stand. And they are sufficiently numerous and sufficiently powerful to offer the Reactionaries what in their hearts the Reactionaries seem greatly to desire, a civil war to extinction.

Altogether the Radicals and the Reactionaries are equally objectionable minorities, their respective programs equally subversive of our national tradition. Either group of extremists will force us into a military dictatorship if it can, and whether the dictator looks like Stalin or like Hitler, in either case the Constitution will be scrapped and the country will enjoy a reign of terror. The specially insidious thing about these two guerilla bands is that each strengthens the other. The undoubted presence of the Communists gives excuse and aggravation to the Red-baiters and enables them to frighten more and more people under their iron wings. The undoubted violence of these same Red-baiters furnishes copy for the Communists and enables them to strengthen their ranks with despairing workers and Liberals. The temporary success of either group will give the other its chance. If the Fascists put on their degrading show, the Communists will presently have an opportunity to put on their still more degrading one. Then slowly and inevitably our grand-children, if any, will see the mangled body of America rise to shake itself free of both ravening packs and proceed on its way under a renovated form of capitalism which was all that most of the Liberals wanted in the first place.

The best defense against this sorry sequence of events lies in the great body of the people becoming conscious of the specific dangers brewing in each of these minorities and of the methods of each, the ruthless, alien, pseudo-logic of the one, the incendiary, pseudo-patriotic ballyhoo of the other. This great body, probably the majority, of the people, is neither Radical, Reactionary, nor Liberal. It is Conservative. It does not want fundamental change, but it is loyal, tolerant, and humorous, and it will accept fundamental change if it comes in an orderly and constitutional way. Like the Reactionaries it is opposed to change, but like the Liberals it desires first of all peace and the preservation of our democratic traditions. Like the Liberals it represents a healthy force in politics, and the normal evolution of government occurs through the interplay of these two, and only these two, natural parties. The direction of the country in the long run will depend upon the amount of liberal reform which the Conservatives will accept. For theirs is the power, and it ought to be. It is of the first importance that conservative-minded people awake from their sometimes ominous indifference and decide exactly where they stand on these matters. They should become aware of the distinction I have indicated between Radicals and Liberals, and they should ascertain whether the latter are such a danger to the country as to justify uncompromising and violent repression. They should decide whether to tolerate the Liberals who want to play the game according to the rules, or to go all the way with the Reactionaries who want to break the rules. The choice is as simple as that and, consciously or unconsciously, it will be made.

It is likewise important that liberal-minded persons should understand the aims and methods of the Radicals. Philanthropic ladies and parlor bolsheviks should graduate from their traditional rôle of "innocents." They should realize that Russia, in making love to them now, is trying only to regiment them in readiness for some future collapse or depression of the present state, when suddenly the Bear will crack the whip of his discipline and involve them in insurrection. They should decide very clearly whether they are willing to be so regimented—that is, whether they are Radicals or Liberals. In cooperating with the various humanitarian aspects of the United Front they should keep their specific purposes clearly dissociated from the ideology of the Revolution which the Communists will try to pump into them. They should be sure they are following the American Liberal leaders and not the alien agitators. The danger from the Left is nowhere near so great as it is from the Right, but it is real enough to merit notice.

Liberals should not only separate themselves from communist influence but they should stand up and tell the country of that separation. It is the flimsy suspicion of seditious intent, drawn from the association of Communists and Liberals in specific undertakings, that at once weakens the influence of the latter and lends a shadow of justification to the fascist attack on them. It is the undoubted presence of communist, insurrectionary activity in the South, in California, and elsewhere, that encourages the terrorists to practise their horrors on all strangers who come championing labor. It is too much to ask an angry Wizard or a Goblin to make nice distinctions—they who habitually identify communism with anarchy! It behooves the Liberals themselves, both in self-defense and in mitigation of the fascist tendency, to proclaim their peaceful purposes and their irreconcilable opposition to the communist agenda. Not that this will make any difference to the Wizards, the Goblins, the Hearsts, and the Mrs. Dillings; but it will make a difference to the conservative country at large.

The greatest weakness of the Liberals lies in the fact that they are peaceful in program, and therefore the scorn of all good red-blooded fanatics. Their fundamental error lies in the fact that they are always right, and therefore despised equally by both sorts of extremists. The crusading minorities don't want truth, which is always a little subtle. They want simple extremity, absolute and uncompromising, extremity that justifies prompt action, always easier than thinking. The Liberals are of the race of Cassandra. They go about prophesying correctly, and no one listens. After the blood and the smoke of history's cataclysms are cleared away, some one observes incidentally that the upshot was what the Liberals foretold and advocated. The result of the French Revolution was not universal brotherhood but the transfer of power from the aristocracy to the merchants and manufacturers. The South must before many years have freed its slaves under better auspices than those of the Klan, and likewise must have taken up manufacturing on its own hook. But the maniacs, the Abolitionists on one side and the Secessionists on the other, must needs experience ecstasy in the brave spectacle of slaughter. The Soviet state is moving back toward individualism and in a few years—if it is lucky—life there will not look or feel so differently from life in a limited

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capitalistic state like Sweden. As Mr. Hughes said in his letter, a people in the long run gets no more than it wants. And its desires evolve by gradual, not cataclysmic progress, by slow variation and adaptation, not mutation. If the Liberals of the world were powerful enough, and if they would forego their pacific program, they would do well to establish a sort of Devil's Island whither the Radicals and Reactionaries alike might be deported and left to exterminate each other at leisure.

But this unliberal extremity is hardly yet necessary, at least in this country. The Convention of 1787 effected liberal change without violence. So did Jefferson. And Jackson. And T. R. And Taft. And Wilson. It is probable that the present administration, in spite of the forthcoming, needful reaction against its fiscal policy, will have contributed something to our political evolution in accustoming us to the principle that the government may meddle in industry for the preservation of natural resources and to the end that all who are willing to work may eat. In all of these cases the "ruling class" surrendered power in compliance with the mandate of the electorate. Our civilization is not lost yet. The radical threat is not serious, and can easily be met under the laws against conspiracy and sedition, especially if the latter are a little strengthened. The reactionary threat is more serious, but it can yet be controlled under the laws against conspiracy, assault, battery and murder, and the guarantees of the Constitution. It is only necessary that the conservative body of the population open its eyes and take a thoughtful look at what the maniacs both to the right and the left are trying to do to us. We have weathered other tidal waves of change without upsetting. We may yet weather this one.

I return once more to the distinction between the radical and the liberal point of view. One of the Liberals found in *The Red Network* is Doctor Alexander Meiklejohn. He is a valuable case in point, for he goes to the leftmost limit of liberal psychology, yet leaves an impassable gulf between his aims and those of the Radicals. Knowing nothing of him, Mrs. Dilling missed the valuable point that he is philosophically a Socialist—though I believe not a member of the Party—and a Pacifist. Let Mrs. Dilling list his other offenses: National Committee American Civil Liberties Union; Vice-President League for Industrial Democracy; National Council Committee on Militarism in Education; National Mooney-Billings Committee; National Citizens' Committee for Sacco and Vanzetti; Signed telegram to President in behalf of Sacco and Vanzetti; National Save Our Schools Commission; National Council Berger National Fund; "Founder and director of the experimental college at University of Wisconsin which was called the 'Guinea Pig College,' was very communistic in character, and after two years was dropped"; Campaign Committee Conference for Progressive Political Action.

This is a pretty heavy indictment. Here is a socialist, a pacifist (very dangerous), and a leader in several of the "subversive" organizations that Mrs. Dilling lists as focal points in the network which is weaving round us. If this man is not a dangerous revolutionary, then who is? If he turns out to be an orderly, patriotic citizen, then, alas, the whole sinister seine shrivels to a hairnet. I wrote to Doctor Meiklejohn as I did to the others, asking his views on the question of violent revolution. He replied that it was a matter of deep conviction with him, and rather than attempt to do justice to it in a letter he asked me to look in his recent book, *What Does America Mean?* and especially at the last chapter where the question is discussed. (Incidentally, I think this book will take its place among the classic expressions of Americanism.) After setting out his socialistic proposals, Doctor Meiklejohn poses the question whether it is desirable that they be put into effect by class warfare, that is, violent revolution. Here, in part, is his answer: "The method is a bad one. . . . It loses more than it gains. We cannot count upon it—to set America right.

"The first requirement of any method is that it shall agree, in motive and idea, with the end which it serves. And the program of class struggle fails exactly at this crucial point. It takes over the principles which it is trying to destroy. It fights the Devil with his own weapons. And the terrible disappointment involved in that procedure is that when one wins he has lost. The Devil asks for nothing better than that his foes should adopt his way of fighting. He is, in essence, nothing but that way of fighting. If he can get men to hate each other, to misunderstand and misrepresent each other, to regard hate and struggle as the essential principles of human nature, his victory is won. It is that, and only that, which he wants. We will not get a classless society in America by urging that the deepest law of human society is the conflict of classes one against another.

". . . If we say that human nature is such that no economic class ever voluntarily gives up its power, then nothing will be gained by putting another class in control of our social order. That class, too, will take for itself the spoils of victory, will cut down its enemies, will suppress them by brutal and violent action. And, further, when its enemies are liquidated, the controlling group will itself break up into hostile factions, each fighting for the mastery, each seeking to drive the others down into servitude and exploitation. If the law of the social order is that of war it is idle to ask, 'How shall we establish the rule of peace?'

"But the 'war' theory of human nature will not ultimately work because it is not ultimately valid. It does not explain the essential facts in the life of America. When a nation pledges itself, as we have done, to keep the activities of wealth-seeking within the bounds of liberty and justice, it denies that theory. When a people takes as its program a scheme of life in which men are to be equal and brothers, it has rejected the law of the jungle. And, however blind and confused has been and still is our action, those are our intentions. . . . It is only the superficial thinking of an overbusy, externalized mind which has persuaded us that liberty is economic and that justice is that division of possessions which ensues when men have fought each other to the finish. To believe these things is to deny all the human significance which the life of America contains. It is in line with much of our action. It is not in line with our traditional, our deliberate present intention.

". . . I am sure that our ordinary processes can be made much more effective than is violence. A democracy can take care of itself when it is aroused to action. The human spirit, when it is stirred to life, is not a weak and pitiful and helpless thing. It is efficient as well

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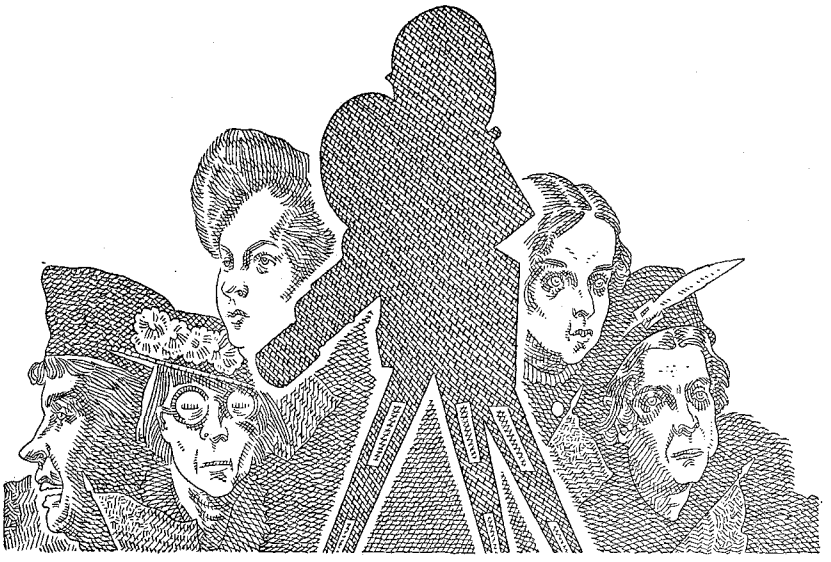
as magnificent. Or rather, it is magnificent in its efficiency. The method of freedom and justice is not a sentimental dream. It is the hard and tough and shrewd common sense of a race which, through the ages, has seen the futilities of beastliness; which has, in some measure, come to awareness of its own situation and its own purposes. It is the way which, on the whole, America has chosen and must follow."

This statement should be the preamble to the party platform of the united Liberals. It sets them off with indelible lines from the Reactionaries who snarl on their right and the Radicals who snap on their left. These are the men in whom the heritage of the pack has been bred out and will not be revived. When men like Doctor Meiklejohn, and the others I have quoted, and many others of those found in the *Who is Who in Radicalism,* are forced for the promotion of their noble purposes to consort with Communists whose methods and aims they despise, it is an aspersion on the rest of us. When we not only fail to offer them more appropriate association, but blacklist and persecute them, it is a confession that we do not sympathize with their generous impulses, that we do not want to move our inch or two along the way of human improvement. If instead of wishing only to keep what property we have, or to acquire what property we haven't, we really desired our country to proceed in the idealism our fathers bequeathed to us, then we would listen to these men. They are squarely in the tradition of liberty that made this a sacred country for three hundred years. In the end they will be recorded among the statesmen we name with pride. Periodically the forces of reaction grow strong and the issue of liberty must be met again. Twice when it grew hectic beyond liberal relief it was resolved in blood. Many times it was met in time and resolved in peace. Today the issue is not yet clearly drawn. That means it may yet be met by the Conservatives and the Liberals matching forces in the political arena in their orderly way. The country would be safe in the hands of these Liberals whom the fanatics defame. Under them we should have no class struggle. No revolution. No communist dictatorship. No fascist dictatorship. No intolerance. No persecution. No repression. But peace.



CRUSADE

A STORY

By Pearl S. Buck

Mac McGowan stood by the window and drew hard on his cigarette. Then he threw it into the spittoon, stalked about the miserable room of the little village hotel, lit another cigarette, drew hard upon it, and went back to the window to stare out into the glittering October noon. In the unsparing furious sunlight every plane and angle of the buildings started like crude drawing from the metal-clear blue of the sky—Heeney's Poolroom, Jim's Restaurant, the movie house, Marx's General Store, the First Methodist Church of Riggsville, and a dribble of smaller houses receding on either side of them. It was a cheap poster, that's what it was. And he and Sheean had nothing better to do than to stare at it for the next three hours until the governor's train came in, the train already twice delayed or he'd have been back in New York instead of here in Riggs's Hotel. They had not even been able to get a drink. Last night when he and Sheean had wanted a highball or two to pass the evening, the skinny proprietor had said they didn't sell any kind of liquor. "Temperance hotel, you know," he said, looking like a preacher as he said it.

He stared mournfully across the street. From the First Methodist Church directly opposite an uneven line of middle-aged and elderly women began to come out and move toward the hotel. They stopped in the middle of the street, waiting for a farmer's wagon to pass. Damn the way governors always seemed to be born in some little hick town and the way they always had to come home! It wasn't as if the governor had been born in Riggsville even, so they could have got a train back to New York by three o'clock. No, he was born in some little old farmhouse ten or twelve miles out in the country, no nearer a railroad than this, and they had to follow him out there. He began to ponder captions gloomily. "Governor Visits Old Homestead"—stale stuff—he must think of something snappy—maybe pull off some sort of Abraham Lincoln line.

But then he couldn't hope to get anything much out of this, nothing like that last shot he'd got, the smash-up at the landing field. What luck for him to be hanging around just the minute when the pilot's old widowed mother had come for the first time to see him fly and had seen him crash instead—swell piece of sob stuff! He'd got it

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every bit—plane a tangle of wires and broken wings and the motor still beating like a great panting heart and the little old lady trying to claw her way into the tangle. She'd cried just like a cat mewing—a great news reel scene! And it had all come out on the screen exactly as it was. He had sat in the big theater next door to the studios watching the crowd—the crowd was his test. When they saw the old lady the women just bawled out loud and he had been satisfied, though it would have been hard to get such a good one without Sheean. He and Sheean made a fine team. Oh, well, he'd take his camera down and try the light and then find Sheean and get a bite of lunch and pass the time somehow.

He sauntered down the unpainted stairs, the camera under his arm. The hard glittering sunshine poured across the square hall, upon the row of golden-oak rocking chairs by the large plate-glass window, upon the tin spittoons and the solitary rubber plant. In one of the chairs, his feet upon another, sat Sheean, fast asleep. He envied Sheean irritably. Sheean was always able to sleep when he was bored. . . . Through the open door suddenly there fell fantastic shadows, black angles, solid, black curves. The women he had seen in the street were coming into the hotel. They were filing through the door, turning toward the dining room. God, what a bunch! He appraised them quickly, staring contemptuously, ruthlessly. What a collection of fat stomachs and bulging breasts and thick ankles, what a collection of scrawny necks and hard knobby hands and long noses and big feet! He stood with his camera, staring, waiting, his lips in a down-curved smile.

Then they innocently caught his gaze. They paused, their eyes fluttering toward him. He heard them whispering. One whispered and the whisper ran like a breeze among them. Their heads turned toward him and naïve questioning was in the look. After a moment of flurry and a push or two, a short stout matron in a large-flowered blue-and-pink print dress came toward him. She cleared her throat with a small polite cough and asked, "Are you looking for the convention?"

"The convention?" he asked blankly. He was about to say, "What convention?" when she went on eagerly, "Yes, the County Women's Temperance Convention. If you're looking for us, we're meeting in the First Methodist Church just across the street from the hotel. We've just adjourned for lunch here."

He listened amazed. He wanted to laugh. He opened his mouth to guffaw—him coming all the way from New York City to take a bunch of hick dames—when suddenly the idea hit him. One of the swellest ideas he'd ever had hit him as lightning hits a tree. He forgot all about the governor. Here in this little hole he'd got a chance to— Malice and mischief shone out of his bright blue eyes. He closed his mouth without laughing. "Sure," he said, smoothly. "I've been looking for you ladies—oh, a long time!"

A movement of astonished pleasure ran among them. The stout matron threw a triumphant look at the others and said to him cosily, "Well now, Mr.—Mr.——"

"McGowan," he interrupted her, and added, "Call me Mac."

"Well, Mr. Mac," she went on, smiling at him gaily, "I'll just tell you now that we didn't really dare to think you would have come just to take our meeting. Where did you say you were from?"

"World Movie News Company, New York," he said promptly.

They were speechless. They looked at each other helplessly, murmuring. "Movie News?" said the stout matron.

"Yes," he answered, watching them. "Newsreels, you know. We get every important news item all over the world. We show in theaters all over the U. S. A., big and little."

"Yes. Yes," she fluttered, and then, after a moment's dazed hesitation, she went back to them. They gathered together whispering, excited. He waited, smiling his down-curved smile, holding his face stiff against laughter. He caught fragments. "Just see what it would mean—thousands upon thousands—" "Oh, I don't think—" "What would the men say?" "Oh, I couldn't—I don't believe Henry—" "But it's our great opportunity—" "Our duty is to——"

Then suddenly he had another of his ideas. It certainly was one of his days! "Wait!" he said with authority. They turned toward him like sheep. "I don't want to take the whole meeting. Say, it's the cause you're interested in, isn't it—the good cause?" They nodded, and he went on crisply. "Then let's line up a few of you ladies—and say, each of you make a little speech, you know—say something against liquor—and say—" His eye, roaming, fell on a woman whose hands were full of small American flags. "What are you going to do with the flags?"

The woman went as scarlet as a young girl. "We—we are going to have them as favors at lunch," she faltered.

He planned swiftly. "Swell—we could ring in something patriotic, too."

The stout lady responded with enthusiasm. "Oh, I think you're so right, Mr.—Mr. Mac. Shall we say just the officers? I'm the president—I'm Mrs. Pratt, Mr. Mac." He bowed and she smiled graciously, inclining her head. "And our vice-president is Mrs. Riggs—Mr. Riggs's wife—and here is our secretary, Mrs. Dunne,—will you ladies just step forward as I call your names? And our good faithful treasurer, Miss Potter, and then—don't you think we ought to have the minister's wife, Mr. Mac? Since the Methodists have been so kind about letting us use the church today?"

"Yes, of course," he agreed. His face ached trying to keep it straight. It couldn't be a better bunch. Hand-picked, he couldn't have got a better bunch. "Now let's go outside into the sunshine," he said gaily. "Suppose—say, how'd you ladies like to use the church as a background? A church is always kind of imposing, you know."

"Oh, yes, that's a good idea," Mrs. Pratt cried enthusiastically. "Oh, dear, do you think—would one of you ladies mind just telling Mr. Riggs we'll be delayed?" She smiled with gentle importance at a small awed old lady who trotted off to the dining-room and called after her, "Thank you, dear Mrs. Bentley!"

He rushed to wake Sheean, hissing into his ear, "Get the sound set-up—electricity—in the church across the street. String it out of the windows. I want 'em outdoors in front. I got one of my ideas. Get a move on, will you?" He shook Sheean and saw him awake. He could trust Sheean to get the mechanics right—he'd wake up and grumble, but he'd get it right. He rushed back to the women.

He was for the moment all artist. He led them across the street and lined them up against the stark, bare white church. God, what sunshine! It was

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like a dozen Klieg lights turned upon the landscape. There wasn't a breath of wind, only the clear chill dry sunshine. He lined them up without mercy, ruthlessly, far from any small atoning shrub or tree. There was nothing but the church and the five women. Upon their faces, their hands, their shapeless bodies in their homemade dresses, the sun shone down without leniency or stint. He looked at them a moment, exulting in them as he had never exulted in a row of bathing beauties. He was all ready. Sheean was ready, yawning and bewildered, but used to his vagaries and hunches.

But still he was not satisfied. "Here," he said. "You must be doing something. What could you do?"

They looked at each other helplessly. "What *could* we do?" murmured Miss Potter anxiously. She turned her kind, slightly bulging, gray eyes upon Mrs. Pratt. There was silence. They could not think of what to do. "Now let me think," said Mrs. Pratt brightly. "We mustn't miss this great opportunity—let's do something really inspiring—I know!" She turned to him. "Suppose we all waved our little flags, Mr. Mac, and sang our song—you know, girls—'pure hearts and clean hands, and lips unstained with wine,' and then we can each make our speeches and then step into line and wave our flags again as a nice ending."

"Swell!" said Mac McGowan. "Perfect!"

In the theater he sat waiting for his newsreel to come on. He wouldn't miss this for anything. He wasn't often as excited as this. Would the crowd see what he meant—would they see his joke? He looked about the huge place, spotted with white faces blank in the semi-darkness. They were watching a mystery play, intent, grave. Would that gravity change, the silence break? There was never any telling. Sometimes he was too smart for the crowd. He waited while the picture ended and the program began again. He watched his own name spring upon the screen. "Mac McGowan Brings To Us The Tragedy and the Comedy of the World in a Series of"— There was that picture of the races—swell picture, but races were dull unless a horse tumbled and killed its jockey—there were the shots he got of the ship *Irish Queen* upon her first voyage—all good, but nothing to excite the crowd—news of the day—"The Governor Steps Off His Train on Visit to His Boyhood Home"—the governor had got there that day before he knew it.

Then his picture came on. He sat upright, watching, listening for the first ripple in the crowd. Suddenly he leaned forward in ecstasy. He stared at the church—sharp, white, barren. Against its clapboards stood the women. They were more perfect even than he remembered—pathetic, ridiculous, earnest, waving their little flags, looking at the crowd with sickly smiles. The crowd was astonished, silent. How clever it had been of him not to do any wise-cracking in the title—just say exactly what it was—"Women's Temperance Meeting in Glenville County!" The shrill feeble sound of their singing arose. Mrs. Pratt led, flat and a little slow, determined to give every word its full value. There was a stifled giggle here and there through the house.

Then Mrs. Pratt stepped forward, smiled, and began to talk in sweet conscientious tones, smoothing her crumpled belt as she talked. That glorious sunlight fell upon her every line and wrinkle, upon her straggling eyebrows, upon her flat full lips. "As the president of the Women's Temperance Association of Glenville County I feel it my duty to say that we feel no real patriot can drink any strong liquor and —and we ought all to gather in our beloved country and see that our fine young people are kept free of this curse of liquor. We all drink too much, I feel sure, and—and" Behind him Mac McGowan heard a loud snicker and a snort. "I should like to introduce our vice-president, Mrs. Riggs, who will speak next."

Mrs. Riggs—had he ever had such luck before? She stepped forward, a large overflowing woman in a limp voile dress. He squinted his eyes at her and saw her as a whorl of full curves, jowls, breasts, upper arms, hips, even her ankles were fat curves, ending in small silly feet, and her gray pompadour was a crowning curve. She began to speak in a high, breathy, flustered voice, "I'm sure we all want to unite against the curse, and I'm sure——"

Out of the darkness by his side he heard a deep preliminary rumble of laughter, and turning a little he saw a large, loose-jointed, grinning man. "Lord," the man whispered, "where in the devil did they pick up such a bunch! Every darned one of 'em looks like the neighbors I used to know when I was a kid in a little town—good as gold and always ready to hand out cookies to us, but lookin' just like that!"

The crowd was beginning to stir and ripple. On the screen the minister's wife stepped forward, a bright, confident little bird of a woman with a bulging forehead and flying hair. She chirped a few indistinguishable syllables, and made way for Mrs. Dunne, tall, narrow-faced, prim, her large curved nose like the spout of a tea-kettle under her drab toque. Her voice came out unexpectedly flat and harsh. "I think the repeal was a great mistake. The statistics of per capita drinking among our young people since the repeal——"

There was murmuring in the crowd, a sound, movement, gathering.

He sat upright, staring ahead, his downward smile tight upon his face, his heart tense and waiting. It was good —it was better than he had hoped. Miss Pratt stood hesitating shyly upon the screen, the gray folds of her dress lank about her feet, her straight bobbed hair framing her spectacled, goggled eyes, her beflowered chip hat absurdly large. She held the little flag in bony hands limply over her stomach.

But by now the crowd had it. There was a deep rocking roar rising from all over the house. He waited, grinning, deeply content with the utter content of the artist who knows he has turned his trick. Then the climax for which he had waited came crashing, the climax of their laughter, their massed enormous laughter. They roared, they stamped their feet, they howled. The big man beside him bent over choking, screaming, cackling, slapping his knees. "Gosh," he gasped, "gosh—they'd make a fellow go out and get drunk if they weren't so damned f-funny!" He broke down again into shaking convulsion. Through the din of the crowd's laughter the women stood in a row upon the screen, earnestly waving their little flags, smiling their sick shy smiles.

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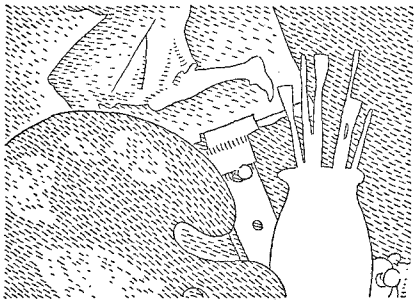
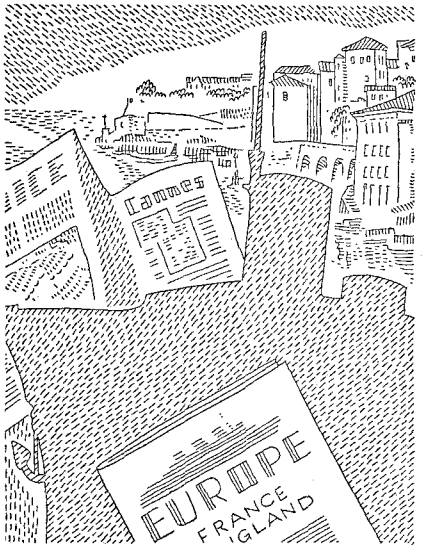
America's most famous woman tennis player in an autobiographical essay gives an insight into her mind and her interests. Her remarkable triumph in her return to the courts last season has stimulated interest in her plans for this year. Here she reveals her attitude toward the sport



Education of a Tennis Player

By Helen Wills Moody



I HAVE never thought of tennis as a "career" and when people ask me, as they often do, "How do you adjust your life to your career?" it is difficult for me to take the question seriously. From *my* point of view, it is not possible for a diversion to be a career—and I think of tennis as a diversion. Nevertheless, a diversion to which you have devoted a good deal of time is certain to have had its influence on the rest of your living. When I try, however, to separate the things I have learned from tennis from those I would have learned anyway, I find it a complex problem. From my tennis, of course, came experiences and impressions I might otherwise not have had. And certainly, I have derived a great deal of pleasure from the game.

During my thirteenth year I was in boarding school on the shores of Lake Champlain in Vermont. The courts of the school were being relaid, so I could not play that year, although I had brought along my newly acquired racquet from California. I enjoyed the other games during the recreation hours, except basketball, which I thought hampered by too many rules. Hockey was fun. We spent much time playing Tarzan in the trees. The Tarzan books were beginning to come out, and although they were proscribed in the school, they were smuggled in.

There were woods about the school, and here there were wild berries to taste, and leaves of plants to examine, and the names of trees to learn—all different from those in California. Then the snow came, a miracle to a child from California who had not seen this white wonder, and with it the winter sports.

I prefer above all things to be out of doors in the air, in sunshine or fog, wind or rain. I do not think that tennis taught me to love the out of doors, but, rather, that I took a great liking to tennis because it was played in the open, and because when we left the country to live in Berkeley, there were no open spaces in which to roam.

My interest in the game dates from my fourteenth birthday when I was given a membership in the Berkeley Tennis Club. I had played a little tennis before this, enough so that my father saw that it was possible that I might learn to become a fairly good player. Gradually the older members began asking me to play with them so that I had constant practice.

We lived up the hill from the Tennis Club. My school was nearby, too, so that it was easy to divide the day into three parts—classes in the morning, tennis in the afternoon, and study at night. My school lessons came first and I am sure if I had forgotten this, my parents would have reminded me. I can remember only once having been asked if I did not think that I should be studying. I considered it a grievous insult.

I learned slowly. I knew only one way of learning and that was as well as I possibly could. To say that I was conscientious is to describe it mildly. I would have been terribly disappointed if I had not been on the honor roll each month.

Tennis in these years offered me a great deal. It gave me exercise, and healthy activity. I never had to seek amusement. To me nothing was as much fun as spending the afternoon at the Tennis Club, playing tennis with as many people as were willing to have a game with me.

In my spare moments I worked at my drawing, but there never seemed to be enough time for it. I think that had I played less tennis I would have done more drawing—but it wasn't a strenuous out of door activity like tennis, and so of course I preferred the latter. I did some shooting, too, with my father. I had begun to have lessons in handling a gun when I was about nine. We used to go out for quail and ducks. To see the sun rise over the marshes, on a winter's morning, with the frost dissolving into wraith-like mist, to see the colors which belong peculiarly to marsh grasses and the reeds, and then to hear the whir of the ducks' wings when they are still high in the sky are things to remember. This meant more to me than

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the sound of the guns and the breaking in flight of these birds so marvellously attuned to speed.

A few months after joining the Berkeley Tennis Club, I took part in my first tournament, which was held on the courts of the club. The next year I went for the first time to Forest Hills and entered the National Girls' Junior Championship, which I managed to win. Teamed with Marion Zinderstein Jessup, I won the National Women's Doubles Championship too. The following year marked my first experience in the National Women's Singles, and I reached the finals, but was defeated by Mrs. Molla Mallory, the champion. The next year, when I was seventeen, I defeated Mrs. Mallory for the championship. The year following was 1924, and I went abroad to play for the first time, as a member of the U. S. Olympic Team. We played at Wimbledon and later, in the Olympic tennis in Paris. Usually team travel is a mass of entangled luggage, plans, and clashing personalities, but this team was quite different. Its members were Mrs. George Wightman (the famous Hazel Hotchkiss), Mrs. Marion Zinderstein Jessup, Miss Eleanor Goss, Norris Williams, Watson Washburn, Frank Hunter, and Vincent Richards, and my mother, who in my earlier years always accompanied me on my tennis trips. The team had success, which always makes a difference. The U. S. made a clean sweep in all the events.

Upon my return to California, I entered my second year at the university. I was a few weeks late, but caught up with some extra studying. My summer trips did not actually interfere with my college work, and during the term, the game complemented my work in the class room and the lecture hall.

With continuous effort in preparatory school, I achieved a good standing in my studies. Then it had been a matter of pride. But when I entered the university, I found that it was very desirable to be the possessor of a Phi Beta Kappa key. Ambition sent me gunning cold-bloodedly for this honor. I found out what average was necessary, and paid attention to every detail as well as I could so that in my third year I was included in the group of students who were awarded the key.

Actually my attitude was not consistent with the meaning of the award—a point of view which I have since regretted. I had an almost complete lack of interest in learning for the sake of knowing something. Not that I have since, by any means, become a scholar, but at least now I can admire those who are. At that time, I did not want to know anything. I was, in the truest sense of the word, a cup hunter in the field of scholarship.

For two years I studied almost every night, never without a groan; opened books related to the classes with reluctance, avoided all lectures which came in the afternoon, and kept away from the library. Art classes were the exception, of course, because in them we drew from life, studied anatomy, and painted in oil. The hours passed only too quickly. One other course stands out, too, in my memory. The professor was an able scientist who knew how to awake the interest of his students. The course was one in general zoology. I made an attempt to follow it up with more advanced laboratory study, but found that it was scheduled for the hours of one to five in the afternoons. My tennis was more important.

After my third year, I decided that my formal education was at an end. It had been something like a tournament. The final examinations had been the matches, and the key the cup.

But with classes, daily tennis, and evening study, my time had been almost completely taken up, so that I missed the usual life enjoyed by the student in school and university. I seemed to have no leisure hours. There were few movies and ice cream sodas. Because of travel and the experiences that the game of tennis provided, my interests became more mature. Upon looking back I can see that what interested the other students in preparatory school by degrees no longer interested me. When travelling I was with older people. Because I took part in the senior tournaments, my opponents were often twice my age.

By the time I had reached the university, I was very serious and was able to arrange all of my day on schedule. I

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thought that many of the students wasted time in conversation—for indeed, what could it accomplish? In my eyes, nothing had value for itself, but for what it could achieve.

Perhaps the students were learning about human nature. They were forming numerous friendships. They may have been developing a better understanding of people. At twenty, when I decided that I had had enough of formal learning, I knew nothing about human nature. I was hardly aware of its existence. More than that, it did not occur to me that other people had feelings. I did not know that other people were carrying around in their minds such things as ideas, and motives.

I was not curious about people, nor did I wonder why they behaved as they did. I was possessed of a self-centered calm, which made me incapable of any feelings of nervousness. I had no nerves —least of all in a tennis match.

It never occurred to me that if you once did get into action and tried your hardest, you would not be rewarded with victory. If by chance, you did not win, nothing could prevent you from winning eventually. It was a marvellous thing to be imbued with the feeling of certainty.

For this reason, the tennis matches which could have been a source of nervous strain, left me unaffected. I could sleep as well and can now, before the day of a final match as at any other time.

Early in my tennis career, I was given the name of "Little Miss Poker Face." I have always liked it. It is one you can smile over when you are an old lady.

At twenty, I thought that it might be pleasant to take in the tournaments in the south of France.

My mother had been planning a trip abroad when I had finished college, so that I might see the art galleries and some of the great architecture of Europe. Our plans included travelling in France and in Italy and in England. And while I had always been interested in trying to paint and in looking at art, my attention, unlike hers, was largely focused on the tennis. I was sure that the tennis must be better on the Riviera than in California. Eventually, one learns that distance has nothing to do with quality. However, I did not invest the south of France in my imagination with the glamor of romance, because one who had not yet learned to credit other people with feelings, would not be inclined to dwell long with romantic thoughts.

I did not know that a number of surprises awaited me.

The south of France was then a more interesting place than it has since become, for its winter following had not begun to desert it. There seemed to be nothing to do but to seek ways of passing the time pleasurably. It was to me a completely new way of life. There were the restaurants, and dancing in the afternoons at the Ambassadeurs, and evening parties, although I still preferred to go to bed early because of my tennis. (There was a tournament every week.) Here was a glimpse of a new world where the business was pleasure.

It was very exciting to pretend at the door of the Casino in Monte Carlo that you were the wife of your young American escort so that they would let you in, since twenty-one is the age limit for the gaming rooms. Later I saw the more fashionable Sporting Club, where millions have passed across the green tables. One evening I felt far from being a young person, for was I not the guest of a king, and were not the flunkies and doormen bowing deferentially as his Royal Highness and party passed down the hall on their way to the Sporting Club? There was no one to ask how old I was then.

I can remember my dress. It was a white one, embroidered in diamant, and with it I wore a pale blue velvet evening wrap with collar and trimmings of fox fur dyed a matching blue. Both had come from a leading dressmaking house, and I thought them perfection.

Playing tennis on the Riviera opened up a diversified field of interest. One met people of all kinds. Gradually it dawned upon me that people were interesting and amusing.

At the Ambassadeurs tall windows framed the masts of the yachts in the harbor. You could see them against the early stars of the winter evenings, as the clear sky sobered into night. The scene within was bright with sparkling crystal, with gilt, and the yellow glow from the lighted candelabra. There was a dramatic looking lady who wore a series of halo hats in different colors, who used to arrive in a long yellow Hispano with chauffeur and footman. She could dance only with gigolos, except on week-ends, when her protector, a big manufacturer, used to arrive from Paris. I had supposed that people like that existed only on the screen. Certainly you did not see them in Berkeley, California.

In a place where distractions and diversions were of paramount importance, it is not surprising that the tennis tournaments received so much attention. There were large audiences for almost all the matches.

That year there were a number of very good players taking part, from almost every country in the world. The draws were international and the tournaments well run. The pink clay courts were a cheerful surface to play on. The scene was a lovely one with background of blue sky and palms, against which the white-clad players moved.

On one of the best courts in the south of France, I played in a match which happened to draw a larger gallery than usual. I was defeated, because my opponent had played a better game. The arrangements, umpiring, court, and so on, had been perfect. My youth was certainly not blighted by the result.

But a few days later, I *was* due for an upset, though not on the courts. It was one of those surprises of your younger days that you are inclined to remember not for itself, entirely, but because from it you learned something of which you had not been aware before. What I discovered was: that the world is full of all kinds of people. This sounds naïve—but I was naïve.

I found that a rich woman, not merely rich but tremendously so, had bought up a large portion of the tickets for the match, and sold them for a profit. Some of the seats had been re-sold for as much as fifty dollars each. Naturally, no amateur can share in the gate, nor should he want to, but, on the other hand, neither does he want to play for the enrichment of an individual. The money taken in at matches should go by the way of the local tennis association for the encouragement of tennis and the furthering of the game, and actually this is what happened to the original sale price of the tickets. But the profiteering lady was by way of being a ticket scalper. I had not, as it were, kept my eye on the ball.

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It is popularly supposed that romance is encountered away from home. This is not always true, but it is a favorite belief, and it was not entirely surprising that the idea ran true to form on this trip, although it is quite possible that I would have met Frederick Moody eventually in California, as he lived only three miles away from Berkeley, in San Francisco.

After we left the south of France in March, my mother and I went on to Milan, Florence, and Rome, where I played in exhibition matches with the Italian players. The interest in tennis is very keen in Italy, and those who followed the game made it very pleasant for us. It was as if we had good friends in each of the cities we visited, although we had never been there before. We saw not only the sights that the usual traveller sees, but were invited to delightful Italian homes as well.

We went on to Paris where we waited a few weeks for the French championships to begin. They were to be held in the Bois de Boulogne as the Stade Rolande Garosse at that time had not been built. The first few days of the tournament were rainy and cold, and the water dripped drearily off the leaves of the great chestnut trees surrounding the courts. Mlle. Lenglen was entered in the tournament and I was hoping to play her again, that is if I could get through to the finals. The American Wightman Cup Team, of which I was a member, had arrived, captained by Mary Browne. They were taking part in the French championships as preliminary practice for the Wightman Cup Matches which were to follow the next month in England before Wimbledon.

I played through the first two or three rounds of the French tournament, but could not understand what was wrong with my game. It was becoming steadily weaker, no matter how much effort I put into it. If I could last through, there would be only two more rounds before I would play against Mlle. Lenglen again.

After waiting for about three hours at the courts in the cold and rain, I played and won from yellow-haired Mme. Golding, a French player who had all but given up tournaments. In spite of this we had a long drawn-out game, in which my play became steadily weaker and weaker.

The next morning when I began to dress to go out to the tennis courts, my knees seemed to melt and the world went black. It was an acute attack of appendicitis, the little French doctor said. Our California friends in Paris, when they heard, came to offer advice and assistance. I rebelled at the ignominy of going to the American Hospital on a stretcher, but no one paid any attention and the ambulance was soon rolling away across Paris to Neuilly.

Doctor de Martel, the famous French surgeon, worked rapidly and the operation was over in a few minutes. There were few lurid details, I regret to say. The only pain afterwards was in one of the toes in my right foot; otherwise, I felt immediately better, and it was fun having so much attention. Flowers came from friends and followers of tennis, and Mlle. Lenglen sent a great bouquet of pale pink and yellow peonies. To the surprise of my nurse, I was able to walk on the fifth day, which was doubtless due to my fundamental good health.

Although I was told I could begin to play tennis as soon as I wished, it was nine months before I really felt like playing a strenuous game. I made the mistake of trying to take part the next month in the American tournaments, but realized after two tournaments that it was impossible.

Before returning to the United States, however, I had been a spectator at Wimbledon. This was the year that Kathleen MacKane Godfrey won the title. Mlle. Lenglen was playing too and it was taken for granted that she would win, but there occurred the famous incident, of "when Suzanne kept the Queen waiting." This has never been explained satisfactorily, and probably never will be. It marked her last appearance at Wimbledon. A few months later, she announced that she was going to turn professional. Since her exhibition tour of the United States the following winter, she has done little professional work.

The following year I returned to Wimbledon, not as an unwilling spectator, but as a player, and was fortunate enough to win the championship there for the first time. In 1928, 29, and 30, I managed to repeat the win, and again in 1932, 33, and 35, thereby equalling the record of Mrs. Lambert Chambers, who had won the Wimbledon championship seven times before the War. Of my opponents in each of the finals, the names of Kathleen MacKane Godfrey, Lili de Alvarez, and Elizabeth Ryan stand out especially. Kathleen MacKane next to Mlle. Lenglen was one of the really great players. She had, besides a game suited to tournament play, a spirit for competition which enabled her to rise to special heights when she was on the center court. She was an interesting opponent because of the variety of her game and the element of surprise which it contained. Also because of her ability to pick up when she was behind. She won the title at Wimbledon twice, and if it had not been for ill health, might have gathered in a long row of championships.

Another player who was outstanding in those days was Lili de Alvarez, the Spanish champion. For brilliance, she was equalled not even by Suzanne. Her strokes were the last word in style and finish. She was pretty. Her tennis dresses always came from Paris and were very chic. There would have been little hope of winning from her, except that about halfway through the set she would become impatient and try to make a winner when the risk was too great. Then the demands of match play would suddenly become wearisome to her.

Elizabeth Ryan, the Californian, eighteen times doubles champion of Wimbledon, was a specialist in that field and her number of wins will probably never be equalled. In singles, she had the championship several times in her grasp, but did not quite capture it. She was a difficult opponent, with her low bounding chop, her clever drop shot, and her sharply angled volleys.

In 1934, I was again an onlooker at Wimbledon, because I had not yet recovered from an injury to my back which had not permitted me to touch a racquet for eleven months. I didn't know whether I would ever be able to play again—actually, it was not until about nine months after that that I did begin. But when I received a cable from *The London Daily Mail* in 1934—would I report the matches at Wimbledon? I felt that this would be an excuse for seeing the tournament which I was loath to miss. So it was as a sportswriter that I attended Wimble-

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don that year, and it quite changed my view of the work of those newspaper people who write on sports. I decided that it was much easier to play at Wimbledon than to write about it! It was necessary to write steadily from two o'clock to six-thirty each day, as the matches on the center court progressed. In the early part of the meeting, it was even more difficult, because there might be an important match on the "center," and, at the same time, good matches with Americans participating on outside courts.

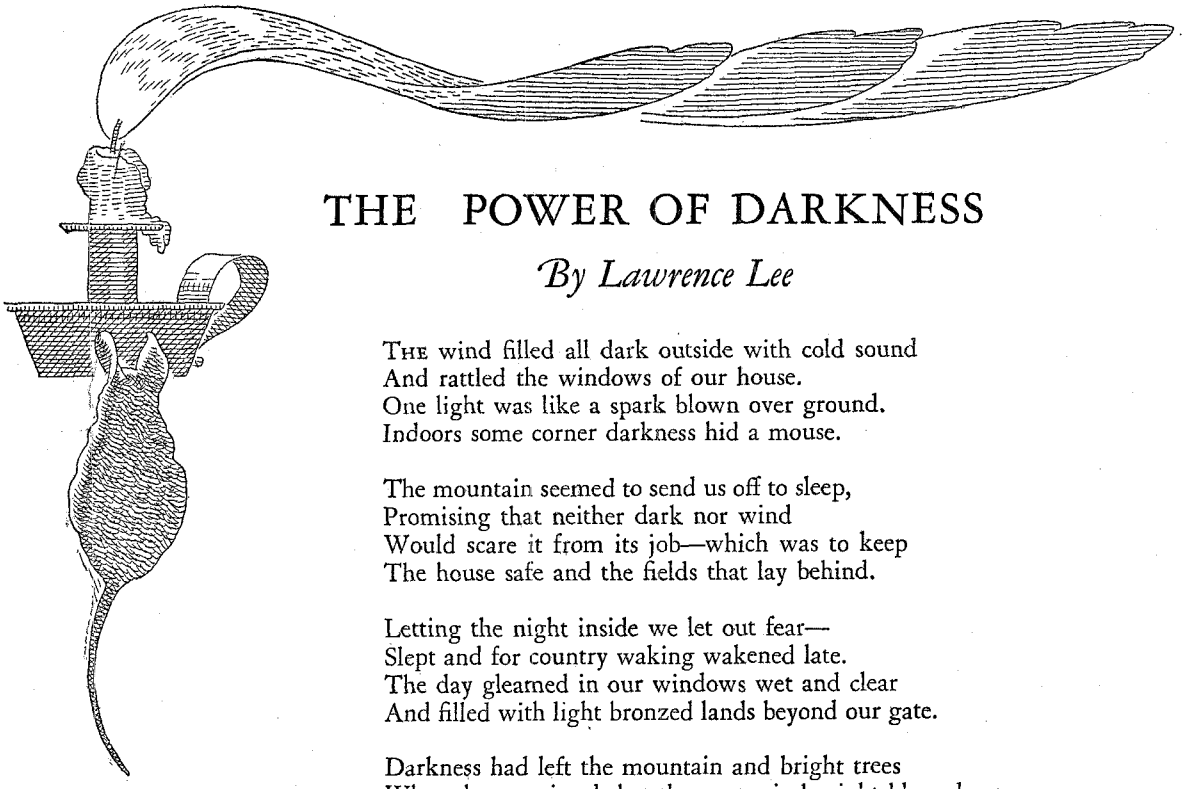
I had to keep three articles going at once—one for my American newspaper syndicate, one for *The London Daily Mail,* and a third one condensed for the Manchester edition of *The Daily Mail,* which had to be sent off earlier than the others.

Actually I found the reporting almost as interesting as playing at Wimbledon, because in writing about the matches it was necessary to follow the game very closely, play by play. The more attention you pay to tennis, the more there is to see. I was seeing much more than I had when I had casually looked on.

Also I was struck by the curious thought, as I sat among the thousands of spectators looking down at the green court below, that I was quite detached from my previous experiences upon this same court. It did not seem to me that I had ever been running about on this bit of turf, before such a large audience, serving, driving, pursuing the ball in a close rally. I found it hard to believe that any one should ever be able to learn how to connect such a small object as a ball with the only slightly larger expanse of tightly drawn string which was the face of the racquet. How could they do it, and especially with the added problem of speed? Tennis is peculiar in that it looks so easy and so difficult at the same time.

In recalling this impression, I am reminded of my ability or fault, or whatever it is, for forgetting things. It used to help me in my matches. I would forget immediately any mistakes, and because of this I would not brood over past errors, a habit which has lost many a match. Neither can I recall the scores of past matches, won or lost. Most of my tennis cups are in the basement nailed up in a box, which is perhaps a lamentable fact, but in years to come I may unpack them. The great joy of tennis to me is in the playing, at the moment, and I ask nothing more of it than that.

(The concluding part of Mrs. Moody's autobiographical article will appear in the June SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE*)*



THE POWER OF DARKNESS

By Lawrence Lee

THE wind filled all dark outside with cold sound
And rattled the windows of our house.
One light was like a spark blown over ground.
Indoors some corner darkness hid a mouse.

The mountain seemed to send us off to sleep,
Promising that neither dark nor wind
Would scare it from its job—which was to keep
The house safe and the fields that lay behind.

Letting the night inside we let out fear—
Slept and for country waking wakened late.
The day gleamed in our windows wet and clear
And filled with light bronzed lands beyond our gate.

Darkness had left the mountain and bright trees
Where leaves stirred that the next wind might blow down.
Farm women drove by with eggs held on their knees.
Night had not moved the roadway into town.

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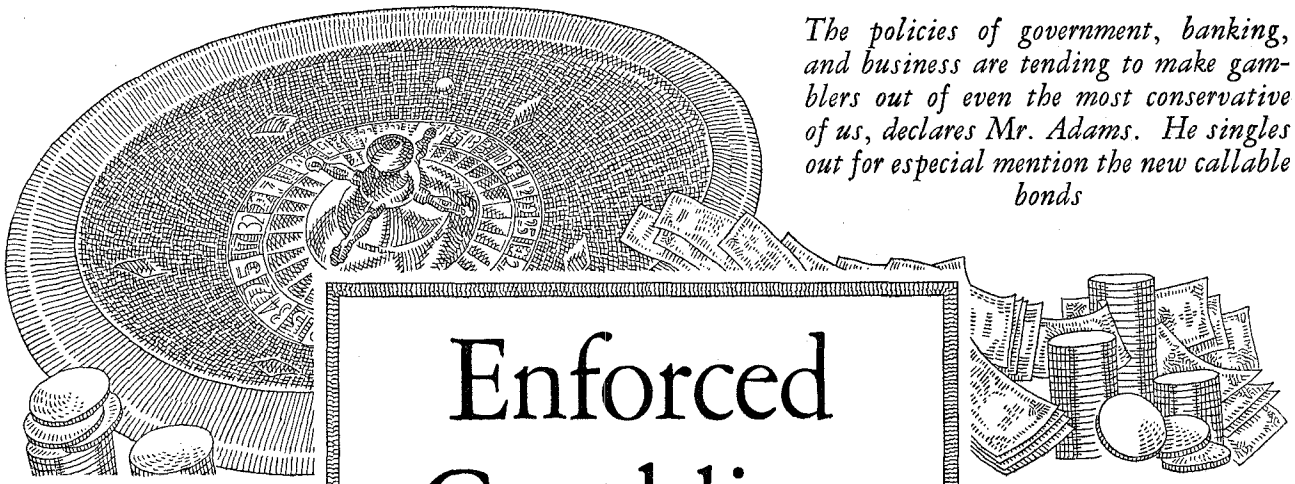

The policies of government, banking, and business are tending to make gamblers out of even the most conservative of us, declares Mr. Adams. He singles out for especial mention the new callable bonds

Enforced Gambling

By James Truslow Adams

THE recent appearance of Mr. Hoover as a witness before the Superior Court at San José, California, in his capacity as a trustee of Stanford University merely dramatized to some extent a situation which has long been troubling both trustees and private investors. The University had, he said, endowment funds totalling about $24,000,000 which, in their gradual growth, had been for fifty years successfully and safely invested in mortgages and first-class bonds. Owing to new conditions, now present in their combined force, after a half century, the University is faced with the necessity of investing a part of these funds in common stocks, and requested the permission of the Court to do so. These conditions, Mr. Hoover noted in part, were excessively low interest rates, the fact that over two-thirds of the investments were due or callable within five years, and the fear of possible inflation. We may, for the moment, disregard the low interest rates. After all, the income yield on first-class common stocks which might serve as a hedge against inflation are as low as the yield on bonds, and low yields are not peculiar to our present situation. Interest rates move in cycles and I well recall, just a generation ago, when interested in the formation of some trust funds, that bond yields were as low or lower than today.

At that time, however, trustees were not petitioning the Courts to allow them to buy common stocks. There was a hierarchy of investments, descending from government bonds, through gilt-edged and second-grade corporation bonds, preferred stocks, to common stocks at the bottom. At the top the investor could get, or believed he could get, perfect security. As he descended in the scale he increased his income and decreased his safety.

Common stocks were for people of large means or for speculators or gamblers. Common stocks are still gambles today, as the price and dividend records of the past eight years show. The point is, as Mr. Hoover said, "while common stocks, real estate, and other equities are subject to risk, yet this may be the lesser risk than bonds and mortgages."

Here is a wholly new situation. It is one that deeply concerns the welfare of every citizen, whether he is aware of it or not. I am not speaking merely of the vast distribution of ownership in what used to be considered the soundest securities. On January 1, 1935, for example, to cite only two instances, nearly 14,000,000 American men, women, and children had on deposit in the Mutual Savings Banks alone nearly $10,000,000,000, almost the whole of which was invested in bonds and mortgages, and not in "equities." The Life Insurance Companies were carrying for our people nearly $100,000,000,000 of insurance, with assets of about $22,000,000,000. This, again, was chiefly in bonds and mortgages. I do not have the figures for annuities but in the past year alone about $440,000,000 were put into this form of investment, and the total of these and similar gilt-edged investments must be colossal.

It is not, however, the economic but rather the psychological and social implications of the situation which I wish to lead up to in this article, for they seem to me to be of possibly profound importance. Those of the previous generation could feel reasonably secure in their investments provided they were content with a modest return and did not gamble for high yields or appreciation of principal. Today, no one can feel secure, and, like Stanford University, we have to be gamblers in spite of ourselves even though we wish to be conservative. What has brought this about; what are likely to be its effects; and what, if anything, can be done about it?

In considering the causes, we may leave out the ordinary effects of the business crash. We have had a severe crash in the course of the economic cycle in every generation, and each has been marked by failures of banks and other concerns, by rascality, by bad judgment on the part of many, and heavy losses. These, however, have not left us before in the situation we are now in. There have been new forces at work. The old panics and depressions did not turn us all into gamblers in spite of ourselves. We may divide the new forces into three groups: those resulting from government action, those springing from public opinion and advice, and those originating in new methods of private financing.

Speaking of government action, we may note that this has been of many

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sorts, most of them tending to make for great uncertainty in the life of the citizen. For one thing, just as in ordinary life we have to accept the word of those we are in contact with or intercourse would break down, so in the complex business life of today we lose all confidence if contracts are declared to be mere scraps of paper, to be torn up at the option of either party. All business becomes a gamble if when we are given a check, receive a promise, or sign a contract we have no idea whether the other fellow is going to honor his obligations or not. Our generation, especially since the war, has witnessed repudiation of solemn contracts on a scale never known before in the modern world. Contracts have been broken in every direction. The war debts, except that from Finland, have been virtually repudiated. Governments have been unable or unwilling to pay other debts. Treaties, such as our own with Panama, have been cynically torn up. Promises to pay in gold have almost all been broken. Currencies have been debased or wholly repudiated. The value of our own dollar is uncertain. It was reduced to 59 cents, and the President still has the power to lower it again to 50. By manipulating currencies and exchanges, governments have made all business hazardous for those directly or indirectly concerned with foreign trade. For some time, I have spent the greater part of each year in England. Before the war a few cents were the most that the pound and the dollar could fluctuate in terms of one another. One could then figure one's income and expenses, and adjust them to proper balance. In the past few years I have bought pounds as low as $3.16 and as high as $5.50. At the beginning of a year, intending to keep my expenses at the same figure as before, I could never tell what they would be. In spite of myself, I had to be a gambler in that riskiest of all markets, that in foreign exchange. There has also been the wholesale temporary cancellation of private contracts by government-declared moratoria of all sorts, such as that for mortgages, though often the debtor has been far richer than the creditor.

There have also, in our own case, been the colossal spending and piling up of deficits by the New Deal. This and other causes tending in the same direction have made the specter of possible inflation stand by the bed of every thinking man with responsibilities for his own or other people's money. Inflation on the grand scale is one of the greatest disasters which can overtake a people. It attacks the life of every man, woman, and child in the community, and it is practically impossible for the ordinary person to fight against it. As Roosevelt said in one of his campaign speeches, "big business and little business and family business and the individual's business [are] at the mercy of the big government in Washington." The effects of rapidly falling purchasing power of a currency and of soaring prices are felt first by those with fixed incomes, such as from salaries and fixed income-bearing securities. It is because of this that more individual investors, trustees, and institutions are carrying common stocks than ever before.

But the matter is not so simple. One cannot merely say to buy commodities, common stocks, or real estate in place of bonds and mortgages. One cannot "invest" in wheat or lead or copper. The commodity markets even for those versed in them are highly speculative. Real estate might or might not prove a good hedge. Not only does the ordinary problem arise of what particular piece to buy, but in case of real inflation the ownership of real estate, other than one's own home, might entail most unpleasant results. With a depreciating currency, both rents and taxes would rise of themselves but while governments would not—probably could not—check the rise in taxes they probably would, as they have done elsewhere, halt the rise in rents, and the unfortunate owner would find himself unprotected against taxes and repairs which he could not pay. As for common stocks they form, merely as a group, no hedge against inflation, as much depends on the nature of the individual business. The effect would depend on how much companies could raise the price of their products and retain a market; on whether they imported raw materials from abroad, at rapidly rising cost; on whether labor formed a large or small proportion of costs; and numerous other factors generally unknown to the ordinary investor. There are also the usual risks in buying common stocks which have always existed and still exist. Indeed they are emphasized today because many of the best common stocks are selling at prices at which they yield even less than fairly good bonds. I think it likely they will go higher but they are selling on business plus inflation, and we may or may not have the latter on a great scale. The hedges against inflation are thus all speculative, although I suppose all careful investors have bought some of them, even against their will. As Hoover pointed out, it is a gamble either way, whether you buy or do not buy. In America, at least, inflation has been and still is within the power of the government, and this is another way in which the government is turning us all, even universities, into speculators instead of investors.

To some extent, the same result is being attained by governmental action through taxation. Many of our tax laws interfere with free play of judgment in making investments. Unlike England, and I believe other countries, the United States, for example, taxes capital profits and allows deduction under certain conditions for capital losses. It seems unable to distinguish between these capital changes and ordinary income, earned or unearned, though it does not, as yet, consider the inheritance of a legacy as income for that year. Let me give an example. At the very bottom of the market I was asked to manage an estate which, by bad investment, had shrunk by about $100,000 down to a total of only about $30,000. If I had sold the securities to buy what I considered better, I could deduct a $100,000 loss, we will say, against that year's income tax, but the whole income was only $3000! If I kept them and they rose to their original purchase price, there would be no tax because there would be no "profit," a mere making up of paper loss. But if I sold them, bought others, and then sold those later for the same price as the first had cost (that is, merely restored the estate to its first value), the government would take some 40 per cent as a tax on the "profit." In many ways, which I need not detail, this law has made for speculation instead of straight investing. Among other laws we may note those of many States which tax the income from bonds and mortgages while leaving dividends from stocks and stock profits free, that

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is, which encourage the stock speculator or owner and discourage the more conservative investor. In these and other ways, our governments, both State and Federal, have done much to make us all gamblers rather than investors.

We now come to the second force which I have called public opinion and advice. Largely because of the situation created by governments, the idea has taken firm root in the public mind and among many economists that, either for fear of inflation or for other reasons, the really careful investor should have a varying proportion, according to individual opinion, of common stocks. This may or may not be true, depending on the hidden events of the next decade. The estates which in 1929 were all in gilt-edged bonds are intact today whereas the nation is strewn with the wreckage of those who had owned stocks. Whatever the truth may be, this force of public opinion and advice is certainly a potent one in making us into speculators. A man must needs have an oaken confidence in his own judgment today if, in handling funds, he sticks solely to bonds and mortgages. Yet, as I indicated above, he is taking risks in other forms of investment which the conservative trustee or investor of the last generation did not have to take.

There is a third and comparatively new cause at work today which makes for uncertainty in the former superconservative investments. We owe this to the bankers and the corporations. A generation ago comparatively few bonds were callable. When they were, it was usually only after a number of years. They generally ran for a generation or more. One could build up a well-balanced estate with some degree of permanency. Now, practically every bond that is issued is callable on any interest day on thirty to sixty days' notice. In other words, if the money market should be favorable for refunding, one's whole estate might be called within a few months. They are not bonds in the old sense. They are merely secured—(sometimes)—short commercial paper, if the issuing company so decrees. But there is this point. They are callable only at the option of the company and not payable at the option of the holder.

Let us take one example. One of the new bonds, merely a sample of practically what all are, is a 3½, "due" in 1970 but callable any interest day on sixty days' notice. Others are callable on thirty days' notice from date of issue. If money rates fall, bonds go up; if they rise, bonds go down. But if rates fell so that the company could refund at, say, 3 per cent, the investor might lose his bond. On the other hand, if they rose, and the bond went down, the investor could hold the bag. The company can exercise its right any time but the investor is not entitled to repayment until 1970. He may have to carry the bond (or sell it at a loss) for a generation, whereas if the market rises he may be told to turn it in for a small premium, and have to solve the investment problem all over again under still more difficult conditions. This now almost universal method would seem to be, for the companies, "heads I win, tails you lose." The investor, under these circumstances, no longer can have a safe, long-term investment, but his estate becomes a shifting quick-sand, quivering at every drop in money rates. Bonds so issued have ceased to perform one of their most useful functions. This new practice may prove another force, and a potent one, in changing us against our wills from investors to speculators.

What are the psychological and social implications of this change? I believe they may be serious. Living in a new and rapidly developing country, we Americans have always been inclined to gamble with our lives. On the other hand, with a very wide distribution of property, we have been noted, on the whole, for our political conservatism. The house or farm, the savings account, the life-insurance policy, the estate, small or large, in investments, have all served to keep us from the wilder forms of radicalism. Today no man, however rich, feels safe. Not only that, but with the various forces at work noted above, all tending to make us speculators in spite of ourselves, we shall steadily feel less safe.

In the past, the farmers have been the most conservative element in our population, in part because they have felt that they were secure in their way of life even if the standard of living were not as high as they would wish. Their farms were not quoted daily on an exchange tempting them to buy or sell. The man who had a life-insurance policy in a company with hundreds of millions of assets behind it felt safe. The man who had built up an estate with mortgages and long-term gilt-edged bonds felt safe for himself and for his family. In 1908, for example, I subscribed to some of the Pennsylvania Railroad consolidated fours of 1948. Barring a complete overturn of the world, I believed, and still believe, them absolutely safe. I have them yet, after twenty-eight years, and expect to keep them until they come due twelve years hence. During the war, the depression of 1920–21 and that of the past six years, the price has gone up and down but I have not had to sell. They were paid for, and I always felt the income was safe, not only in any current year but for years ahead. The fall in price under special conditions did not fill me with terror lest, as in the case of common stocks or speculative junior bonds, the income might cease. The fact that during all those hectic years the larger part of my modest estate was in such securities gave me a certain sense of stability, much the sense that a man might have living on his unencumbered farm, which continued to make a profit for him. It helped largely to enable me to keep a steady head, avoid the economic pitfalls of 1927–29, and maintain some sanity as to the economic and political world about me. One might not be making the paper fortunes of one's feverish neighbors who were "riding high, wide and handsome" on common stocks but one could adjust expense to income and have a feeling of stability both for present and future. If one died, his estate would continue to provide the same income for his heirs, and changes in its safe make-up need come only slowly as the bonds fell due at very varying dates, and in varying conditions of the money market.

But apparently it is not the intention of either bankers or corporations to allow this form of investment any longer. If all "bonds," so-called, are to be callable at the option of the company on thirty or sixty days' notice, the sense of stability as to income is gone. One is no longer investing long-term funds at a given rate. One is merely speculating on the money market. One can no longer average on income rates. All one's bonds may be called when

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money rates reach a certain point on a downward swing instead of maturing over a series of years. Let us say all first-class 5-per-cent bonds had been of this new type. The unfortunate investor would have to be "refunded" at, say, 3½ per cent in a bond callable any time at the option of the company. If interest rates fell, instead of adding to his capital by a substantial rise in the price of his bonds, they would be taken away from him by the company to be again refunded at a lower rate. If interest rates rose, his new bonds would decline, and when corporations might be again borrowing at 5 per cent, his capital would have shrunk to such an extent as to prevent his shifting into higher rate bonds at any profit. This would apply not to a few of his bonds which might have matured at a bad moment for him but to his entire list. Such a horizontal cut through his entire estate would prevent his ever getting up again, except by the investment of additional savings, to be treated some day in the same way. Carefully chosen maturity will no longer allow orderly adjustment of an estate. A mere low point in a money cycle will allow corporations to disrupt it wholly and at once, and as noted above, perhaps lower the income on the whole once and for all. This applies to life-insurance companies and savings banks as well as to individuals. If as fast as the older long-term bonds come due they are to be replaced only by this short-term one-sided bargain paper, one wonders what the effect will be when there are no longer any bonds of the older sort to buy. Just as in my own case my few bonds have been a stabilizing factor in my life, mental as well as economic, so the vast mass of such bonds, counted in the past by the billions, has been a stabilizing factor in the life of the people at large.

The sense of possible safety is now rapidly passing from the various causes noted. How different today are the sensations of a man who is wondering, if we have inflation, what is going to happen to the assets behind his savings-bank account or his life insurance or annuity; who has a large part of his investments in common stocks which he sees rise and fall every day; whose bonds may be called "any interest date on thirty days' notice"; and so on. The man who feels safe in building for the future under the institutions of his country is not one to try wild experiments with those institutions. But let it soak into him thoroughly that neither he nor his wife nor children are any longer safe, and you change the man. If we have to gamble even on the most solemn contracts made by the government; if we are forced to wonder about our life insurance and other assets hitherto considered impregnable; if we cannot make investments for more than thirty or sixty days at the option of companies; if we are to be forced to become speculators in stocks merely as one gamble set against another; if we are to ride up and down on every stock market boom or crash; if even the most conservative have to do these things, then they will cease to be conservative.

Particularly as to common stocks, we all know the difference in "feel," so to say, between money made in speculation and money made by hard work or as interest on carefully saved and invested securities. If a person suddenly makes $500 in the market he is likely to regard it as a windfall which he can go out and spend, whereas he would not so regard six months' interest on his bonds or savings account. He is also likely to get the fatal idea that what he has done once he can do again when he likes, and market profits come to be considered, as the government teaches him in its tax laws, merely part of his annual income. One does not watch the fluctuations in the price of one's home or of one's mortgages or sound bonds in the same emotional state as one watches the gyrations of the stock market. But most people if they invest in common stocks are daily confronted in active times with the questions "to buy or not to buy," "to sell or not to sell," and the psychology of such people changes from that of the careful investor to that of the speculator and gambler.

Recklessness in one part of one's life and outlook easily spreads into recklessness in other parts, and the steady pressure now being exerted on all of us to change us from conservative investors to gamblers by necessity may well, in time, have a profound effect on the general social and political life of the nation.

What is to be done about it? The different causes which are operating as described above would seem to call for different means of combating them. Taking them in reverse order, I suppose there is nothing to be done about the turning of bonds into a sort of commercial paper, unless our business leaders can see that it may not be wise long-term policy. As I have said, for the corporations it is "heads I win, tails you lose," and they find that, undoubtedly, a comfortable position. It is also a comfortable position for the bankers. If a company issues a forty-year bond, such as the Pennsylvania fours of 1948 which I mentioned above, the bankers can make only one underwriting commission in forty years on that loan. If the bonds are callable any six months and the money market is kind, they may make several commissions by refunding in the same forty years. Moreover there is competition between bankers for the financing of corporations. If a banker or banking group fails to put all the possible and fashionable terms favorable to the corporation into a loaning operation they may well find themselves passed over when the corporation again has financing to be handled. It may be if enough investors, like myself who used to buy bonds instead of mortgages, partly because although paying less income they ran for a longer period, stop buying this new 30–60-day stuff, that we shall have the old-fashioned bond come back.

As to the general public opinion and advice, those may well alter as conditions alter. They will not do so as long as the fear of inflation hangs over us. For the altering of conditions, we have to go back to the government. So long as we continue gaily along the road which, if travelled far enough, would, as Roosevelt said in the 1932 campaign, inevitably lead to bankruptcy, which means inflation of the worst sort, we cannot expect to feel safe. We shall have to continue to gamble because the government is gambling and forces us to. On the other hand, if, either under Mr. Roosevelt or another, we get back to balanced budgets, sane finance, and sensible tax laws, then not only the unhappy trustees of Stanford and other universities but all of us ordinary people who are trying to make a living and provide for the future of ourselves and those dependent on us may again return to conservative investments and not worry too much about the market with every evening's paper.

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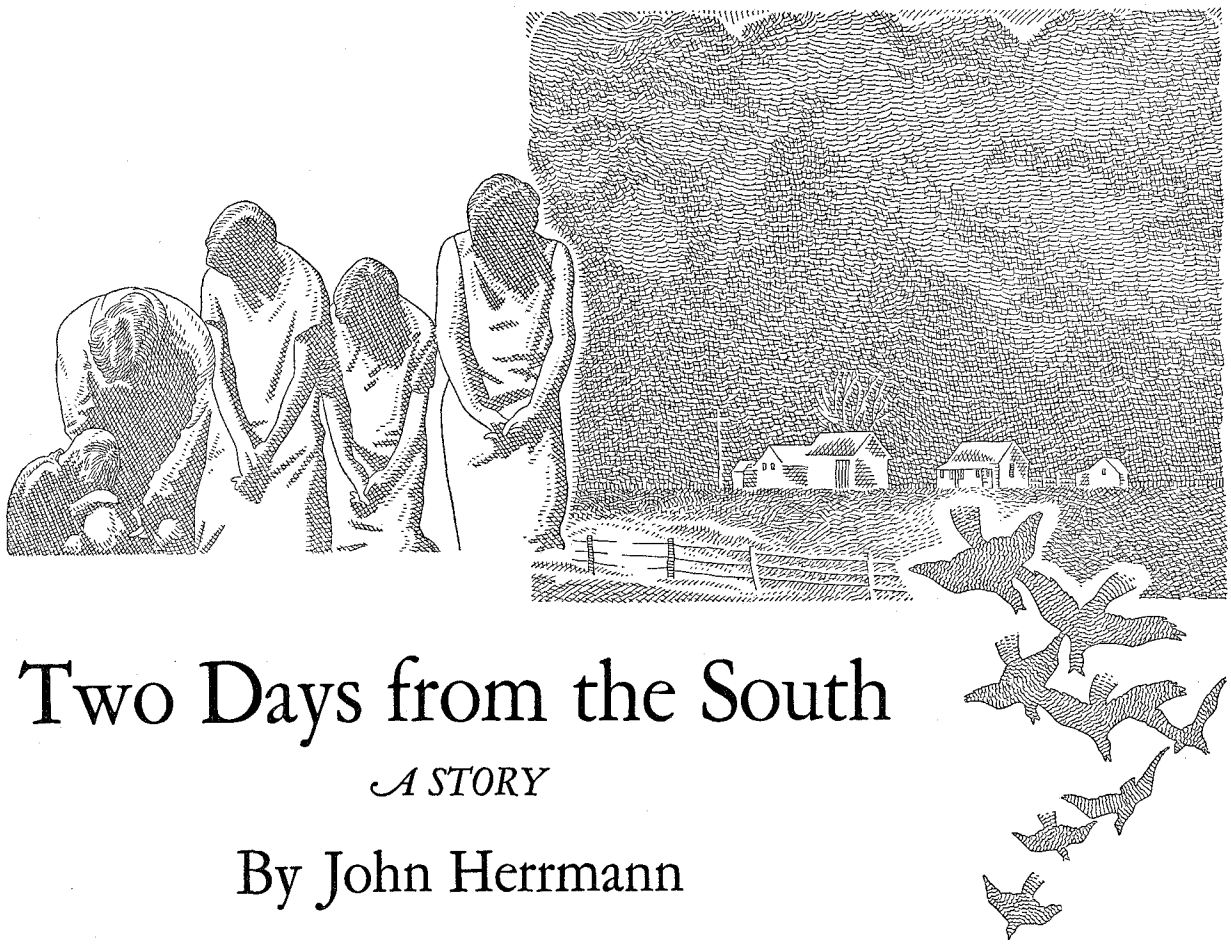

Two Days from the South

A STORY

By John Herrmann

THE sun came in through the window clear and bright. Its first rays brought warmth into the plainly furnished farm bedroom. Phillip Jasper rubbed sleep out of his eyes and stretched, disturbing his wife with his upraised left elbow.

She raised herself quickly, suddenly wide awake. Man and wife looked out of the window at the sunlight and the clear April air and sky. In both there was a feeling of elation and relief, the joy of people seeing for the first time in weeks the clear sunlight.

"No dust," Phillip said.

"The first time in three weeks we've seen the day break like that," his wife said.

Hurriedly they got out of bed. Caroline looked at their baby, sleeping in a clothes basket near the bed. He coughed once lightly but continued sleeping.

"They could hold school today," Caroline told Phillip.

With his back turned toward his wife he scratched his head and gazed out of the window. The horizon was clear. He could see smoke-stacks and the top of a grain elevator in Dodge City, twelve miles away. Truly it did seem incredible.

For three solid weeks the skies had been filled with dust and the only sun they had seen was the silvery, ominous sun such as shows through storm, tornado, and dust-ridden skies. And this was seen only rarely, for on most days the dust filled the sky so thickly that it completely hid even the sun's ghost.

"I think it would be a mistake to hold school today. We can't be sure the weather is settled. Those dust storms come up so quick. Better wait a few days," Phillip said.

"It is hard with the dust," she said. "But with the children under foot all day, I can't make any headway against the dirt, Phillip. Look at this filthy house. I scrub it and scrub it, and look at it. If I could only get the children out from under foot and give it a good cleaning, I'd feel better."

"But, Ma, next day more dust, more dirt. You have to clean again. Don't wear yourself out, always cleaning and scrubbing. We've all got to eat our peck of dirt."

"Our peck of dirt," Caroline said. "Why I've eaten bushels, I know I have. It's in everything."

"Now Caroline, take it easy, it can't last. Maybe today means the dust is ended. Maybe tomorrow there'll be rain. I think I'd faint away dead if I saw rain come down suddenly." Phillip's eyes brightened and one side of his mouth turned up in a smile.

"In three years only a few teacups of rain and you still act so hopeful. Did Grandpa tell you the joke he heard about the man who saw rain on the window?" she asked.

"I heard it in town. He fainted away, didn't he, and then they had to throw some dust in his face in order to bring him around? I never heard so many jokes about anything as the dust storms. With cattle dying off and no chance for a crop you'd think they'd get something better to joke about."

"Well a joke don't hurt nothing, and I swear I think people would just go plumb crazy if they didn't joke once in a while. Grandpa told a couple of others."

"Let's get the kids up, Ma," Phillip said.

He left the bedroom and skillfully, almost automatically, started fire in the range. He tore a few sheets from the Kansas *Farmer's Magazine,* crumpled

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them, and rubbed the grate of the range firebox to force the old ashes through and make a draft. Wood was scarce in Kansas so he picked out his small kindling carefully and laid it on the paper. After adding three bigger sticks he threw on some kerosene and lit the fire. This was usually his wife's job.

"I built the fire for you, Ma," he said.

She came into the kitchen. "Land sakes, what's come over you? You better tend to your milking."

"I guess the sun surprised me. I don't know. I just did it, I guess," he said.

Phillip Jasper walked outside with the shining milk pail under his arm. He breathed the cool April air deeply and smiled and then felt foolish when he realized he was smiling, apparently at nothing. He let his face go back into its natural serious expression, but his eyes were brighter than usual and he was happy.

He stopped and slowly turned around, looking at the horizon in every direction. The sky was clear as a bell, blue, and only a few scattered cirrus clouds moved slowly in the light southerly breeze. He walked a few steps toward the barn and stopped again. He sniffed at the air from the south. Surely it was the spring in the air that made him feel happy.

Spring in the air turned Phillip's thoughts to plowing, harrowing, sowing, and then summer and the harvest. These activities were so often filled with drudgery and the hardest, most driving kind of work, and so often followed by disappointment, due to drouth, hail, wind, flood, and the prices on the market. But to him these activities meant life and brought with them hope and purpose. The earth and elements and man, the farmer, work all together, fitting perfectly as cogs, he thought. And then a monkey wrench is thrown, drouth, dust, wind, hail, flood, and then the farmer doesn't fit in, and a season goes, and then spring and the soft air, and the combination starts working again, the earth, the elements, and the farmer.

Yes, it would be good to get in gear again, Phillip thought, and went into the barn. He threw down some government-relief dry corn fodder to his one remaining milch cow, careful not to overdo it. The cow was very thin and poor but he must watch carefully each cornstalk. This morning he fed the cow a portion of meal and noticed how the dust had sifted into the covered barrel and changed the gray-white stuff to almost black.

He got about six quarts of milk when he should have been getting ten at least.

Jack, his twelve-year-old son, ran into the barn. "Hey, Pop, shall I let them steers out this morning? There ain't no dust."

"Well, yes, I guess you might as well. Only give them some fodder first, they won't get nothing but dust in the pasture. That pasture looks like plowed ground, the grass just about completely covered. I don't want them getting their bellies any fuller of dust than I can help. Doc Sawyer opened up a cow that died the other day and it had a couple quarts of dust in the belly. And he was telling me there was Russian thistle sprouting right there in the cow's belly. I can believe it. That's all they got to eat, is Russian thistle, just about. Only sprouting in the belly. That dust kills them, they get it in the belly and it stuffs them up, plugs them right up, so they die."

"Say, Pop," Jack called out loudly in a high clear voice. "Did I tell you, Grandpa says one of his chickens eat so much dust, the chicken did, she laid a egg that was all full of dust. Solid inside with dust. Did Grandpa tell you about it? He told me."

"Don't believe everything your Grandpa tells you. That couldn't be, Jack. Only with the cows, now that could be and is. That was just one of Grandpa's darn dust-storm jokes. I get almighty tired of hearing his darn jokes."

Phillip left the cow in her stall, still feeding on the corn stalks. He carried the milk pail to the house. The southerly breeze was warmer now that the sun was well above the horizon.

Today he could finish listing the quarter section over the hill to the south. The government, in a campaign to save the land from wind erosion was giving gas and oil to the farmers who signed up for the program. Phillip had gotten 150 gallons of tractor fuel and nine of oil to list part of his farm and plow those long furrows at right angles to the prevailing winds. In yesterday's storm, which had blown from the south, the ground he had already listed seemed comparatively free of dust, while the unlisted land was black with the miniature whirlpools, swirling and rising to join the clouds of biting dust, swept in gusts across the Kansas prairie.

Caroline had breakfast ready. She worked in the kitchen steadily and silently. Little Mary was putting the knives, forks, and spoons beside the plates. Phillip washed his face and hands leisurely and soaked his black hair with water. The comb pulled through it hard and left long tooth marks because the dust of yesterday's storm turned to mud in his hair. The morning washup made his tanned face shine through the unshaven bristle of his beard. He sat down at the head of the table.

"We'll finish off this relief ham," his wife said. "Mary got ten eggs this morning. My, they ain't laying good at all."

"I guess them chickens get more dust than feed," Phillip said.

The two youngest, boys of six and seven years, came to the table and took their seats. Jack came in hurriedly, washed his face and hands and plumped down into his chair. Mary, who was ten and in the fifth grade at school, carried the platter of fried eggs to the table.

"Now you sit down and eat, Mary. I'll get the ham and coffee right away," her mother said. "My, I've got a lot of cleaning up to do today. Everything is filthy."

"Pop, can't we go to school today? There ain't no dust," Mary said.

"Well, I don't hardly think so. You can't tell, it might come on to blow. You know how it does. And the schoolhouse needs a lot of cleaning up after yesterday's. It seems like every day that schoolhouse gathers more dirt than anything else."

"It's fun at school when they's a storm," Jack said. "Even if it did storm I could find my way home. I wouldn't care how hard it stormed. I wouldn't care if it was as black as anything. I could find my way home."

"I could find my way too," little Freddie said.

The other younger brother said, "So could I."

Then Phillip took his knife in his right hand and the fork in the other and with points upright, banged the handles on the table. He was beaming. "Well now, what a family I've got. They could find their way home from school, a mile away in a storm like yesterday's.

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Why a bloodhound couldn't make its way through one of those howlers. The dust makes it so you can't draw a civilized breath of air into your lungs hardly, and your eyes smarting like you'd rubbed them with cactus. If any of you ever got caught in a storm in that schoolhouse you would stay right there, wouldn't you? Until somebody come for you, wouldn't you?"

He tried to look stern and Caroline stood beside the stove waiting to see what kind of an answer her husband would get. The children certainly looked up to their father. He treated them with real respect and managed to be master of the house. Caroline couldn't get half the work out of them that he could, but she thought he overdid it, treating them like responsible grownups.

"Sure, Pop," Jack said. "Only I just said I could do it, and I could."

"Would you stay there in the schoolhouse until somebody came for you?" Phillip asked little Freddie.

"Sure, Pop, course I would. Only if Jack could find his way, I don't see why I couldn't. It's just over the hill, over there." He pointed his spoon toward the southwest, toward the country schoolhouse.

"All right. Pass the eggs, and remember what I said. Stay until somebody calls for you." Phillip put two fried eggs on his plate.

"Well, can we go today?" Mary asked.

Phillip was township school supervisor. He looked out of the window and got up from the table. The day was splendid. He went to the telephone and called the teacher. He then called two nearby families.

Caroline took his eggs from his plate and put them back in the frying pan to keep warm. Phillip telephoned to one other farmhouse.

The children would go to school that day.

"I knew we would. I knew we would. I knew we would," Mary said.

"Oh, shut up, Mary," Jack said. "I knew it as much as you did."

"I knew it too. I knew it too," Freddie said.

"I did too. I did," his smaller brother piped up.

"You all knew it, did you?" Phillip said. "And by gosh, my school supervisor and I just knew it now myself. Now you get busy with your breakfast, and you, Jack, I don't think you ought to call out to your sister to shut up. That shouldn't never be done."

Caroline looked out of the window, worriedly reading the sky. The sun was so clear and bright and the sky so blue that she turned smiling at her family.

"I can really get the house cleaned up today with you kids packed off to school." Instead of sitting down to eat with the family she busied herself about the kitchen, put water on the range to heat and then started preparing lunches for her children.

"Come on an' eat, Ma," Phillip said.

"I'll snatch a bite in a minute. I just want to get these few things arranged here. You just go ahead and make out. And you kids ain't going to have very big lunches. We need more flour, Phillip."

"I'll go to town when I finish listing that south quarter. We can get us flour on this week's relief slip," he said.

Caroline packed the lunches for the four children in a large paper sack. "Now, Jack, you're to carry the lunch today," she said.

"It's Mary's turn, Ma. I carried them last time we went."

"I carried 'em twice before though, you know I did," Mary said.

"Well, now don't have any argument," said Phillip. "Jack, now I think you better carry the lunch. After all, I wouldn't have gave you that white-faced steer to raise if I didn't think you was getting to be a man."

"O. K., Pop. I carry them today. Mary tomorrow. I can't fatten up that steer any without any good feed. Them steers don't weigh half what they ought to."

"Course they don't," said Phillip. "You can't fatten anything on nothing to eat. Only thing is, keep them alive. That's the idea. When we get rain we'll have pasture if the dust hasn't buried it so deep the grass is all killed off."

The family got up from the table. The children put on their school clothes. When all were ready to leave Caroline handed Jack the sack of lunch and the four kids walked out onto the back porch. On the porch all four children hesitated and stood for a moment breathing the sweet, warm air and gazing off south at blue sky. They too felt the elation and joy Phillip had felt when he first walked out into the April sunlight.

Suddenly little Mary clapped her hands together and jumped with both feet, hitting her heels hard on the boards as she landed. Rapidly in sing-song she said, "What is so rare as a day in June? Then if ever come perfect days." Then she looked shyly around at her three brothers. They were staring at her with startled expressions on their faces.

Jack twisted his mouth in an attempted sneer. "June, June. This ain't June. This is April. June. You don't know June when you see it. Come on, let's go."

The four children took the short cut across the prairie. They walked out behind the barn and over a hill, then rounded the bend in the dry creek bottom, where a clump of dead willows proved the deathly power of three consecutive years of drouth. They turned southwest across the dust-covered, unbroken grazing lands, a part of their father's two sections. The schoolhouse stood on a corner of the Jasper farm.

"Grandpa says that the only difference between right here and on the Sahara desert is because they ain't damn fools enough to try to farm it on the Sahara desert. He told me that," Jack said.

"Where is the Shahara desert?" the youngest asked.

"Oh, it's a big place. Covers an awful lot of ground. You couldn't figure where it was, it's awful big," Jack said.

"It's in Africa, smarty," Mary said. "You don't even know your geography. It's in Africa."

"I know all that," Jack said. "Only thing I said, it was big. It's big, ain't it? Well, that's all I said. So, see. Take that."

He speeded up his pace and the children formed a long straggling line with Jack leading, then Mary some thirty feet behind followed by the two younger. Their feet kicked up the powdered earth through which spears of dry, dead grass protruded. Occasionally a small prairie cactus in Jack's path received a kick, breaking it off and sending it spinning, raising miniature dust clouds.

II

After getting rid of the children Caroline fed the baby. He coughed some but nothing like the day before when dust sifted in around the windows in spite of the strips of paper pasted over the cracks. He ate his food greedily and

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smiled when she changed his diapers and laid him on the big bed. Clumsily he grabbed at the teething ring and rattle and kicked his feet. A slight cough stopped his activity for just a moment, and Caroline looked down at him, thinking of the dreaded dust pneumonia that had filled the hospitals and which the papers said was taking a life a day in Garden City. Her children must not get sick. It would be better to clear out of the country, leave the farm and go east, as many of the landless tenant neighbors were doing and as those more favored wealthy folks were also doing.

But the responsibility of the farm, mortgaged to the hilt though it was, and the lack of ready money made it impossible for them to escape to Missouri or to Colorado where the grass was green and where people said things grew if you merely threw a seed upon the ground.

Caroline walked into the kitchen. Phillip sat there reading an old newspaper, smoking his after-breakfast pipe.

She pretended she had come to see if the water was heating, and standing before the stove she timidly looked over her shoulder at Phillip.

"Couldn't we just all get in the truck and go away to Missouri? We could wait there until the rain comes. I was thinking of the baby coughing. They say they've got babies in the hospital in Dodge with gangrene in their throats all on account of the dust."

"Well, now, that's a very good idea. There's a lot of reasons why we ought to do that. A whole lot. We can't do no farming unless we get an awful lot of rain. I wouldn't think of putting in any kind of a crop unless we got an awful lot of rain."

"Could we go, do you think?" she quickly asked.

"That's just it, we couldn't. We'd be off'n relief. We'd lose the rest of our steers, and we couldn't leave here with the government farm loan. We ain't got a cent of ready cash, Ma. We got to stick it out."

"Yes, I guess we got to stick it out. I guess so. Anyhow, maybe the dust is over," she said. Her eyes turned toward the window.

"There'll be more dust," Phillip said. "Is bound to be, so long as there's no rain. Lots of rain, we need. Lots of it."

He laid down his paper and rested his forehead on his clenched fist. "Three years, drouth and no crop. It can't last much longer. Pa says in all the time he's been here since he homesteaded, there ain't been more than three years in a row. It'll rain sure before long."

Caroline lifted the lid off the wash boiler.The water was already steaming. She piled some dirty clothes together. "You'll have to clear out of here when I start sweeping. Even when I soak the broom with gasoline the dust raises something awful. I guess I'll just wash up these few clothes first, though."

Phillip was not listening to her but sat eagerly reading a news item in the paper. "It says here timothy goes for as low as six and eight dollars on the farm back east. If we had a couple tons of that now, by golly we could fatten up them steers. Why, they asked me twenty-eight a ton for alfalfa over to Dodge. They wanted fifty cents a hundredweight for ground thistle."

"If you spray molasses on that thistle they say it makes pretty good feed," Caroline said.

"If I had any molasses, I'd eat it myself," Phillip said. "I wish the government would ship us out some of that timothy hay, that's almighty good for stock."

"You can't always get to expecting everything from the government. If we just keep them steers alive even, then they'll fatten up when the rain comes. They'll fatten up when they get something to eat. If the government just kept giving this and giving that without stopping to give it much thought, pretty soon the people in the government, they'd be having to go down into their own pockets if they wanted to keep it up, and they ain't anybody wants to go down into their own pockets, is there?" she asked.

"No, course not. Only like Pa says, we been feeding the country a long time and now we need a little feed ourselves. It's just like when they told us to raise more wheat during the war. We broke all that ground and now we don't get a price for it. And if we hadn't never of broke that ground they wouldn't be these dust storms. This ground God put here for to grow grass to graze cattle on. You plow it up and when it dries out it blows away. That's all they is to it."

"I got to get to my washing. Are you going to finish listing that south quarter?"

"Yes. I'll clear out of your way. I hope it don't take a notion to blow today," Phillip said. "I'll stay out there until I finish up. I'm taking along this piece of bread and ham."

He put on his highcrowned blue denim cap, filled a jug with water, and left the kitchen. Caroline, intent on her washing, did not see him leave the house.

Phillip again forgot his worries once out in the clear air. He felt strong and energetic as he carried fuel for the tractor from the tank to his truck and loaded the large cans in the bed behind the enclosed driver's seat. With some rain he could put in wheatland maize and sorghum and have feed for the winter, even if it would be too late for other crops.

Just as he was about to step into the cab of the truck he heard a familiar model T Ford and saw his father, the old settler, Grandpa Jasper, driving up to him. Grandpa had a length of log chain dragging from his rear axle to take care of the static electricity generated excessively by cars and trucks running through the dust storms.

"You ain't going to blow up like that gas truck over to Spearville, are you?" Phillip asked. "That chain would take care of the electricity a freight train could plow up."

"Well, son, a heavy chain like that don't wear out like a light one, and besides that's the only short length I could locate around the place. Was it you thought today was a good day to send the kids to school?" Grandpa asked.

"A little rain mixed with it and God never made a finer day, did he?" Phillip said. "How'd you come to know the kids was going to school? Hanging on the telephone receiver, I bet. Next time I call up anybody on the line I'll say, hello Pa, sure as the devil I will."

"Well, I thought perhaps they was a fire, all the phones ringing so close together. Naturally, I pay the phone. I guess I got a right to use it. Only I wouldn't never called school today. Two days from the south, then it comes from the north, this time of year. I been watching this weather ever since Dodge was end of the railroad going west and sure as I'm standing here this breeze'll veer around north, and if it does it'll blow. It always does. Look off there north, ain't they haze in that sky? My darn old eyes they don't do me much good no more."

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"No, Pa. That sky's clear as a bell. Clear as a bell, Pa. You don't come any nearer predicting than anybody else. I predict it'll hold good weather until at least tomorrow. That's what I predict."

"Well, son, I've had it from the Indians before you was ever born or thought of, about the south wind. You got to watch out for it this time of year. Not all year, mind you, but this time of year."

"All right, Pa. Only it ain't going to blow up in time to interfere with school none. Look at that sky. It couldn't."

"In eighty-three, or somewheres along in there, we had as nice a day as ever you see, and sudden, like a bang it come down out of the north and I had a stable it blew way down across your place here, down into the creek bottom by the bend, a good three-quarter mile. You wasn't born or thought of then."

"This is 1935 now and the government's reducing everything, even the wind. They reduced me from 200 head of stock to 6. Don't you worry none, Pa."

"Say, son, old Ken Eining, he's a card. He was sitting in his house in the storm the other day and the dust was just a-pouring into the keyhole of his door. It come in there so fast and piled up there so high it was about three feet and just a'tearing in. By gosh, he had to open up a window to shovel that there dust out it was coming in the the keyhole so darn fast."

"Oh, Pa, where do you get all them darn jokes? I'm sick of joking. I feel more like I'd like to clear out of here 'til we get some rain."

"If everybody cleared out that wants to they wouldn't be nobody left here. Say, did you hear about that tribe of Indians down in Oklahoma? The whole darn tribe committed suicide. They heard the government was going to give Kansas back to the Indians. Ain't that a ripsnorter?"

"I got to finish listing the south quarter, Pa. I ain't got time to listen to all them jokes," Phillip said, moving nearer his truck.

"You ought to buy yourself one of them gasoline cook stoves like I got. They run good on that government gasoline, and that listing don't amount to much. Come one good storm and fills up all the furrows, then it'll blow worse than ever."

"No, that listing helps. It may fill up, sure, but it fills up with the neighbors' soil. Your own fields don't blow off if you list."

Grandpa's eyes twinkled. "Only trouble with you, son, is when the neighbor's land blew over onto your place all the mortgages and back taxes blew with it." He slapped his chest and chuckled. "I heard that one the other day in the hardware store. A fellow was saying the real-estate men don't like the farms blowing back and forth like they do and they not getting any commissions. Gosh, now wasn't that good?"

"I got to get to work," Phillip said. "Where you going if it's going to storm? Why don't you go home and crawl into bed? So long, Pa. Caroline's cleaning the house. Now don't go in there and bother her."

"I ain't fixing to bother nobody. I'm driving into Dodge for some provision. Anything you want?"

"Caroline needs flour. Go ask her for the slip. You can fetch it for us. So long, Pa. Don't get caught in any storm. I never see such a fine day," Phillip said.

But as he stepped up into the cab of the truck he thought he noticed, just faintly, a haze hanging over the horizon to the north. He drove off over the prairie in the direction of the south quarter. Grandpa Jasper went up to the house.

"Phillip says you want some flour. Just give me that relief order and I'll fetch it for you," Grandpa said.

Caroline, busy giving the clothes a wringing, brushed back her loose hair with the right forearm. "The relief slip. Let's see. Oh, yes," she said. She hurried into the front room, peeped momentarily into the bedroom at the now sleeping baby. She found the slip and with straight outstretched arm handed it to Grandpa.

"Flour. We need sugar too, Grandpa. Get some sugar too. Sugar and flour. I got an awful pile of cleaning to do. I'll have to hurry to finish up before the kids get home from school."

"Liable to be a bad blow from the north," Grandpa said. He sounded almost cheerful. "I wouldn't hang no clothes out if I was you."

"Oh, pshaw, Grandpa, it's as fine a day as ever you see."

"All right, all right," Grandpa said. "Say, Caroline, a friend of mine over to Dodge was driving home in that bad storm last week. He see a man's hat lying on the ground and he goes over to pick it up. It was a fair to middling hat."

"If this is one of your jokes, I ain't really got the time for it now, Grandpa," Caroline said.

"No, now you listen, we all can learn by listening. And time ain't no factor much these days when you don't farm no more. As I was saying, he picks up the hat. Well, darned if there wasn't a man's head under it. He says, say, did the dust bury you that deep? It ain't safe walking through these dust storms. Come along with me. I see you're headed the same way. I'll give you a lift. Then the man, the man who was buried in the dust there, he says, oh, never mind. I'm headed for Dodge too, only I don't need no lift, I'm on horseback."

"Oh, Grandpa, you get along now with your joking. I'm busy."

"Well, that was pretty good now, wasn't it? I never heard the like. Good-bye, Caroline. Two days from the south and then it generally comes down hard from the north. This time of year at any rate. Good-bye."

Grandpa left in his old Ford with the chain bouncing along on the uneven ground behind him. Now Caroline figured she could get her wash out in the clear sunlight and then sweep and clean the house. What a relief it would be to see the house even half way clean for once!

III

Phillip parked his truck near the tractor which stood covered with canvas on the edge of the field. He filled the fuel tank and saw that there was plenty of oil in the crankcase. Then he washed the oil cleaner on the carburetor and filled it with fresh oil. He cranked the machine and after some difficulty heard its steady, rhythmic chug-a-ti-chug-chug, chug-a-ti-chug-chug. He got into the seat and swinging around in a big half circle started down the field dragging his four-row lister behind.

To his right the portion of the field he had listed two days before showed the furrows already half full of dust from yesterday's storm. It had blown from his neighbor's unlisted fields, and yes, as Grandpa said, the mortgages and back taxes sure must have blown along with it. But with one, no, two or three

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good years and good prices and a good crop, there was a chance to pull out of the hole and get the place clear or near enough clear of mortgage to make it more comfortable.

The two faced plows of the lister dug four beautful furrows and raised long even ridges between them. But the dry ground in turning over sent wicked dust clouds up into the air, covering the tractor, man, and lister in a haze of powdered earth.

Fifty yards down the rows Phillip heard a clanking under him. "One of the transmission gears come loose, sure as the devil," he said.

He stopped the tractor, threw it out of gear. The motor was working beautifully. He would have to get down into the transmission and try to fix it. He rubbed some of the dust from his face with the left sleeve of his coat, and sat there a minute. He switched off the motor and continued sitting there. He would have to get at it.

Then he got down from the tractor seat and walked slowly back to the truck looking down at the new furrows as he walked. The subsoil was dry as the top soil. To him it was no wonder the dust blew, carrying whole farms of it hundreds of miles through the air. Carrying dust as far as Chicago, yes, even to Washington, D. C., and even into what he called the "lairs" of the eastern bankers, into Wall Street.

Phillip, bitter because of the tractor breakdown, thought bitterly of bankers who held paper on his farm. They had the paper, he thought, now let the farm itself blow right into their windows, there in Wall Street.

He shook his shoulders up and down as if to free himself of unpleasant thoughts and raised his head toward the sky. It was beautiful and blue and once out of the dust raised by the lister the air smelled sweet. Even the dry, parched earth gave off a smell that somehow made him feel sure that next year, with a good year, and then one or two more, and then things would surely be better.

Back at the truck he sat down and ate his bread and ham and drank a long drink of water. He got his tools and went back to the tractor.

Uncovering the transmission he had difficulty in locating the trouble. He studied at it and worked among the gears with his fingers in the soft slimy grease.

Before he located the trouble he again went to the truck for a drink of water and to smoke his pipe. The southerly breeze by this time had almost died away and it was warm, much too warm for the middle of April. But the sky was clear, and, yes, it was noticeable, just a faint suggestion of haziness hung in the sky to the north.

He went again to the tractor and became completely absorbed in repairing the transmission. He had no idea of the time he worked at it, but finally he did manage to locate and tighten the loose nut. Surely that was the cause of the trouble. He straightened his shoulders which were cramped from standing so long in an unnatural position, working on the tractor.

Phillip could not understand what it was, but something seemed wrong as he straightened up and looked around him. There was a complete silence and not the slightest sign of breeze. And the sky to the south, as he faced it, though still blue and clear, was of a peculiar blue, bright but with no glare. It was the blue of a cheap, colored calendar print and seemed to cover the earth like a metal dome, almost as though the sky were not sky at all but a solid, rounded, blue-granite, roasting-pan lid.

Phillip was frightened. He looked quickly to the north. It seemed impossible, but there, half way between himself and his farmhouse, rose a straight, black, solid wall of black dust. It stretched from right to left as far as he could see. Looking up he saw it, black and terrible, from a quarter to a half mile high. Clouds of black rolled, and writhed, turned and twisted, on the oncoming edge of this horrible dust cloud.

He must be quick. He must cover the transmission of the tractor. He must hurry. Dust in the transmission and the tractor would be ruined, ground out with the mixture of silicon and iron powder in the dust and the grease. He hurried at his job.

Birds were crying above him. He looked up. Millions of birds were flying away from the rolling, whirling blackness which was rushing toward him. He hurried. Screwed down the bolts. He turned the last one, felt that it was tight.

Then it was night. It was so black within that cloud of dust that he could not see the wrench in his hand, less than two feet from his eyes.

Yes, he had told them. They must remain in the schoolhouse until they were called for. Maybe they had started home, though, not knowing this was coming. If they followed the road, they might make it. Through the fields it would be impossible. Phillip, the school supervisor, thought of the other children as well as of his own. They had all been told to stay in the schoolhouse until called for. The teacher had these orders. He must not let himself worry about the children. They were surely safe in the schoolhouse.

He stood holding onto a wheel of the tractor. It was pitch black, and getting cold. The north wind made him shiver, and his nose became so dry it was painful to breathe. The dust cut his nose with each breath, like needle points, it was almost unbearable. And the unseen wind, growing in intensity, pushed at his shoulders, pushing at him in puffs, pushing him toward the wheel of the tractor. He must get back to the truck, back to water, get a wet rag over his nose to stop the rasping hurt of every breath.

"Now, let's see," he said. Phillip heard his own voice. It steadied his nerves. He figured the direction to the truck. On hands and knees he crawled along a furrow until he came to the end. At the end he held up his hand, with arm outstretched. He saw only blackness. He brought the hand nearer his face. Finally, about ten inches from his eyes he made out the outline of his hand.

"The truck lay about over there," he said. Then cautiously, making an effort to keep a straight line, he crawled in the direction of the truck. He had fifty feet to go from the end of the furrow. As he crawled the flying dust cut at his face and the back of his windward hand tingled with it. When he thought he should have reached the truck he stopped and groped around with his hands, standing on his knees. But he could feel nothing. He moved on four paces on his knees. He groped again. There was no sign of the truck.

Then Phillip felt unreasoning fear come over him. He hurried forward on his knees in terror. He must have missed it. He would never find it now. He hurried, scraped his knees, crawling so, with his outstretched arms held before him. Then his right knee hit a

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small cactus and the sharp piercing spines hurt so that he jerked the knee back quickly, lost balance, and fell face forward on the ground.

The monkey wrench in his left hand bumped a rubber tire as he fell. It bounced loose from his grip. Now firmly in control of his nerves Phillip moved toward the object and put both hands firmly and gratefully around the right front tire of his truck.

He then worked his way into the cab, groped for the water. He drank some and then wet his handkerchief and held it over his mouth and nose. The wind by now was howling around the truck and the wet handkerchief felt good. But even with that protection the inside of his nose seemed on fire.

He strained his eyes attempting to see. Maybe he had gone blind. Even close up he could not see his hand now. The dust might have blinded him.

He turned the lights of the truck on bright. He saw a faint bit of light coming from the headlamps. It was a relief to know he was not blind.

What about Grandpa? he thought. And Caroline? And maybe the children did leave before the storm. He tried to figure the time of day. It could not be much after two, or three at the latest.

He sat there impatiently waiting for the storm to let up. Grandpa was smart all right, you would never have believed this was possible on such a lovely day. The dust clouds blowing north the day before must have met a bunch coming down from Nebraska, joined forces and blown back. It had never got that thick before.

Finally after two hours Phillip could see five or six feet ahead of the truck with the headlights burning. He started the motor and slowly, in low gear, went in the direction of the house. It was one half mile over the hill. The truck crawled along, Phillip straining his eyes ahead.

He almost bumped into the corral fence behind the barn, but stopped in time. He had his bearings and went on into the yard between house and barn. He could see the blurred outline of the house, big above him.

He walked to the door, and quickly, to keep out as much dust as possible sidled into the house, closed the door and stuffed back the rolled rag rug along the bottom crack.

IV

Caroline rushed up to Phillip with both hands clenched and held against her breasts. Her gray, dust-covered face and hair accentuated the look of hopelessness and despair on her face.

"Oh, Phillip, Jack. Something has happened. Jack didn't come. Maybe he's buried in the dust like that little girl we read about last week. Maybe he's dead, Phillip. It's just like the Last Day. Maybe he's dead, Phillip. God, how I've prayed! I never see anything so bad, Phillip."

Phillip went up to her and put his hands on her arms tightly. He looked around the room. Mary and the younger brothers sat staring at him, silent and frightened. Through the thick haze of dust in the room the children looked gray and shadowlike, the gritty dust had taken all color from their hair and faces. He heard the baby cough, a strained, painful, choking sort of cough. The lamplight, through the fog of dust, was indistinct and made familiar objects in the room seem strange and unreal.

Little Freddie pointed at Phillip. "Pop, you got black mud running down your face, both sides of your nose, just like them white-face steers."

"Ma was worried about you, Pop," Mary said. "Ma said she plumb forgot to say good-bye when you left the house. She said it was a judgment from the Lord, Pop."

"I never, no such thing, Mary," Caroline said.

"Well, tell me what happened, quick," Phillip said. "Now why didn't you children stay in the schoolhouse like I told you to? Didn't you all promise me faithfully you was going to stay there in the school until somebody come for you?"

Mary was cutting two-inch-wide strips of newspapers to paste over the remaining cracks in doors and windows, to help keep out the all-pervading powder. She spoke up. "One of the boys went out for number one, Pop. He come in and told teacher, storm coming in the north. She took a look and they wasn't much to see but she told us go home. It looked like we had plenty of time."

"That teacher ought to be fired and then she ought to be put in jail," Phillip said.

"No, Pop, she told us go along the road home. Told us nobody should go home across the prairie. She told us. All the kids got home. We got here just right in time."

Caroline spoke up. "I was just hurrying to get them clothes in off the line when it come." She pointed into the corner at a pile of muddy-looking washing. "Mary helped me, only we couldn't get it in in time. It all got soiled. I never see nothing so black as it got. We put the lights on but it's worse'n night, 'cause the rooms is so full of it, it's almost as bad in here as out there."

"Please, Mary, tell me what happened to Jack," Phillip said.

"Well, he said, I mean, I said the Sahara desert was in Africa. He was sore at me cause he didn't know. He said he was going 'cross the fields home. He wasn't going to walk with no girls, he said."

"Doesn't he mind his teachers? Doesn't he mind his father?" Phillip said.

"He said teacher didn't know everything. He said he could find his way home in any old kind of a dust storm. Any old place and any old time and he wouldn't walk along the same road with any girls on it, he said."

Mary interrupted her story with deep breaths, drawn through her mouth, and her eyes were very bright. She enjoyed telling her story and clasped her hands tightly in front of her, raising her shoulders for emphasis, and then drawing the fingers of her left hand slowly through the tight grip of her right.

"And I told him, I told him something dreadful was going to happen to him. I told him. I told him about the little girl that got buried in the dust storms and she died. I told him. And I told him about those two babies what choked to death when they was covered with the dust storms, right in their own house too. I told him he better take the road. I told him if he didn't he'd be sorry. I told him. I told him he didn't know his geography lessons. 'Cause he didn't neither. 'Cause he didn't even know where the Sahara desert was."

"I guess you told him just enough so's he couldn't very well help it trying to find his way through the fields. If we was in town I'd send you two to separate schools. We got to find him. I'll head out toward the creek bottom and yell out. Maybe he got lost and is just sit-

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ting somewheres waiting," Phillip said.

"I told him he'd fall into the quicksand there in the creek bottom and they wouldn't never find him," Mary said. "Like that bull calf of Grandpa's."

"Oh, Mary," Caroline said. "You imp of Satan. How could you say something like that to your brother? You just go in there now and keep the baby quiet. Do you hear me? Baby's coughing something awful."

There was a banging on the back-porch door. Everybody was sure Jack had at last found his way home. He was not lost in the quicksands. Caroline rushed to the door. The thick gritty layer of dust underfoot scratched at her shoe soles. She opened the door and in walked Grandpa Jasper. He was breathing hard and coughed a painful, choking cough holding a hand tightly to his throat. Phillip recognized the plea in the old man's eyes and brought him a dipper of water. Grandpa drank it.

"When I cough it's like coughing up a file. Give me some more of that water, son," he said.

"We thought it was Jack," Caroline said. She rubbed the back of her hand over her dust-filled eyelashes. She looked like a person who doesn't care whether he lives or dies as she slumped down into a chair. "Jack's lost," she said.

"I told Phillip, they oughtn't to never called school today. Might have known something would happen. Two days in the south, this time of year, and she always turns around into the north."

"I'm going to look for Jack," Phillip said. "He came across the fields, 'stead of the road like he was told to do."

"Hold on, son. Hold on. They ain't nobody in this here world could crawl over this ranch as good as I can. Give me some more of that there water. Take a bottle with you, son. Soak a couple of towels. My eyes, they don't do me much good no more, but I don't need 'em nohow. I've got so's I can smell my way over this piece of land." Streaks of caked mud ran from the old man's misty eyes to the corners of his mouth.

"You can't smell nothing in a dust storm, Granpa," Freddie said. "Granpa, he looks just like them white faces too, now don't he?"

"I can," Grandpa said. "I tell you, I smelled my way half a mile here after that darned distributor shorted in the dust and I sit there 'til I thought I was going to choke plumb to death."

Phillip and Grandpa started out with wet towels over their faces. They could now see about ten feet in front of them and the color of the dust clouds had changed from deep black to a heavy gray. Grandpa kicked at a dead chicken in his path. "There'll be plenty of them things lying around after, you can bet you."

Once behind the barn and headed toward the bend in the creek and the schoolhouse, Phillip started shouting. "Hey, Jack. Jack, where are you? Jack." Then they listened through the wind but heard nothing but the swish and swirl of the storm.

Phillip called again and again and the two men slowly walked onward. The dust cut at the exposed part of their faces and their hands.

"You can always tell, son. Two days from the south, this time of year. Why the Indians, they used to put me on to all kinds of things like that."

"Well, I'll admit you were right, Pa. I'll admit it. Only it didn't seem possible. It ain't according to nature somehow, for it to come up like it did," Phillip said.

"They's an awful lot you could learn from them Indians. Now if you was Jack what would you of done when you left school?" Grandpa asked.

"I'd 'a gone home like we're going."

"If you was Jack you wouldn't of. I always say try to think of yourself as if you was Jack and then you can sort of figure what he was up to. That's the way the Indians used to do."

"Well, if you was Jack what would you of done?" Phillip asked.

"I'd a'seen that storm and gone over by the bend in the creek where them dead willows is and I'd a'waited 'til the last dog was hung and then I'd a'gone home. I wouldn't of missed the chance to see that cloud coming at me from out there by them willows. That's the place for boys. I always could find you when you was a boy out by them willows there."

"Well, I don't think that holds water," Phillip said. But he turned his steps more to the right, in the direction of the willows, and facing them called out again, loudly, "Jack, Jack, where are you, Jack?"

Both men heard the answer, weak though it was. They walked on faster. Again Phillip called out and Jack answered in a strained, husky voice. They drew nearer and Phillip called again.

"Here, Pop. Here I am," Jack said. He sounded pretty tired.

They walked to the edge of the bank over the creek and in the soft sand, buried half to his waist and half way down the steep incline Jack stood, with his arms around the broken-off trunk of a small dead willow. He looked as if he was carved out of gray dust.

"I can't get up the bank, Pop. It's too steep and soft. And down there's the quicksand. I got to loosen this here dirt around me. I went off to sleep and it drifted in on me." He struggled, moving his hips back and forth until he was free of the drifted dust.

Phillip tied the two towels together, then took off his coat and tied one sleeve to the towels. Lowering the improvised line to Jack, Phillip and Grandpa pulled on it and helped him scramble up the steep sandy incline, onto the hard, dead sod above.

"You've got your mother worried almost half to death. You ought to know better than to try to come home this way," Phillip said.

"Oh, I could of done it, Pop. Honest I could of." The boy's heart was pounding and as Phillip held him up with a hand under his armpit he noticed that Jack was trembling. Through the dust Phillip could see that he had been crying. Jack's face was very muddy.

"I got kind of scared when that black cloud come," Jack said. "I thought I couldn't see nothing and I slipped down that there bank. But I grabbed onto that old stump. I could of done it, Pop, honest I could."

Grandpa started coughing very hard. It hurt him. He took a drink from the water bottle. Then Jack drank, and Phillip wet his mouth. They started off toward the house, Phillip helping Jack along.

"So you're the young fellow, could find his way home no matter how black it got. I guess this'll learn you something," Phillip said.

"I could of, Pop, honest I could of," Jack said. His voice was too weak to sound convincing.

Grandpa coughed again and reached for the water bottle. "A fellow in Dodge told me the only thing to do in one of these howlers is to lay down in the bottom of the water tank and breathe through one of them soda-fountain straws."

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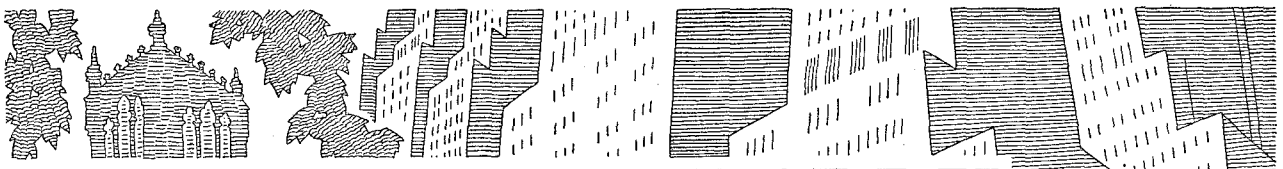
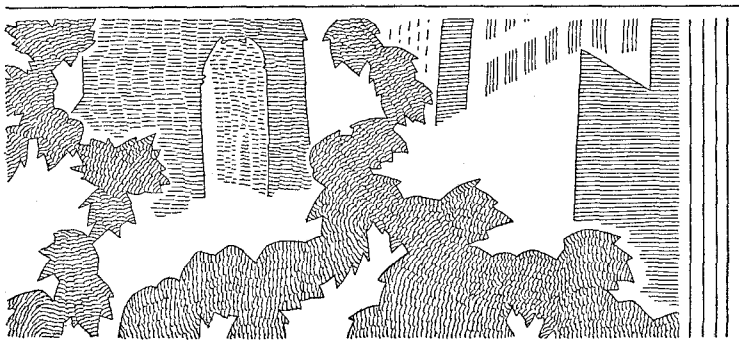


What the College Expects of the Business Man

By Sempronius



A distinguished scholar and educator, aroused by an article on business men and college graduates, adopts a classical pseudonym so that he may handle the subject without kid gloves. Next month he will write on "Culture and the Leisure Class"

WILLIAM L. FLETCHER some months ago in SCRIBNER'S rendered a service both to professors and to business men by raising the question: *What Does Business Want in the College Man?* At first sight his demands do not seem excessive. Deans of schools of commerce have been far more extravagant. Yet every question has at least two sides. It may, therefore, not be out of place if we turn our problem inside out and ask, *What Does the College Want in the Business Man?*

As there are two parties at interest in this discussion, let us begin with a statement of principle which will probably be acceptable to both. On the one hand, clearly, business should make no unreasonable demands upon the college. On the other, the college should be willing to comply with any reasonable demands made by business; and reasonable demands are of course such as will be found consistent with higher education's recognized purposes and aims.

A few grumpy, old-fashioned professors repeat that in the thirty-five years of the twentieth century the American colleges have kowtowed shamefully to business. They assert that any list of the honorary degrees conferred will lend warrant to this contention. A rereading of some pronouncements by college presidents might add further color to this view. This is particularly true of pronouncements made in the process of endowment campaigns. They run somewhat as follows: Business is the most important and exacting profession in our contemporary American world; it is so complicated that it calls for the highest type of ability and training. With a certain unction and perhaps sometimes with his tongue in his cheek, the president continues: You business men admit that you are the leaders of our modern world; you tell us if only the accursed politicians will let you alone, you will bring back prosperity and America will be the blessed land of freedom that it used to be. But, adds the college president, even you business men are not gods; the curse of mortality is upon you. You cannot expect to live forever and your great work must go on. You must be looking about for able lieutenants who can serve as your successors. It is the special function of the college to provide them.

Another argument is sometimes offered. Colleges conduct laboratories and train scientists; science develops new products and cheaper processes. With its help you can undersell your competitors; just see what Germany did with coal-tar products and dyes. Support the college and keep in front. When the sugar-coating is dissolved off these pills, they boil down to this: leaders turned out by colleges and the scientific discoveries made in them, alone can save business. Your money or your life! The money is, or rather was, usually forthcoming and all hands assumed that everything was for the best in the best of all possible worlds. But was it, really?

Let us begin by remembering, as of possible significance, that it was not ever thus. It is of course true that the American college from the first has been deeply involved in the business of salvation. In the earlier era of the denominational college, however, it aimed only at saving souls and allowed business to shift for itself. The alliance then was not so much between the college and business as between the college and religion. Appeals for support were made from pulpits and not through microphones at dinners of chambers of commerce. Funds were collected from the faithful of whatever

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station; the widow, the farmer, the butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker, gave their mites.

Even in the days when I started teaching at a salary of $400 per annum and the use of a leaky dormitory room, I remember that at Founder's Day, the speaker went out of his way to congratulate us of the faculty upon the noble profession we had chosen. We saved the country. Let us proceed cautiously and admit that, like the profiles of kings on ancient coins, this image of the professor as savior has worn flat and smooth and that, like all such social myths, with the passage of time it has lost much of its pristine impressiveness and original relief. Let us cease telling each other also that business saves civilization, or that the college saves business; and after an interlude, in which I, about to shuffle off the academic stage, shall explain why I speak, let us look realistically first at business and then at higher education and its function.

II

A superannuated colleague of mine congratulated me recently on my own approaching retirement. I confess I had not contemplated the prospect with any enthusiasm. Naturally even aging professors like myself earnestly desire to continue rendering that important service of saving the country, with which we used to be so handsomely credited. Most of us nowadays do not feel that this mission has been fully discharged or that it is altogether safe just now to turn it over to less competent hands. I therefore replied with some annoyance to my ex-colleague, that his congratulations were out of order.

Now, like myself, this old friend has spent all his teaching life at the institution which I am soon to leave. He had been an instructor a few years before I joined the faculty. It is only fair to say that I used to dislike him as over cynical. For at that very first Founder's Day of which I spoke, he whispered hoarsely, "He says we save the country. He must be right. On our salaries, that at least is all we ever can save." Though at times he still indulges in such acidulous reflections, I know of no one more devoted to his friends or to the cause of true scholarship. His serious opinions deserve consideration, for he is recognized abroad as one of our most distinguished American philosophers.

We were both in the same boat, he held; he as a retired professor of philosophy, I as a retiring professor of classics. Retirement, he insisted, to all of us who believed in what might be called the tradition of liberal culture, could no longer be taken as something sudden. Nothing catastrophic was happening to me; the worst was already over. Academically, I was already dead; my only difficulty lay in the fact that I did not know it.

In the day when the liberal arts were still held in esteem, my department of ancient languages and literatures had been one of the most important and influential in the college. It has dwindled to the point of extinction. In our institution once renowned for its devotion to cultural education, I am become the last of the classical Mohicans. To us, my friend and me, who believe in the tradition of higher education, actual retirement is really a blessing. Classical professors, and indeed all professors of the liberal arts properly so called, are not retired to give them a rest, since most of them are not replaced. They are retired to relieve the modern college of their cumbersome presence and to give it freedom to pursue its newer ways. We liberal arts professors have for a long time been out of step, walking backwards in a "Century of Progress." "You and I," said the retired philosophy professor, "really went out when the school of business administration came in."

To be sure, with us the school of business had come in as a graduate department; but that was only because graduate instruction was considered more dignified and important. Graduate schools of business have now become the very button in Education's cap. They are growing more rapidly than any other department. These same schools of business or commerce only made their way after vocational and business courses, under ever thinner disguises, had already honeycombed all undergraduate departments. This, with the consequent decline of liberal studies, had merely been the inevitable result of that ever closer tie-up between the college and business, which has now become so generally recognized that intelligent and conscientious men, like Mr. Fletcher, tell us not only what business wants in the college man, but can safely assume that the college professor will obey his master's voice.

Before the trap is sprung, even the man on the gallows is usually asked whether he has anything to say. As business goes marching on, is it too much to expect that a retiring humanist may be allowed to address to a misguided world these last words of a condemned professor?

III

A hundred books and a thousand articles have been written to tell us what is wrong with the American college. Nearly all of them conclude that the trouble is this: Our higher education is out of key with American ideals and must be brought into harmony with them. This sounds reasonable and for the past thirty years the curriculum tinkerers have been so busy along this line that by 1929 the ideals of the college and of the business and financial world had effected an almost complete merger. In a sense, business had become the holding company that controlled higher education. Nearly all "institutions of higher education" established schools of business or commerce and rearranged their curricula so that the student who wished a little of the old-fashioned cultural education could step from the supposedly cultural course in banking or accounting, into the simon-pure commercial courses in psychology of salesmanship or principles of business management, without too great a strain of readjustment. At graduation the degree of bachelor of arts was given to all, so that personnel men and executives of corporations would not discriminate too severely against those who had received only an old-fashioned education.

There is only one point in Mr. Fletcher's attitude that calls for discussion. He wants college men trained so that they will have "serious respect for business as one's life work"; they must think business morning, noon, and night, and nothing should be allowed to distract them. Now, higher education was once supposed to be a preparation for the "higher life." It dealt with what used to be called "the things of the spirit." It trained those who wished to become scientists, doctors, lawyers,

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judges, above all, teachers, preachers, missionaries. None of these activities were regarded as lucrative and the college provided scholarships, or charged little or no tuition, to make it possible for some men to pursue these professions regarded as necessary to the welfare of society but not financially attractive. Let us admit that in some cases the law and medicine now bring considerable material returns, though even today they are not comparable to the rewards of the successful business entrepreneur.

The difference in attitude between the scholar and business man can be seen in a few modern instances.

There has been much discussion about the regulation in many universities, which requires the young Ph.D. to publish his thesis. He does this at his own expense and it costs him several hundred dollars to do so, several hundred dollars which will never be returned to him. Even if we admit the lumbering and imperfect character of much of this prentice work, such publication has its justification and should be continued. Nothing in our commercialized age could so effectively teach the budding scholar where his money goes and will continue to go, and that the rewards of scholarship are not those of business. Even after he becomes a proficient worker, he will continue to publish his scholarly work at a loss. The late George Moore once said that if its cultural mission was to be fulfilled, the Irish National Theatre should be so run as to have lost a little money at the end of the year if possible. The humanist and scholar will find at the close of the richest and most productive years of his life that his books, if he keeps any, will show that his activity conforms to this law. Of our hundreds of learned publications, only one or two over-subsidized journals, like the *American Historical Review*, ever made any financial compensation whatever for the most scholarly monographs that had cost their authors years of labor and expensive journeys in search of documents and data. That is why, in our world, they are quite properly called "contributions" to scholarship.

IV

To gain perspective let us now consider religion with which, as we have seen, the college once had affiliations. It is not recorded in the sacred books of any religion that God created the business man as the roof and crown of things. If he has now become so, and young men should be trained to emulate him, it is by virtue of a quite recent and exclusively American dispensation. Even in our Christian mythology, after the Almighty had created the fields, trees, and flocks, He introduced into this scheme of things, Adam and Eve, a pastoral, or at most an agricultural pair of humans. That, we are left to believe, was the end of His labors in the secular field and we are told that He has since rested. If, surveying our presently distracted globe, the Lord should feel He must again intervene by direct creation, let us admit that it is fair to assume He would not now, as on that former occasion, so completely ignore the business man and his importance in world affairs. But all this, we must warn the reader, is highly speculative. As a matter of actual historical fact, such references as exist to the business man, the profit maker, to the man engaged in materialistic acquisition, in the dominant religion of the West, are downright unfavorable. Money changers were scourged out of the temple. Those who, successful in the acquisitive arts, were really seeking to live, were like camels struggling to wriggle through a needle's eye. Far from taking business seriously, they were enjoined not even to take thought for what they should eat or wherewithal they should be clothed, but to consider the lilies of the field. Let us admit that all this is metaphorical and excessive. Is there any germ of truth left in it at all?

We may dismiss the ranking of the occupation by Christianity as interesting but no longer significant, and turn for a moment to the less spiritualized pagan world. The Greeks and Romans have always been credited with having attained a high degree of civilization. As every schoolboy once knew, they were polytheistic. Their world was full of manlike gods and it cost them little to add another such divinity to their Pantheon. So Mars was the god of war and warriors; Neptune of the sea and sailors; Apollo or the Muses were appealed to by those devoted to the arts. There were particular gods and goddesses for every phase of life. Even the reverent Cicero tells us that the bedchamber of the Roman newlyweds was so thronged with officious gods and goddesses that it was downright scandalous. With all this facility of invention, the Græco-Roman world gave to the commercially minded no special patron, and unreliable Mercury, god of pirates and thieves, was forced to do triple duty and serve for business men as well. In the scale of values of all oriental religions and philosophies, business activity is ranked on the same low plane. This proves only that in previous ages, business was never rated with those activities regarded as civilizing and appertaining to the "higher life." The question remains, does it deserve a place in higher education, can it safely be given a place there, or is it by its very nature somehow inconsistent with the purposes and aims which the college was expected and perhaps still may be expected to foster?

V

We would all admit that the claims of religion upon the college man in this day of the schools of commerce, have become so slight that no one need take them very seriously. It is not generally recognized, however, that what is true of religion and its ideal, is equally true of the ideals of philosophy, of art, of science, of statesmanship, and indeed of any of the so-called liberal arts. In no one of these fields previously regarded as important to civilization, can a man possibly achieve success if he takes business as seriously as Mr. Fletcher asks the college student to take it. The commercial aspects of the life of every great leader in art, religion, science, philosophy, statesmanship, is so totally unimportant, that in no history of civilization have they ever been seriously considered. Until recently at least, in what remains of the old cultural curriculum, a man could receive his degree with honors even though he could not tell you whether any of the great leaders in such civilizing activity, like Socrates, Virgil, St. Paul, St. Francis, Dante, Galileo, Milton, Michael Angelo, Kant, Washington, or Darwin, ended his life in the black or in the red. The principles of accounting and the theory of banking have never in the past impinged in the slightest degree upon success in what we call the liberal arts. It could almost

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be stated as a general rule that no great man has ever advanced these other interests of civilized humanity except by violating the fundamental principles of business activity. It is not recorded, for instance, that Thomas Jefferson ever received a penny for the valuable time lost in writing the Declaration of Independence. That venture into civilization, like almost every other, had to be undertaken at the sacrifice of every conceivable business interest.

Official returns report that many corporation executives receive from $100,000 to $250,000 a year, even in the years when, with the best they can do, those corporations lose money for the stockholders who own them. That is perhaps good business for the executives and for those training themselves for such positions. Let us compare, or perhaps contrast, these executives with George Washington. Washington was perhaps the wealthiest land-owner of the Colonies. When he gave up the management of his estates and accepted command of the Continental armies, he did so at a staggering financial loss. The measure of that loss is the difference between life at Mount Vernon before the Revolution and life at Valley Forge. Furthermore, he took this loss at such imminent risk of losing everything he had, including his head, that no one trained to take "business seriously as his life work" could ever conceivably be expected to imitate him.

Let us take another American, Robert E. Lee, gratefully remembered by historians. At the approach of the crisis in 1861, Lee, after his interview at Washington with his old friend and commander, General Winfield Scott, had every reason to believe that the command of the Union armies would be offered to him. No one knew better than he that in all those resources of men and materials that make for success in war or business, the odds were overwhelmingly and hopelessly against Virginia and those few states that might side with her. Yet a few days after his interview, he sent in his resignation from the Army of the United States. Strictly business principles were all against such a decision. But let us look at his situation after the Civil War. He did lose his estates. Arlington was taken over for taxes by the government. Lee was now a poor man with a large family and an invalid wife. He was so poor that for several years after the war he could not buy a new suit, and continued to use his war-worn uniforms stripped of their buttons. The women of his family had to manufacture for this Southern gentleman a pair of home-made trousers. An insurance company offered him $10,000 a year. Instead of accepting it, he chose to become president of poverty-stricken Washington College, at $1500 per annum. It is reported that five years later he was offered a business position at $50,000, and that he again refused.

If it is the function of the college professor of even lay subjects like history, to train young men as leaders and to encourage them to emulate men like Washington and Lee, he cannot possibly discharge his duty to higher education unless he condemns the attitude of all those who hold that it is the purpose of the college to inculcate business principles and to urge young men to take business seriously as their life work. Quite evidently you cannot have it both ways. There is an antinomy here, a contradiction. It is clearly not a case of training leaders in civilization and business. In nearly every case recorded, even by lay historians, every leader worthy of remembrance has had to choose in direct opposition to his own interests as a business man. Let us examine now whether training for the life that historians remember and for business are or are not compatible.

Dante, whose years of labor on the *Divine Comedy* "made him thin," received nothing either by the day or by the year. He knew that the writing of that poem meant financial ruin and that he would be condemned to eat the bitter bread of poverty and exile. Milton received for the twelve books of *Paradise Lost,* $125, at current rates of exchange. Such facts do not in the least affect the truly educated man's estimate of the *Divine Comedy* or of *Paradise Lost,* for a very simple reason. There is no possible common denominator between success in commerce or finance, and success in what we call the liberal arts, for which higher education should prepare. The only conclusion which the young college graduate, educated to take business seriously as his life work, could reach about Dante or Milton is that they were hopelessly uneducated and must be written off.

The reason is simple, let me repeat it. Commerce deals and must deal with the material aspects of life. Higher education deals with its spiritual aspects. There is so fundamental a difference between them that training for the one disqualifies a man for the other. We may safely ask any business man whether the following proposition is not true in business. If he gives a dollar away, even to a university, he himself has one dollar less. Yet this proposition does not hold in the world of the college. When Leonardo gave his "Mona Lisa" to the world, or Gray his *Elegy,* or in more humble terms, when the teacher conveys to his pupil the multiplication table, Darwin's theory, or the secret of Hamlet, his own store is not diminished in the least.

The Greeks held that a thing of beauty is a possession forever. We may leave it to the business man or any victim of 1929 whether the dollar qualifies in this category. Yet things of beauty, possessions of the mind and spirit, are the counters with which the college used to deal, as dollars, pounds, or yen are the counters of the business man. There is no possible common denominator between them, nor between the processes whereby they can most advantageously be produced and distributed.

You must train for business *or* for the liberal arts. To attempt to train for both at the same time, as the business man expects the colleges to do, is merely to bedevil the process.

VI

There are signs that we are approaching the end of an era. There is dissension in the enemy ranks and pot is calling kettle black. Business men who even now bitterly oppose interference by the state, are insisting upon straight-jacketing the universities. They resent the presence of "reds" in faculties, and insist they are subverting the purpose of the college. A "red" today is one who preaches any system of economics at variance with that promulgated by business. That is why Mr. Walgreen succeeded in forcing an investigation of one of our greatest American universities, because a professor at Chicago had presented for discussion the Communist Manifesto of Marx and Engels. The presence of a few misguided Marxian faculty "reds"

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is, however, only a minor by-product of the over-emphasis upon the pursuit of material goods. We have noted that the true economy of the liberal arts college was, until recently, never the economics of our business world. The true devotee of the liberal arts has always been a dissenter from this economics of business and is in that sense a "red." That spirit in which alone the liberal arts can be successfully pursued in the colleges has long since, as the result of increasing pressure by business interests, been thoroughly subverted. It is too late for a few faculty Marxians to make us materialistically minded. The honor for this fundamental subversion of the American college must be given to our misguided business men, to our Walgreens and their more or less innocent disciples. No other time or people has ever dreamed that it could or should be the function of higher education to train young men for leadership in the self-defeating commercial scramble in which he who seeks to save his life must, from the standpoint of the humanist, inevitably lose it.

The average business man cannot be blamed if he does not understand his odd, ailing brother, the college professor. They live in such different worlds. Mr. Walgreen cannot understand, for instance, why Communism, so honestly abhorrent to him, should not also be equally abhorrent to the professor. Yet it is quite simple. The professor and teacher actually live in a different world; the goods in which they traffic, which they produce, collect, and distribute, are communistically, or at least communally owned. In justice to men like Mr. Walgreen it should be admitted that their problem is, on the surface at least, much more complicated. When the harassed chain-store magnate or the great executive tries desperately to earn dividends for his stockholders, these dividends must be drawn from somewhere. Of the dollar, it is true that now you have it and now you don't; sometimes quite suddenly it swells or shrinks and bulks larger or smaller than it did before. It is disappointingly elusive.

If the professor imagines that dollars can be distributed and given away on the same principles as his nuggets of culture, he is of course ridiculous. His rules of life do not hold in the business man's world; the business man's rules cannot be made to hold in the world of the professor. There can be no compromise and no end to their recriminations; the only possible solution is that they frankly agree to disagree and allow each to operate in his own way, in his own incommensurable world.

VII

It is therefore useless to argue with the zealots for vocationalism in the college, or with those who hold that any true system of higher education should train young men to take business seriously as their life work. It is, however, already evident that a change is impending. The strangle-hold which business had established upon the college had become possible for two reasons. In the first place, business provided a large part of the funds for higher education. In the second place, it provided employment for all those young men who had come to the colleges without knowing what they came for. Since in our befuddlement over the purpose of higher education, this was the majority, business came to be regarded as the Alpha and Omega of our perverted system. She was the fairy godmother who gave employment. There are now far too many white collar unemployed for this paradoxical myth of business as the *alma mater,* to persist much longer. When American business in this Witches' Sabbath of the twentieth century, invaded higher education, it had lost all sense of perspective. This must slowly and painfully be restored. Science, which until recently was the servant of acquisitive materialism, is already proving that it is now its master. It can increase production not only in agriculture but in the field of other commodities faster than the less-free-handed business man hampered by his acquisitive principles can possibly capitalize on them. Science which at one time, by inventing new products, may have helped promote business, is now running business ragged. The state has had to step in and is doing its best to save business. Even to the college sophomore of the coming generation, it will be plain that the statesman or scientist is clearly the master of the business man. What then does the college or university expect of business? It still expects it to make contributions to scholarship and learning. These contributions cannot, however, be direct or immediately pertinent, like those of the scholar or scientist. The university must be recognized as the great distributing agent for the benefits of civilization. It really possesses the philosopher's stone and can transmute the business man's money into something really valuable to humanity. But if the business man can still be allowed to contribute his moneys, he should do this only if he can bring himself to do so in the right spirit. That is of course a penitential spirit, something like that of the great sinners who in the Middle Ages gave their worldly goods to the Church and monastic orders which were then bearing the burden of promoting civilization. In addition, all that the college asks or should ask, is that business recognize that in the complex of human interests, business, in relation to the university, is only the tail of the dog, and should cease its preposterous and futile attempts to wag him.

Is civilization dependent upon a leisure class? And is the leisure class made up of "every one who has a maid"? Read Sempronius on "Culture and the Leisure Class" in the June SCRIBNER'S.

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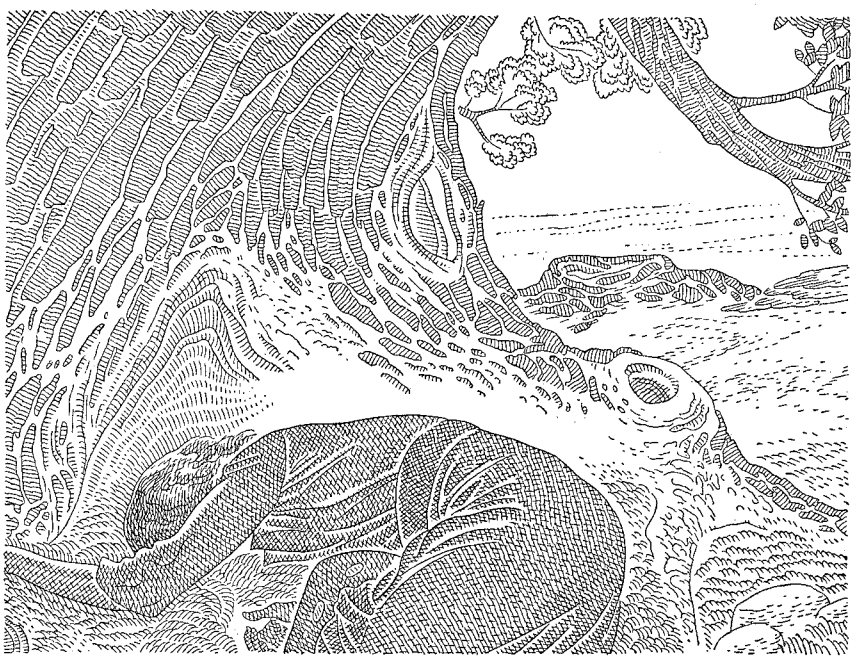

Woodland Tryst

A Story by a New Writer

Edmund Watkins

BOUNCING, lurching, its springs squeaking, the car turned into the lane muscled with great black roots. The headlights flashed brilliantly, throwing the roadside trees and underbrush into white relief against the darkness beyond, so that the woods suddenly assumed the pasteboard quality of a stage-set. The young man at the wheel pushed hard on the footbrake and yanked back the emergency with a violence born of nervousness and irritation. He leaned forward. His white, veined hand appeared for an instant in the glare of the dashlight. At the same time the face of the girl beside him was illuminated, long and narrow with a strong chin and firmly chiselled lips. Her large brown eyes were dreamy, mirrors of the profound conviction stirring in her.

He switched off the motor and the lights, and the heavy, fragrant darkness of the woods enveloped the two in the car. It was one o'clock in the morning and the forest was silent and asleep. A fresh smell of rank mold filled the air. At the bottom of a gully to the left a small stream made faint purling interrupted by the occasional splash of a live creature plunging into deep water.

The young man stretched one leg against the footboard and reached into his trouser pocket for a cigarette. In lighting it his hands trembled as if with ague, like extremities of a powerful engine shaking itself to pieces. He puffed hard at the cigarette, driving the smoke into his lungs and out into the soft perfumed air in thick plumes that hung low over the bushes before dissolving.

"Want one?" he asked, thrusting the pack in front of the girl. "Got ten left. Might as well smoke 'em up tonight, don't you think?"

She shook her head. She sat relaxed on the seat beside him, her hands folded in her lap. After a while she took off her hat and threw it into the back of the car. Then she loosened her hair.

"Why don't you want one?" he asked. "What's the matter with you, anyhow? You've always smoked like a chimney. Not sick or anything, are you?"

"No, Joe. I'm not at all sick. I don't want to smoke. I want to sit here and just look and smell and listen to the noises. It'll be the last . . ."

"You can enjoy it just as well smoking!" he interrupted quickly, his voice seeming to slide furtively over hers. "I like it better when I'm smoking. Smoking relaxes me and I enjoy things more. Sort of helps me to take things in."

She made no reply, but continued to sit loosely in the car, one arm resting on the top of the door, the other in her lap. Frequently she sighed and closed her eyes, as if the sight of the mysterious woods gave her pain.

"I'm glad it's so nice here," she said, "it makes a difference. Makes me more determined!"

He laughed with bitterness. "Lot of difference that makes! Nice! Idea's the same whether it's nice or not, isn't it?"

"No," she said dreamily, "it makes a difference to me. It makes me happy, so happy, Joe, to be here with you in this beautiful place. I feel so much closer to you, and I feel different toward you now, Joe. The other feeling's all passed away and something sort of cool has come instead. It's a sort of calm feeling, I have, like floating through heaven on a cloud. I feel as if I were dead, as if everything that could make me suffer was dead and rooted out of me. I'm not afraid any more. I was, but I'm not any more."

He made no reply until he had lighted another cigarette. His hands still twitched and the veins stood out swollen on their backs. His eyes shifted in the glare of the match like those of a man arrested, searching for an opportunity to escape.

"I'm not, either," he said shortly. "Funny, like you I was, too, but I'm not any more. I was scared to death at first. I'll confess it, but I'm not any more. I'm dead sure it's the thing to do, now. I wasn't at first."

"I was sure all the time," she said with calm assurance. "From the very first I was sure. When we discovered about the baby I knew it was the thing for me to do. It wouldn't have been fair to force it on you though."

"Oh, but I couldn't have borne just you doing it!" he cried hysterically. "God, I'd feel like a damn murderer."

She turned her lips up to his and he kissed them almost as if he hated her. His mouth hardly touched hers; it was

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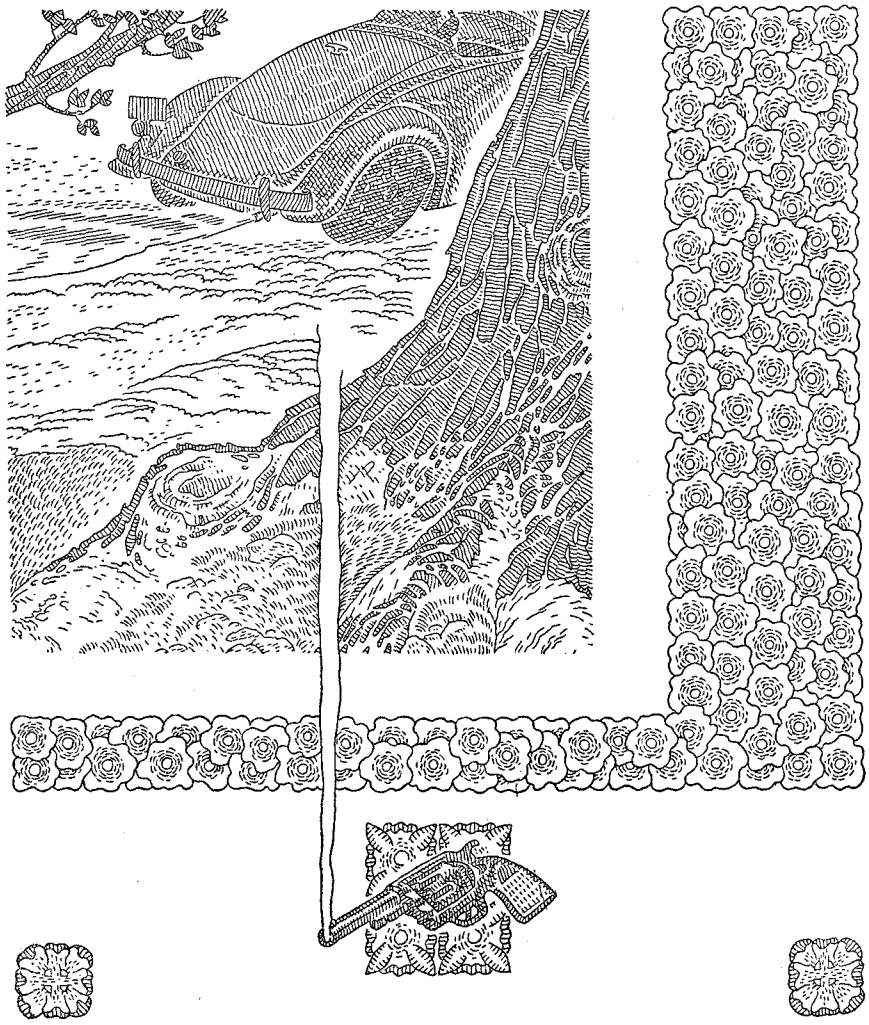

like the cold caress of youth and age.

"I love you so for doing it with me," she went on softly, pillowing her head on his shoulder. "It's what I expected of you. Of course I wouldn't have blamed you for not wanting to. It wasn't your fault, and I wouldn't have thought badly of you if you hadn't, but I do love you so much more for wanting to do it with me. I feel so close to you, Joe, now—so close. You and I and the baby, at one time . . ."

"Yeah, Betty, yeah," he answered, with the irrelevance of a man trying to make himself heard above a shrieking radio. "Swell, I think."

"What do you mean? Didn't you hear me?"

"Sure I heard you. You said . . ."

"You didn't hear me at all, Joe," she said accusingly. "You just said 'yes' to say something."

"I did so hear you!" he cried petulantly. "You said . . ." he stopped, then went on haltingly, "you said you wouldn't have thought badly of me if I hadn't . . ."

"That's it, Joe. You did hear me after all."

She snuggled up to him again and he put a flaccid arm around her neck. They lay back in the car and looked up at the sky, a pale, ragged circle outlined by the pointed tips of pine trees. Infrequently a dark flying body flashed across the wan expanse, and once they heard a rooster crowing in a distant farmyard.

"It's almost as if it's all over, isn't it?" she said at length. "Being here with you so alone, so lonely, in the darkness. It's almost as if it's all over. Oh, Joe, I love you so much! We're doing the right thing, aren't we?"

He cleared his throat. "Well," he said, "yes, I guess we are."

"You guess we are! I don't guess, Joe! I know it's the right thing."

"Well then," he said a trifle resentfully, "it is the right thing. What'd you ask me for if you know it's the right thing? Seems to me when a person's going to do something they know is the right thing they don't have to ask some one else what they think."

"Don't be cranky, Joe," she whispered, rubbing her nose against his cheek. "There's nothing to be cranky about. I asked you just to make conversation, I guess."

"Nothing to make conversation about now," he said grumpily. "Make conversation!"

"Oh darling," she said. "You're wonderful! Just your dear old grouchy self even now. How I love you! We're not going to leave anything worth while behind us!"

They were silent. The girl lay serenely in his arms. He sat tense in the car, staring straight ahead. His fingers still quivered like slender wires vaguely thrumming to a low wind. His stomach felt empty and he was nauseated by a wobbling sensation in its pit.

"Hadn't we better get out of the car?" he asked at length. "It's getting along toward morning."

"You silly darling! There's no hurry! We've got all the time in the world. This night is ours, Joe. Oh, I love this, sitting here with you!"

"But what's the sense of it?" he inquired brusquely. "I say get it over with!"

"You sound as if you didn't want to go through with it, Joe. You're in such a hurry. You're like a person wanting to get done with a disagreeable job. I don't feel that way about it. I love the whole thing. I'm looking forward to it and I want to relish every minute of this, knowing what's behind us and that it's in our power to leave it. Those horrible days . . ."

"It was hell!" he broke in. "I'll never forget what hell that was! I couldn't go through anything like it any more! Oh, it was hell, all right. And it'd get worse, too, but for this."

"Poor boy," she said, rhythmically stroking his hair. This annoyed him for some reason, and with an almost involuntary movement he shifted his head from her caressing hand.

"Don't you like having your hair stroked?" she asked in a hurt voice. "You always used to."

"Makes me nervous tonight," he said. "Don't know why." He gulped several times. "Say, darling, shall we get out of the car now?"

She laughed softly and indulgently. "You silly! Why are you in such a hurry? There's no hurry at all. Don't

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you like to sit here with me? It makes me so happy."

"Yes. Of course I do!" he cried. "Always have, haven't I? But it seems sort of silly to wait this way."

She sighed. "Well, all right, darling," she said.

She stretched her arms over her head, yawned tremulously, then thrust one slim leg out of the car. He got out after her, stumbling over a root and cursing. She reached for his hand. It was very cold. "Darling! Your hand's so cold. You poor angel, are you cold?"

"No," he said curtly. "No." He cleared his throat. They stood side by side on the moist turf by the edge of the lane. "Oh, say," he went on with a tight laugh. "I forgot it. Guess it's the one thing we'll need." And he laughed again.

"Forgot what?" she asked in her high, birdlike voice. "Oh, the . . . the . . ."

"Yes. I put it in the back of the car."

He stood looking down at her with a fixed grin. "I thought that would be the best place for it. So I put it in the back of the car." He went on repeating the same speech senselessly. "Guess I better get it out."

She was silent for a moment. Then she leaned close to him and pressed her body against his like a vine clinging to a wall. Her eyes shone in the starlight. "Oh darling," she sighed. "It is the thing to do. It is. I just know it is. We couldn't go through all that any more." She shuddered against him and as he felt it his body began to tremble in unison with hers. They were suddenly possessed by a leaping, engulfing terror, the fear that comes when passion sweeps reason beyond control.

"Yes," he said thickly, gulping many times, "yes, it is, pet. We've reached the end of our rope." His voice rose shrilly, piercing the quiet woods, the utterance of ungovernable panic. "By God! We couldn't stand that hell any longer! We couldn't. It was driving us mad. We might as well have been dead. By God! There were times when I thought I'd die, Betty. Honest, it's true. Times when living just seemed so damn dumb, when every one's life seemed so dumb!"

He thrust her away from him and with a quick stride stepped back to the running-board of the car. Cursing, he groped about under the back seat. He accused the world of having stolen his flashlight. A man couldn't see a damned thing in that pitch-blackness. How could he be expected to see in such darkness? Presently he was silent. She saw the black outline of his body hunched over the front seat. She stood on the soft moss and waited. She said nothing; words were no longer needed between them. They knew each other's thoughts intimately.

His body remained slumped over the seat; then with a quick jerk he slipped something into his pocket. He straightened up and approached her again and she shrank from him involuntarily. He sensed her movement but he understood too well to be angry.

They sat on a hump of moss under a tree clinging to the bank above the creek. Their faces were very white in the starlight that filtered thinly through the leaves. The little ragged circle of sky overhead was like a filmed eye that gazed down on them, watching, seeing into their souls and knowing the terror that lived in them now. Whispered sounds began to move in the forest, stirrings that they had not noticed before. A dry leaf fell with a soft shuffle like a foot sliding cautiously over the mold; once there came the padded crash of a small animal leaping through the underbrush. The trees made vast swaying bulks against the sky. Like huge intestines of the earth the roots on which the man and girl sat writhed across the lane and joined themselves to others on the opposite side.

She clung to him convulsively. Suddenly they felt naked, exposed on all sides, facing hostile creatures no matter where they turned. They remained frozen until the girl spoke up in her brave, shrill voice:

"Aren't we silly, Joe?" she said. "We're afraid of the dark! We, afraid of the dark! What a laugh! As if anything could hurt us now. We're beyond all that," she cried, a throbbing note in her voice. "We're beyond everything that can hurt us now, darling. We're immortals, Joe." She paused. "Joe," she went on, again calm and radiating inner serenity, "let's do it now. Joe, we've got to do it now! We can't let ourselves fail." She clutched his arm. "Joe!" she cried. "Where is it? We must do it."

A hot blast cut through him, leaving him cold and weak. The trembling of his body was a great agony now; he felt he could not stand it any longer. His hands again became taut, thrumming wires that he could not command.

"Oh darling!" he cried. "No, no, my pet! I can't do it! I can't!" Then he burst out angrily. "I have the hardest job to do! You don't seem to realize that. It's much the hardest. It's easier for you. Oh, God! I can't do the thing."

She sat up and gazed at him hypnotically. "You must, Joe. You must."

She reached over and felt in his pocket. She pulled out the pistol that gleamed coldly in the darkness. But her face, set with conviction, was still calm. She held the pistol almost carelessly as she passed it to him. Then, her eyes shining passionately, she lay back in his arms. The gun was limp in his hand. He felt it there, but could not realize it as a gun. It was only a piece of cold metal. From constantly thinking about it, he had come to consider it something much more than a gun, and now, holding it in his hand, he could not grasp its entire significance.

His forefinger curled around the trigger, and a vision arose in his mind of the times he had played with a toy water pistol in his boyhood. The triggers of those pistols used to pull slowly, squeezing against the water in the magazine and forcing a thin stream from the barrel. He thought of this as a water pistol; he wanted to think of it so. Then, for a moment he remembered that it was not a toy but a weapon of death, and he strove to hold the memory, but he could not. The idea that it was harmless persisted. He felt that he no longer had command of his mind or muscles. They were doing things that he had never conceived of doing. He was like some helpless creature tied to a powerful, irrational engine. His hand moved upward and his finger pressed harder on the trigger. The girl stared at him with her imperious, passionate eyes.

Simultaneously with the explosion his mind recovered itself; he strove to pass the message to his finger but it was too late. The eyes that met his were no longer passionate, although their gaze remained hypnotic. His own eyes were accustomed to the obscurity now and he could see the changes of her face. It was impressive, this immense relaxation taking place in her body, the transition from animate matter to inanimate. No longer was there the faint

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pulsing of life, no longer warmth and glow in her cheeks. Supporting her against his chest he felt a ghastly limpness as her head fell against his arm. Her arm, which had been tight around his body, dropped loose to the ground by her side. In the pale light he could see a darkening stain on the front of her white dress.

It was true that his would be the hardest part of the task. She did not have to live through this moment. She had had nothing to do except wait for him to act. She had not understood that insanity would be necessary in order for him to shoot her, but that an ensuing sanity would make his share almost impossible.

He sat in the woods holding her body in his arms. Once, possessed by something like an inspiration, he lifted the gun to his head but the sweet madness that had come for a moment before would not return. The vision of the water pistol had gone and he could not recall it. He was held suspended at the very borderline of reason and could not force his mind to cross it. He began to talk to himself, first in low tones, repeating speeches that he had made to her and which she had answered. Frightened at the sound of his voice he spoke louder to cover it up, to make the air brazen with sound until he realized that he was shrieking.

That wouldn't do, he whispered. It wouldn't do at all. Some one might hear. And with this, panic again seized him. If some one came . . . he would be a murderer! He would have murdered his girl! That's exactly what he would have done, that is, if some one should catch him. He was not a murderer yet. No, no, he whispered to himself, peering from side to side, striving to pierce the darkness on either side of the lane. He asked himself how loud he had shouted. Had it been very loud? In his mind he strove to estimate the distance to the last house they had passed on the way. It must have been at least half a mile. It could not have been less. And a man couldn't shout and be heard so far away. But the night was very still. If only there could have been thunder, wind, rain, to blanket the sounds that had escaped him without volition.

If he should shriek again he would be able to tell. He would be able to measure how far his voice could carry. He would be able to sit calmly estimating, and then he would be sure. But, he thought frantically, he would be doing exactly the thing that had terrified him before. He would be insisting on the cause of his present fear. Good God, how could he be such a fool! Sweat broke out on his body as he realized how close a call it had been and how nearly he had cried out again.

He remained motionless for some moments. His hand began absently to stroke her limp hair, now turning cold. His mind wandered far afield and for a while he was not conscious of himself or his situation. Then his hand realized the growing chill of her hair and he suddenly wanted to let her body drop away from him; he yearned for the power to vanish, to cease existing. He could not contemplate facing about to walk from her, but neither could he summon courage to turn his back to the car and confront the dark, crawling woods.

He was a murderer unless he could also annihilate himself. He had killed some one dear to him, some one who had loved him. The contract had been that he should kill himself and they be found dead together. For the first time he understood that it had been conceivable that he might kill her, but impossible to kill himself. And unless he did so he would be caught and tried as a murderer. It would be discovered that she was with child out of wedlock. They would accuse him of doing it to get her out of the way.

Convulsively he again raised the pistol to his head. Glimmering, hazy, like a word that escapes the memory, the state of irrationality for which he had been praying eluded him. The more he concentrated on capturing it the more difficult it became even to sense it. He threw the pistol away and dropped the girl's body to the soft, moist turf. He got up quickly, avoiding sight of her face. His eyes were wide and fixed; he tried to see nothing except the automobile parked in the lane. Even more he focussed his attention on the seat behind the steering wheel. He calculated precisely the time it would take to reach the car, start the motor, and put it into reverse.

He thrust one foot forward with infinite care, as if he expected a precipice to yawn out of the blackness. As he stepped, he shifted his head quickly from side to side, with peculiar henlike movements. His hands spread out in front of him, his fingers were bent and clutching, although by now his eyes were so used to the darkness he could see with almost perfect clarity. And all the while he bent his mind upon the front seat of the car, calculating the time necessary to start the motor.

He stepped to the running-board and clumsily, like an old fat woman, bundled himself into the seat. His trembling fingers found the key and his foot pressed the starter. There was a roar as the engine turned over. He swore harshly, as if he had not foreseen the sudden noise, and again his eyes were quick as they searched the woods on either side. Noiselessly he put the motor into gear and threw in the clutch. He did not thrust his head out to see where he was going. As the car moved backwards he seemed able to feel the road without having to look. He felt himself possessed of a new and hitherto unconceived set of senses born of the instinct to escape.

He did not turn on the headlights when the car reached the road. Bounded by the living bulk of the woods the road lay as a pale, indistinct ribbon before him. The eastern sky trembled with the blue light of dawn. He heard a rooster crow in the barnyard half a mile in the distance. Shuddering, for the rising and falling note evoked painful memories, he crouched over the wheel. Like a black, uncertain bug the car crawled along the white streak of highway.

In coming numbers—Fiction by William Faulkner, Grace Flandrau, Morley Callaghan, Alvah Bessie, Marlise Johnston, Caroline Gordon, and Nash Buckingham, and others.

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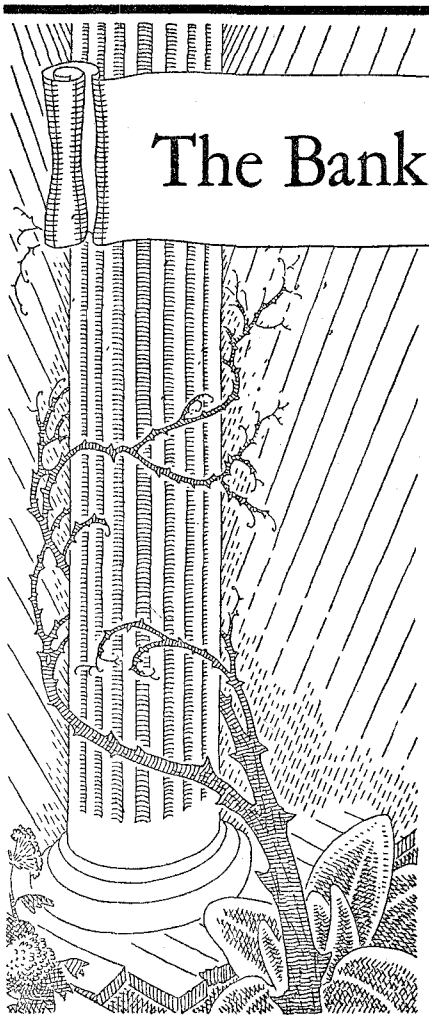
LIFE IN THE UNITED STATES

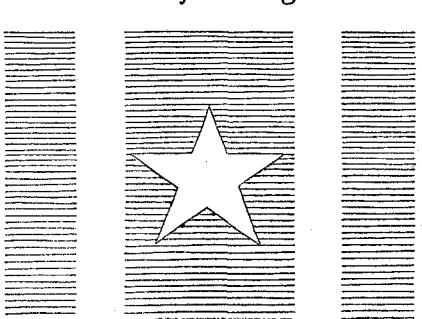
TWO VIEWS OF SOUTHERN CULTURE

The Bankruptcy of Southern Culture

By V. F. Calverton



The South is still reactionary and romantic and 200 years behind, declares this author, who takes to task the agrarian group. John Crowe Ransom, a member of this group, defends the South and replies to Mr. Calverton in the article following



THE South today is two hundred years behind the North in cultural advance. The same religious handicaps which weighed down New England culture in the seventeenth and first half of the eighteenth centuries have now overwhelmed Southern culture. While the South today is not officially governed by a theocracy, as New England was in the seventeenth century, the clergy there at the present time has almost as strong a hold upon the prevailing institutions as the theocrats had upon those in the North two centuries ago. In other words, the North and the South have changed places in the religious cycle, the South having burdened itself with the same incubus from which the North, after a bitter struggle, disencumbered itself generations ago. As a result Southern culture has been brought to an abrupt standstill. Religion-ridden from top to bottom, adoring superstition instead of science, sceptical of the new and credulous of the old, the South today in cultural outlook is scarcely more progressive than a medieval village. In a sense, it is nothing more than a big village in its attitudes and aspirations. In economics, politics, education, and art its religious psychology, with its prying, meddlesome, inquisitorial emphasis, its fanatic self-righteousness and intolerant perfectionism, has penetrated into the heart of the culture and paralyzed the spirit of progress.

In several directions, to be sure, there have been signs of cultural advance in the South in recent days, but at best they have been nothing more than isolated, scattered flags dotting the face of a wilderness. There have been literary and cultural conventions which have resulted in the formation of various literary cliques, one or two of which are not without a kind of pseudo-political cast; several universities have shown sudden spurts of progress; and there have been a number of individual writers who have sprung into prominence, most notably Thomas Wolfe, William Faulkner, Paul Green, T. S. Stribling, Julia Peterkin, DuBose Heyward, Allen Tate, Donald Davidson, Erskine Caldwell, Fielding Burke, and Grace Lumpkin. But have those conventions, those cliques, or those writers destroyed the cultural stagnation of the South? Do they signify any marked advance in the intellectual outlook of the Southern States, which reflects itself in religion, economics, politics, education, the press or the theater? Obviously not. Do they even indicate the growth of a sufficient audience in the South to assure those writers of an adequate prestige and patronage to keep on with their work? No! Because the prestige and financial support which those writers have acquired have been derived from the North and not from the South which has scarcely more than recognized their existence. Even such magazines as *The Virginia Quarterly Review, The Sewanee Review, The Southwest Review,* and *Social Forces,* all of which represent a spirit of advance far superior to the environment in which they exist, rally perhaps as much of their support from the North as from the South—if not more. When we remember that *The Reviewer* had less than fifty subscribers in the whole state of North Carolina, the state in which it was published un-

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der Paul Green's able editorship, we should not be surprised at such a condition of affairs. While these writers and these magazines do indicate slight signs of advance they will not have any marked influence upon Southern culture until industry spreads throughout the South and breaks down the provincialism which now prevails. So long as the South remains a community dominated by petty agrarians, the religious tyranny from which it now suffers will continue unabated.

At the present time the religious domination of Southern culture is a far more devastating phenomenon than was the theocratic dictatorship over New England culture. Whatever else one may say of the theocratic dictatorship, one must admit that the theocrats themselves were not inferior minds, unacquainted with the prevailing knowledge of their period. Several of the earlier group were Oxford graduates, and practically all were highly trained men. Implacably opposed though they were to the aristocratic way of life, they did not allow the aristocracy to monopolize the existing wisdom of the day. Shrewd-minded to the extreme, they utilized every opportunity to twist thought in their direction instead of allowing it to twist beyond their reach. Cotton Mather even delved into the eccentric science of his time and encouraged people to record their scientific observations and discoveries. More than that, at a period when such matters had been scarcely freed of the trappings of magic, the New England clergy came out in defense of vaccination, and defied the pre-scientific objections to it which were raised my many medical men of the period.

If we turn to philosophy, it can certainly be said without resort to hyperbole that Jonathan Edwards was not only acquainted with the entire philosophic tradition, but was also one of the outstanding philosophers of the day. The arguments of the New England theocrats, therefore, cannot be flagrantly accused of being backward in terms of their times. That they were backward in terms of today is obvious, but so were most of the other ideas and attitudes of that day. In the South at the present time, on the contrary, the clergy have not kept up with the accumulated knowledge of our day. Their conclusions are based upon the prevailing ignorance instead of upon the prevailing knowledge of our century. Nowhere is there a Cotton Mather among them to effect a necessary conjunction between religion and science, nor a Jonathan Edwards to establish a philosophic justification for religious thought. Instead of cultivating an understanding of science and philosophy in an attempt to harmonize them with religion, they have closed their minds to the scientific and philosophic thought of the day, rejecting its contributions instead of accepting them. As a consequence, scientific and philosophic progress in the South has been deprived of initiative and vigor. The fear of ecclesiastical condemnation has terrorized the spirit of inquiry and has annihilated the possibility of intellectual advance.

Ecclesiastical Terrorism

Before the Civil War the South had been religious also, but the religion which then prevailed had interfered but little with the growth of ideas and the dissemination of culture. On the contrary, the Episcopal Church, which was the church of the plantation aristocracy, allowed for that elasticity of outlook which was necessary for the spread of culture. It was the evangelical religions which acquired supremacy after the Civil War that destroyed the latitudinarian spirit which had preceded. And it has been these evangelical religions which have assailed intellectual freedom in the South and forced anti-evolution bills through various Southern legislatures and almost forced them through many others. These anti-evolution bills provide one of the most tragic illustrations of the influence of this religious force in the educational field.

The authority of Bishop Candler, whom Corra Harris described in *My Book and Heart* as "the greatest churchman of his time," is typical of this evangelical psychology in its most glaring form. Bishop Candler's opposition to such "freethinking" institutions as Harvard and Yale, and his hostility to independent educational institutions and State universities, is characteristic of this philosophy as it expresses itself in educational thought. Without question there are bishops and persons in the North who share the views of Bishop Candler, but the difference is that these Northern bishops and parsons have little influence and less power, while Bishop Candler has great influence and enormous power. It was just this influence and power, shaping the cast of Southern culture, which provoked the Dayton fiasco and made the South into a spectacle of stupidity in the eyes of the modern world. This same spirit was manifest in the condemnation of Paul Green's defunct magazine, *The Reviewer,* as "the Devil's Instrument."

Even among the more liberal educators in the South this same religious-tinged attitude persists in slightly adulterated form. Although a new attitude is beginning to poke its head up here and there in the independent colleges and universities in the South, it has not yet been able to free itself from the incubus of religious rule.

Without libraries that are genuinely interested in the promotion of literature, without bookstores to cultivate the sale of books—although there are both individual librarians and individual book-sellers who are doing everything in their power to encourage literature, they find their efforts rendered futile by the pressures of the environment—without publishing houses and magazines to stir up a consciousness of literature in the environment, the condition of culture in the South today is no better than when Sidney Lanier wrote to his brother that, in his soberest moments, he could "perceive no outlook for that land." "Our people," asserted Lanier, "have failed to perceive the deeper movements, under-running the times: they lie wholly off, out of the stream of thought, and whirl their poor dead leaves of recollection, round and round, in a piteous eddy that has all the wear and tear of motion without any of the rewards of progress."

Rose-rimmed Dixie!—the Lorelei of the Southern Mind

Conscious of the nature of these conditions, cognizant of the tragedy which they imply, progressive minds in the South today are concerned with finding a way out of them, a means of spiritual escape. In fact, as I shall show a little later on, as a result of this concern, which has become almost an obsession, the whole Southern mind has turned into an escape mechanism. Escape to what? To the past! To a South that once was, a pre-Civil-War South—Dixie.

But why should these minds be so concerned with a South that belongs so

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definitely and irrevocably to the past? What did that South represent which continues to enchant long after its day is gone? In the first place, that South represented the very antithesis of the South of today. It was just as interested in culture at that time as the contemporary South is uninterested in it. It was that pre-Civil-War South which organized the first musical society in America, the Saint Cecilia Society, welcomed the first opera, presented the first orchestra, and staged the first drama. At the same time that the North associated music with sorcery the South came to look upon music as an elevating diversion. It was that same South which possessed virginals, hand lyres, violins, and flutes, and adorned its walls with the canvases of Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Stuart. In that South also Scott, Byron, Bulwer, Campbell, Mrs. Hemans, Addison, Pope and Wycherly, Congreve and Dryden were revered as well as read. The psychology of the plantation aristocrat dominated and not that of the ecclesiastic, and cultural energy, consequently, was shunted off in the direction of political oratory instead of theological polemics. Politics then was the great art, with religion playing an ever-receding rôle in the administration of the social order. Indeed, the religion of this plantation aristocracy, finding its voice in the Episcopal Church, cultivated virtue without too strongly denouncing vice, exalted form more than faith, and was more willing to condone than to condemn. While the religious leaders in the North were opposed to music and dancing, and even forbade the introduction of organs into their churches, the Episcopalian clergymen were no more averse to musical entertainment than they were to horse-racing or theater-going. It is no wonder, then, that the South in those days represented the gayest life in America.

Puritanism in the South

It is to that South that so many romantic Southerners still wish to return. What happened to that South many of them still cannot understand. One of the reasons is that they continue to think of that old South as a single unit instead of as a divided entity. There were two Souths before the Civil War, not one. There was a seventeenth-century South which was different from the eighteenth-century and nineteenth-century South. In the seventeenth century, before the plantation aristocracy had established itself as the ruling class, the attitude toward religion and art was not very different in Virginia from that in Massachusetts. The fact of the matter is, the same petty-bourgeois element which settled in New England settled also in the South. Although the petty bourgeoisie in Virginia did not stem from the same Puritan stock as did the New England theocrats, they were descendants of the same Dissenting tradition which rooted itself much deeper than Puritanism proper into our culture. It was this petty bourgeoisie, and not the Cavaliers, who shaped seventeenth-century Southern culture. As Professor Wertenbaker has incontestably shown, the Cavaliers constituted an inconspicuously small percentage of the population, and exerted little influence over Southern culture. A survey of the laws and statutes of early Virginia, for example, will reveal the same spirit as that which pervaded New England. Blue laws were enacted in Virginia which were just as severe as those passed in Massachusetts. The grand juries and vestries were as vigilant in reporting the offenses as the courts were in executing the punishments that were to be meted out to those guilty of inebriety, defamation, sexual immorality, or profaning the Sabbath. In 1649 a law was passed in Virginia forcing every person to attend church. Floggings, exposure in the stocks, and heavy fines were very much in vogue. Laws concerned with limitations of dress were also common. Bishop Bayly's "Practise of Piety, Directing a Christian how to Work that he may Please God," which was popular in Virginia as late as the eighteenth century, was scarcely less gravely admonitory in its tone than the sermons of the New England theocrats. Indeed, so saturated were the early Virginians with this ascetic religiosity that when the Indian Massacre of 1622 occurred the Virginia company attributed it to the "sins of drunkenness and excess of apparell" which prevailed in the colonies. Virginians who went into battle with the Indians did so with prayers not less devout than those of the New Englanders, with strict prohibitions against profanity as part of their martial procedure. Even the witch-hunting craze found almost as secure a foothold there as in the North. Indeed, a record of the trial of a witch, a certain Grace Sherwood, in the county of Princess Anne has been preserved. The inlet in which she was submerged—unfortunately she was able to swim and was transported to jail for more dire punishment—is still known as Witch Duck. In addition to persecuting witches we find that the ecclesiastics forced through the Assembly laws that were in every way as strict as those in New England. Certainly the following laws, which were passed in Virginia in 1662, were not more lenient than those enacted in Massachusetts:

"Every person who refuses to have his child Baptized by a lawful Minister, shall be amerced 2000 pounds of Tobacco; half to the parish, half to the informer."

"The Man and Woman committing fornication shall pay each 500 pounds of Tobacco and to be bound to their good behaviors."

Even in artistic matters their original attitude was not very different from that found in the colonies along the New England coast. While the coming of the Cavaliers during the first half of the seventeenth century had unquestionably tempered somewhat the petty-bourgeois attitude toward art and thus provided leeway for a degree of art appreciation if not art expression which did not exist in New England, the vast majority of the population was unaffected by this influence. Although Governor Berkeley may have approved of the theater and even written plays himself, the populace with its petty-bourgeois antipathy for art refused to be converted to his æsthetic philosophy. Long before Berkeley ever appeared on the American scene, actors were considered in Virginia as part of "the scum and dregs of the earth." In fact as late as 1665 three men from Accomac County were arrested for staging a play known as "Ye Bare and Ye Cubb." Previous to 1665 it is doubtful if any Virginians would have hazarded such a violation of the petty-bourgeois ethic. Even under the protection of Governor Berkeley play-acting was only attempted as an amateur amusement in drawing-room and parlor. Literature itself was looked down upon with scathing contempt. Even in the eighteenth century, when the structure of Southern society had already begun to alter, we frequently find references in *The Virginia Ga-*

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zette which testify to the persistence of contempt for *belles lettres*.

The gay South of the plantation aristocracy, therefore, marked not the first but the second stage in the evolution of Southern psychology. The first stage was dominated by the same religious-minded, petty-bourgeois outlook which dominated in New England—and which dominates in the South today. It was only toward the end of the seventeenth century, as the plantation system spread, and a plantation aristocracy came into power, that the second stage began. Nevertheless, even in the second stage, these petty-bourgeois elements were not crushed. These descendants of the Dissenting tradition, many of whom eventually made up the vast yeoman class which developed with plantation economics, clung tenaciously to their creeds despite the lax attitudes of the ruling class in religious matters. They continued to be as self-denying and pious as the ruling class was pleasure-loving and wanton. It was the women of this class who lived through what Corra Harris so well described as "the candle-lit drama of salvation." To them religion was a conviction; to the ruling class it was only a form. In general the Established Church was anathema to them; it was to the evangelical faiths, the Baptists, the Presbyterians, and the Methodists, that they flocked. Their religiosity, accentuated in places by climate and isolation, became more maniacal than anywhere else in America. The grandmother, in Mary Johnston's novel *Hagar*, evinces the effect of this religiosity, when she avows with pride that she doesn't "pretend to be 'literary' or to understand literary talk. What Moses and Saint Paul said and the way we've always done in Virginia is good enough for me."

A Poor White Civilization

In the light of these facts we can now see what has happened in the South since the Civil War. The Civil War ended plantation rule. The same rural and urban petty bourgeoisie, who had dominated in the seventeenth century, rapidly superseded the plantation aristocracy in power. Southern life began to center itself gradually about cities instead of plantations, until today the plantation has practically disappeared as a force in Southern affairs. The petty bourgeoisie, adapting itself to the new way of life, soon seized control of the reins of government, and, aided by the new economic forces at its command, superimposed its ideology upon the changing environment. In every field this poor-white civilization extended its tentacles of control. Abetted by the alliance with Northern capitalism, it lent its new-found energies to the scrapping of everything old, the worn-out agricultural régime, the hopeless, broken-backed, agrarian tradition, and bent the rest of its energies to the construction of a South that was to be entirely new. Before the end of the nineteenth century the outline of this new South had become very clear and the effects of its new tradition had already revealed themselves in Southern culture. In politics the change was catastrophically precipitate. The Calhouns and Randolphs, political representatives of the old order, the plantation aristocracy, were supplanted by the Heflins and Hoke Smiths, Bilbos, Huey Longs, and Talmadges, the political spokesmen of the new order. With this change in economic life, which chalked off the passing of political power on the part of the plantation aristocracy, the whole plantation ideology collapsed like a mountain of sand before the advance of a typhoon. Ellen Glasgow, in her novel *The Battle-ground*, traced something of the conditions of decay which led to this melodramatic collapse.

But do Southern writers anxious to save the South from its present cultural desolation attack the petty bourgeoisie and ally themselves with forces which oppose its power? The answer is unfortunately negative. What Southern writers have done, as I suggested in an earlier paragraph, is simply to adopt the device of escape. Instead of fighting the evil which confronts them, they either retreat to imaginary towers of their own construction or to a romantic past which is equally remote from reality. The few individuals and forces which have striven to oppose these conditions in a more realistic way have been lost in the shuffle, as it were, and forced to operate in isolation. Individual writers, such as L. P. Wilson, who has carefully studied and criticised the library situation in the South, Edward Mims, who has challenged Southern educators to free themselves from the religious yoke, Julian Harris, who made the bravest fight of all in his struggle against the Ku Klux Klan, religious intolerance, and lynching, and Elmer Scott and Gaynell Hawkins, who with their *Civic Federation* of Dallas and its various extensions have done more than any others to awaken Texas from its intellectual lethargy—these men and a few others have carried on a vigorous struggle against the cultural backwardness of the South of today. That their struggle has not been a more successful one is not due to lack of courage on their part, but to the forces in the environment which have thwarted their efforts and resisted their influence.

With scant exceptions Southern intellectuals view the coming of industry with fear rather than with favor, and therein lies their error. Now that the plantation aristocracy is dead and plantation life has been invested with the glamour of the remote, many Southern writers, depressed at the scene which faces them, have turned to the plantation past for renewed inspiration. Seeking the color of cultural life which once prevailed in Charleston, "the gayest in America," as Crèvecœur one time described it, preferring the owner who could gamble away his plantations without losing his poise to the petty bourgeois who counts his every cent, these writers have turned to the dead plantation world for escape. The choice that confronted them was crucial. Either they had to turn back to that romantic feudal world, rose-rimmed in recollection, with its "rose order of Southern women," as James Lane Allen phrased it, its gay gentlemen brave to the point of duel, "its singing niggers"—the world which stirred Stephen C. Foster, even though not a part of it, to immortalize it in his popular melodies, "My Old Kentucky Home," "Old Folks at Home," and "Old Black Joe"—or like James Branch Cabell invent a new world of their own, a Poictesme of intellectual refuge.

Retreat to the Negro

No greater proof of this fact is to be found than in the nature of the work of those contemporary Southern writers who have neither succumbed to the plantation dream nor invented a new world of their own. Desiring to write about the world in which they live rather than escape to mythical worlds of the past or future, and yet realizing the barrenness of the civilization which

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surrounds them, they have—with the exception of William Faulkner, Thomas Wolfe, Paul Green, T. S. Stribling, Fielding Burke, and Grace Lumpkin—turned to the Negro with an almost inevitable unanimity for their materials. In a word, it is only the Negro in the South today who can provide them with artistic inspiration. Like Joel Chandler Harris in the previous century, they have turned to the Negro for those rich human possibilities which are latent in his forthright, dynamic reaction to life. Harris, in his "Uncle Remus" sketches, returned to the old days for his facts and fables. Harris, however, belonged to the romantic plantation tradition and to the lineage of Thomas Nelson Page rather than to that of the moderns. These new Southern writers want to deal with the facts and fables of the Negro which have been carried down into the present. Paul Green's plays, particularly "In Abraham's Bosom," which won the Pulitzer prize several years ago (his more recent play, "The House of Connelly," it is good to note, as well as his novel *Laughing Pioneer* are challenging and significant exceptions); Julia Peterkin's novels, *Black April,* and *Scarlet Sister Mary,* which also won the Pulitzer prize not long ago; DuBose Heyward's "Porgy," which was one of the great theatric successes in the late twenties, and his novel, *Mamba's Daughters,* which was very popular shortly thereafter—all these products of this new group of Southern writers have revolved about Negro life and character. The Negro alone, living in a different world of motivation, has retained enough of his simplicity and charm and irresponsible gaiety to attract writers of the new generation. While the white man's world, spiked in on every side by religious ramparts, has become desolate of cultural stimulus, the black man's world has taken on fresh meaning. Yet it is not the new black man's world where the new Negro is the protagonist which appeals to them, but the old black man's world in which the new Negro has little part. The new Negro is part of the new South, the South which has grown up since the Civil War and which in this century has opened wide its doors to the coming of industry. This new Negro, represented at one extreme by the Negro bourgeoisie and the Negro intellectual who is largely a product of that bourgeoisie, and at the other by the new proletarian-minded Negro, already turning left, does not interest the Peterkins and the Heywards. This new Negro has already become too much like the rest of the South in his desires and ambitions. It is only the old Negro or the struggling but defeated Negro, who, as in "In Abraham's Bosom," meets frustration at every turn, that arouses the interest and sympathy of this new school of authors. In this sense, however successfully they have managed to avoid the sentimentalities of the old plantation school, these writers are much closer to the plantation tradition than they suspect.

Fascism Rears Its Head

Another group of Southern writers who have succumbed to the spell of the plantation tradition is the group led by Donald Davidson. In the symposium, *I'll Take My Stand,* these writers have declaimed against the petty-bourgeois South which has grown up since the Civil War, and in verbiage charged with indignation announced their stand in favor of a pre-Civil-War Dixie. Donald Davidson, who edited the symposium, challenged his fellow Southerners to act before action is too late. This whole group is anxious to restore the old South with its plantation ideology and its agrarian economics. Only such a restoration, these writers are convinced, can release the South of tomorrow from the death hand of the petty bourgeoisie. Hopeless as is their hostility to what is already an ineradicable tendency, they have not allowed themselves to be discouraged as yet by the vast army of opposition which surrounds them. In fact, the very intensity of their challenge has a kind of corner-driven desperation about it. Full of intellectual TNT as their words are, they voice nothing more than the expiring spirit of a dead cause. At best, the plantation ideology having lost its economic *raison-d'être,* this group can do nothing more than stand apart, without the support of their environment, fighting a futile battle, modern Don Quixotes stabbing at steel windmills, hoping to destroy them by the gesture.

Since the publication of *I'll Take My Stand,* the same group of writers have crystallized their philosophy into a movement which has adopted *The American Review* as its organ of literary expression. The editor of *The American Review,* Mr. Seward Collins, has definitely described this movement, which is familiarly known as *the new agrarianism,* "as fascist." Underlying this movement, as Mr. Collins pointed out in a debate with me on the issue, is the international fascist appeal to the farmers to fight the industrialists and financiers in an attempt to replace the power of Wall Street by that of Main Street. Mr. Collins even goes so far as to advocate a return to monarchy as the best means of achieving that transformation. What the *new agrarians* aim to do, as their articles in *The American Review* attest, and as Mr. Collins has made most explicit, is to return to a form of pre-capitalist economy, in which horse and buggy transportation will supplant that of the automobile and the steam locomotive, and handicraft production will replace that of machine production, all of which is not only most reprehensively naïve and fantastic but most dangerously reactionary.

Nowhere, then, is there a forward-looking tendency in Southern life. Everywhere the logic of escape prevails. Nowhere is there a single important Southern writer—with the exception of Fielding Burke and Grace Lumpkin who have just arrived, as it were—who has a plan or a program which has any pertinence to what is happening in Southern life today—to what happened in Dayton, Gastonia, Scottsboro, Marion, and Harlan. Nowhere is there a Southern group of intellectuals whose approach is realistic instead of romantic. And therein lies part of the reason for the bankruptcy of the present-day Southern mind. Like the old Confederate veteran, Southern intellectuals still prefer to talk about the conditions before the Civil War, instead of trying to change the conditions which confront them today. Only when they reverse that procedure, forget the old conditions and face the new, work out a program of construction instead of escape, will they be able to come into grips with their environment—and influence it. But that will mean that they will become realists instead of romanticists, radicals instead of reactionaries, for it will only be when they desert the stand of the romanticist and the reactionary that they will succeed in transforming the Southern scene.

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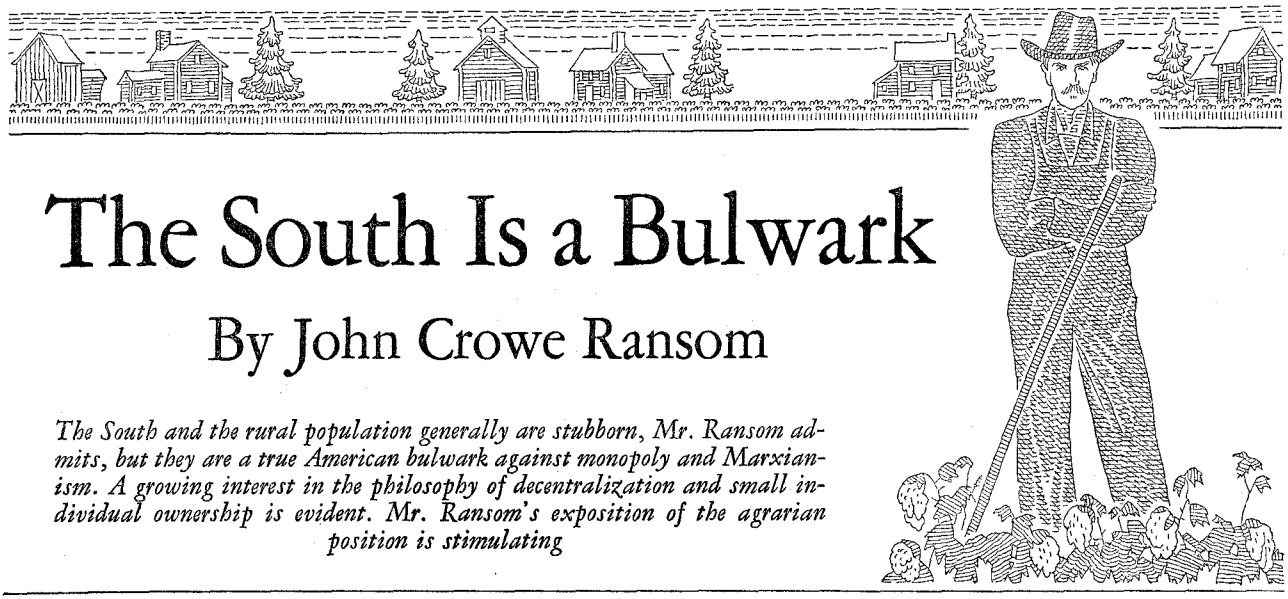

The South Is a Bulwark

By John Crowe Ransom

The South and the rural population generally are stubborn, Mr. Ransom admits, but they are a true American bulwark against monopoly and Marxianism. A growing interest in the philosophy of decentralization and small individual ownership is evident. Mr. Ransom's exposition of the agrarian position is stimulating

HERODOTUS, the father of history, told wonderful stories about such things as the search of the one-eyed Arimaspians for gold, and the manners of the rude Scythians. He had a good chance to spread himself because in those days the Greek cities had no sort of contact with the remote barbarian nations. Mr. Calverton, though a modern historian, is ingenious too. His imagination is all the more remarkable since he lives in the age of communication, and at the trade center of the world's largest free trade area, and writes what is technically domestic history, and still is not inhibited.

It would be an error of literary judgment to argue with Mr. Calverton's pretty fancies. He is a serious and sincere thinker, but not I believe with respect to Southern culture in the ordinary sense of the word.

I must construe Mr. Calverton from a distance, for my acquaintance with him is as documentary or theoretical as is his acquaintance with the South; so I may be wrong. His real cultural interest, I gather, is precisely what Karl Marx's was: limited to a very special interest in the political economy of the region. The South is too "petty bourgeois" for him; that emerges as his real concern; which means that the South has not yet gone in wholeheartedly for giant business organizations in the place of small ones, and therefore is not yet ready to be propositioned by the Marxians. The thesis of the Marxians is that the rich must become richer and the poor poorer before the class struggle can attain violence enough to accomplish anything. For that reason they approve of plutocracy if it is nicely "bloated," of high finance, mass production, and technology if they produce depression and unemployment, and of bankers, landlords, and employers if they are so strong and greedy as to arouse the hatred of a multitude of victims. These if's they think will be sufficiently realized under any high-powered version of the modern industrial society. Big business is the stage precedent to revolution. The South's backwardness slows up the program and postpones the millennium.

Mr. Calverton's enthusiasm for the old plantation aristocracy is rather more uncritical than my own, and also, I believe, than that of Mr. Donald Davidson. It is charming, almost disarming. But I reflect that Mr. Calverton is deep, and I remember that any great gulf between the classes is good from a Marxian view because it sets the stage of the revolution, and that a privileged aristocracy, if fat and "gay" enough, would serve the purpose as well as a plutocracy. Unfortunately the gay planters did not wait until the Marxians could appear upon the scene, they went down with the rest of the economic establishment of the region, and were superseded by a society of small owners; a nut that Marxianism cannot crack. So was the French Revolution of 1789 premature too, in that there was no Marxian leadership to direct its outcome. The French aristocracy gave way to a petty bourgeoisie, and there it is today.

So there is an issue between Mr. Calverton and the South, and it is worth discussing. But many other Americans besides Southerners are on one side of it, just as many others besides Mr. Calverton are on the other side of it, and the future of the country depends on which side is going to have its way. Mr. Calverton is the spokesman for certain "forces of progress," the nature of which we can read between the lines. He senses the Southern opposition infallibly. There is plenty of it elsewhere, but it is peculiarly stubborn and substantial in the South. I believe it may be said that if the Union has to be defended against the sort of program which Mr. Calverton would put forward, this section is a very bulwark.

II

The merest tourist, at 300 miles per day, can tell you ways in which the South differs from other sections. Perhaps he notices an unusual degree of warmth, or he may call it curiosity and garrulousness, on the part of the leisurely natives with whom he trades for a sandwich, or a fill of gasoline, or a lodging. They seem determined to import personal relations into business transactions, a habit which is clearly the enemy of maximum efficiency.

Another observation, more to the point, may not be unrelated to this one: the smallness of scale in the objectified economy of the region. The cities are not imposing, the skyscrapers are not high. The biggest residences are not so big, indicating that the richest South-

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erners are not so rich. The railroads are slow and the automobiles are cheap. The country clubs do not glitter.

Statisticians will confirm his findings, and contribute others which are not so visible. The public schools run on lower per-child expenditures than elsewhere, the public libraries are classified as inadequate, the colleges are below standard in enrollments, libraries, endowments, and other measurable properties. There are no great publishing houses, and no great weekly or monthly journals to act as distinguished organs of public opinion; not money enough for such things.

There may be exceptions to the rule of small effects—a big factory here, a big country estate there. The chances are that the capital or the income which floats the thing is imported Northern money. The South has been discovered in recent years by enterprising capitalists as a good place to plant capital in, and by retired capitalists as a good place to live in. In Virginia, for example, many of these latter have restored the architecture and the superficial form of the old plantations, and are playing at country squire; but the gesture is not significant, since there is no economic reality behind it.

The South simply has less income at its disposal than other sections have, and it is correspondingly backward in the statistical evidences of "culture." But there should never be an extended discussion of this point without some remark about its historical background. Seventy years ago the South, seeking not aggression but peaceful separation, was defeated by force of arms, and then by the same force "reconstructed." The two operations were continuous and lasted from ten to twenty years. The economic result of this disruption was that the South became a sort of colonial dependency of the East at the time when the latter entered upon its industrial expansion. The South was fixed in the rôle of a primary producer. It took its punishment, precisely as a vegetable economy always does when trading with a mineral economy; I am borrowing Professor Beard's recent terms.

But a principle of compensation works, though it may be slowly and darkly, in the interest of the vegetable economy. The profits of the mineral economy must have somewhere to go and earn, and they are bound to go eventually back into the vegetable economy, to take the form of naturalized capital plant, and to initiate industrial processes there too. So far as the South is concerned, political and sectional attitudes at first stood in the way of this development; but, after all, the South has more than its share of mineral resources and, a great thing now, water power. If capitalists are so enterprising and capital is so mobile as the classical economists have supposed, then the industrial development of the South is assured; and in fact it is well started. The financial and industrial domination of the East has seen its best days, and I suppose even now the financiers and captains of industry in New York begin to be acquainted in a faint premonitory manner with the feeling of holding a bag.

I do not know anybody in the South who thinks that industrialization can be stopped where it is, or wants it stopped there. The Southerners with whom I am acquainted want economic independence for their region, and the wish seems modest enough not to rate as treasonable. To its attainment the planetary influences are now entirely favorable, if I am an astrologer. Nevertheless, I think that industrialization will be a little different in the South. The South, as Mr. Calverton says, is rather a petty bourgeois community.

In the Carolina Piedmont region, and at other places in the South, industrialization has been taking place very fast and the forces of progress have been jubilant. The North Carolina patriots used to welcome this development without any qualms. They seemed to go on the theory which I believe is Mr. Calverton's own, that culture is a function of income, or of the material advantages which money will buy. The Carolina thinkers wanted a big income for the South, and could name very noble reasons: the increase of libraries, publications, schools and colleges, government services; the breeding of big philanthropists. Some liberal-minded Carolinians wanted to see the income widely distributed, too; they were aware as soon as anybody else of the now well-published necessity of distributing the purchasing fund. But they did not want to see it come to the workingman in the form of richer crumbs from the employer's table, but in the form of obligations acknowledged and written into the contracts. To that end they were ready even to stand for militant unionism, and their courage and realism must be honored.

But income is not enough, and the distribution of income is not enough. If these blessings sufficed, we might as well come to collectivism at once; for that is probably the quickest way to get them. In Russia they are building up almost over night a productive plant like that which it took America many years to secure, and they are distributing its benefits more widely than has ever been known in an industrial society. Mr. Calverton, the realist, might not at all object to our taking the Russians for our guides. I think the liberal Carolinians would come to it eventually too; some of them have been coming very rapidly to it. The subtle Marxians see exactly what can happen very easily to a big business economy, even to our own. Thus: the system collapses in labor violence, or perhaps it collapses in depression; yet the productive plant is there still, and the population is there still, already trained and drilled in obedience to orders, already regimented. So the state takes over the plant and assigns the personnel to its posts; the revolution has been accomplished. In the degree that the business organization has done a good job already in enforcing the habit of subordination, the revolution may even be a tolerably bloodless affair.

Another group of Southern minds, if Mr. Calverton will allow the term, has for its locus Tennessee rather than Carolina. They believe that freedom and human rights are as important for happiness as money and goods, and that the advocates of "progress," who applaud the virtues of income and of standards of living as measured statistically, are not the natural interpreters of the section. Considering the genuine public zeal manifested by the Carolinians, they would observe further that big libraries, big educational plants, and unlimited public services all put together do not make a fair price for the loss of private freedom.

There may be an opposition between maximum productivity and private freedom. But there is no fixed opposition between private freedom and a great deal of material welfare, a considerable productivity; these do not ex-

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clude one another. The per capita natural wealth of this country is all but beyond comparison greater than that of other nations, and it is astonishing to find economists concluding that its development can proceed only by tactics which are harsh and sacrificial of human rights. I mean this: by the police tactics of the Soviet republics, or even by the impersonal and "strictly business" tactics of our own big corporate businesses.

Nowhere on earth is there a society so well able as ours to afford the luxury of freedom. We are not as Italy, to whom Il Duce, in the name of what we would call the planned society, addressed his famous remark: "Italy cannot afford freedom."

The Nashville Agrarians have been most concerned with the farm economy. They pitched on that as a central problem for the South, which is a rural section, and in which the occupational status is something like 60 per cent agricultural; perhaps also because of their own personal background and taste. But at this moment most of the original writers are making a fresh appearance in a second symposium, *Who Owns America?* (Houghton, Mifflin.) With them are presented a still larger number of other writers, who are not so interested in the agricultural as in the business economy, and correspond to those British economists who call themselves Distributists; they propose "the restoration of private property" in America. Each group, the Agrarian and the Distributist, thinks that it requires the complementary assistance of the other, and that no change in its own principles is involved; for neither the farmers nor the business men can ever flourish in a society in which both these estates are not at once comfortable and secure.

The new book is not written with peculiar reference to the South. If its authors are not mistaken, it advances doctrines 100 per cent pure American; though not exactly the kind of doctrines which seemed to be orthodox in 1929. I shall tell in my own terms the position taken by most of the writers upon the problem of the land, and also upon the problem of industry and business. This position looks almost congenital to Southern habits of mind. But I should describe it also as "early American," and again as "constitutional."

III

As for the land, the Agrarian theory has a fresh statement. It is my impression that it is the only theory that has ever made a realistic approach to the very peculiar problem of American agriculture.

The most obvious thing to say about agriculture in America is that, as a business in the ordinary sense, it can never prosper. Speaking of bankruptcy, there is no bankruptcy like that of Southern cotton planters trying to earn money which is not there to earn; unless it is that of some other group of farmers raising an American staple. Here is a field in which common business principles cannot apply. The common business principles are based on the understanding that each business is a special function in a society of delegated functions, and that those engaged in it make a money income by selling their goods or services to society and then live on the income. Each business tries for maximum efficiency; that is, maximum productivity at minimum cost of labor, material, and capital equipment. But agriculture in America cannot successfully play this part among the other businesses. It has a unique disability.

The disability is this. The volume of productive land is out of proportion to the wants—whether this means the wishes or the needs—of the American community. The land is the fixed capital of agriculture, but it is fixed by nature and not by man, therefore fixed indeed. No European nation in modern times has had to worry with this peculiar condition, and therefore no pattern for handling it is discoverable in European economic, or in any other economic derived from European writings. Technically, the excess of American land is overcapitalization, and an overcapitalized business is always an overproductive one.

The extent of an overcapitalization is not determined by the size of the unmarketable surplus of goods produced. In an old business subject to calculation, production will probably not greatly exceed the demand for any given year, since many producers will gauge the prospect accurately and stay out of production. But until these producers abandon their capital plant, they are waiting their first chance to produce, they are a menace, and they see to it that the ordinary condition of the market shall be one of glut, and the ordinary condition of the business one of insolvency. Most farm economists, however, prefer to measure the overproductiveness of American farmers by the actual surplus, and so they deceive the statesmen legislating for the farmers, and the farmers too, as to the dimensions of the problem. For example, it is suggested that the eating of two extra loaves of bread a year by each American person will cure the plight of the wheat farmers. It is the overcapitalization and not the visible overproduction that counts. The precise excess of American land will never be known; so long as the population stays under a hundred and sixty millions, as it is calculated to do, we can only say of it that it is indefinitely great. The land might easily support several times that population, but naturally it will never set in to prove this for the benefit of doubting economists. It is perfectly natural that American land should be farmed extensively and inefficiently, rather than intensively and according to the principles of agronomy; that is the easiest way to farm it, and it is more than efficient enough. There is always a great deal of marginal land waiting to come in as soon as the good land is earning, and by all means there is a higher productive capacity which the good land is waiting to realize as soon as profits begin to show.

The Agrarians have reluctantly come to the conclusion that the foreign markets offer no prospect of employing the unused capacity of American land. They do not endorse the somewhat vindictive program of Mr. Peter Molyneux, of Texas, who seems desirous of breaking down the American tariff walls no matter what it means to American industry, on the ground that it was American industry which ruined the Southern farmers, and that the ruin of industry may now save them. The South once had a strong case in making this argument, but that was definitely yesterday. It was mostly nature which ruined the farmer in the South, and it is certainly nature which keeps him ruined now. Europe is finding elsewhere cheaper farm stuff than we can supply, and that is about all there is to the argument. The time may come

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when all American farmers, even the cotton ones, will be thankful for a tariff which protects not only the industrialists but themselves. In any case, it is inevitable that a country which does not require imports will finally have to abandon exports, and work out its economy on a domestic basis, farming included.

The late lamented AAA was an ignoble though humanly natural experiment. Southern farmers accepted its benefits as cheerfully as others, and doubtless with fully as much secret consciousness that the arrangement was slightly disreputable. If the Constitution had not intervened, I imagine that one of two things would have happened before long. It would have been established that it was profoundly uneconomic, and too expensive for the government of the United States, to guarantee income on a fixed capital whose excess had never been computed but was close to the fabulous. Or, if the government continued to deal only, and arbitrarily, with that group of farmers who happened to be caught producing in the year that Triple A took effect, the reasonable and constitutional desire of others to enter this privileged business, working fresh land or working the given land much more efficiently, would have raised clamor enough to wreck the scheme.

There is no hope for American agriculture as a business, with its fatal incubus of too much land; governmental action foreign or domestic cannot save it. But observe a paradox. In spite of this fact farming is a fine and tolerably secure occupation for the right sort of farmers. And here is the secret. To compensate for its peculiar disability, farming has the peculiar advantage that it lends itself not to one economy, as other businesses do, but to two economies. The farmer does not have to live entirely in either one. So the farmer is, now, a money-maker, requiring an income, exposed to the hazards of cost and competition like all the others; very much underprivileged in this economy, as we have seen. But, again, he is in a private economy of his own, producing his own subsistence without money transactions. He is an amphibian and cannot be destroyed.

I have given the order wrong, so far as the American farmer is concerned. He should produce his own necessities first, and then consider his money crops. His present misery is mostly due to the fact that he has learned to put his money crops first, and then more often than not forgotten to produce for himself; he has never had pointed instruction to the effect that agriculture in America is not one of the ordinary businesses, and does not permit this. Naturally he is in a desperate situation. This is what the Agrarians recently have been saying with probably wearisome iteration. In their own section the oral tradition which handed down the detail of the dualistic farm economy is not yet quite dead.

Yet the state should delight to honor the farmer, and to assist him so far as it does not involve direct bounties, or privileged treatment, or a burden of expense which the state cannot bear. The farmers are the freest citizens in this country; the most whole, therefore the most wholesome. Nobody bosses their jobs meticulously, even if they are hired men. If they are owners, they are the perfect examples of the propertied man; the man who actually administers as he pleases a property he owns; whose business relations are personal, moral, and neighborly, not impersonal, legalistic, and corporate. They should be regarded as the staple of our citizenship; and if the South has a large proportion of them in its population then the South is a real bulwark against those revolutions under which men surrender their general integrity and become pure functions, or abstractions, or soldiers in an army. The socialists and communists are quite aware they can do little with the farmers, who like too well their status.

But the farmer needs income; he should not be expected to live as a self-subsistent primitive. The state—I do not mean to specify which of the hierarchy of his governments—can do several things. First, it can nearly or wholly cease to tax his land. The tax is payable in money, not in kind, but the land is not productive of much money. Then it might assure him of his right to buy in a really competitive domestic market, so that his limited funds will go as far as possible; now he has to spend them in a market largely determined by monopolies and combinations. Southern farmers applaud Senator Borah's stand on this matter fully as much as Western farmers do; incidentally, they also share his regard for the Constitution.

The farmer cannot expect to have his income enhanced by government dole. But there is good reason for asking the state to provide him with certain services which are practicable, and also essential to his good citizenship. I am thinking of such services as good roads; provision for first-class general education, as good let us say as Denmark gives its rural population; provision for agricultural or technical education under instructors who know more about farming than how to make money crops; and possibly electricity delivered cheap at the front gate. This last may not have to be strictly a governmental service, but the corporate utilities will have to be hustled if they are going to provide it. The first Roosevelt has come down in fame as the President with a big stick; the second may be associated with a yardstick.

IV

Farmers are bad medicine for Marxians. Business men are a little easier; they cannot have quite such a freedom as that of farmers. But those in the South are obstinate small fry, according to Mr. Calverton, which means that a good deal of work will have to be done with them.

Petit bourgeois. The term is literary and slightly ridiculous, especially where the bourgeoisie is unacquainted with it. It may be expelled through the teeth with the sound of hissing and an effect of moral indignation; in Russia, I believe, good comrades take their conditioning exercises every morning when they get up by reciting, "No petit bourgeois business today." But to be one, as I understand it, is simply to be the sole owner of a small business and to operate it accordingly. A petit bourgeois society is one with a wide distribution of tangible capital properties. That is the sort of society which the South understands.

Now the laws of special function and maximum efficiency do operate in the business world; that is, in businesses whose capitalization is the act of man and not God—if Mr. Calverton will overlook my nomenclature. These laws determine the form of our modern societies and produce our quick wealth. In the name of maximum efficiency the

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original little businesses are steadily replaced by much fewer but much bigger corporate businesses, and often with unquestionable economic advantage.

Not always, of course. Economists increasingly find that we have overestimated the savings of big business. However that may be, we know that big business gives us a very speculative and dangerous economic system; it gives us precisely the system that we have today; the system that leads many admirable persons to lean towards Mr. Calverton's program in preference. If we must have the extreme benefits of large-scale production we shall find ourselves at last in Mr. Calverton's net; probably before very long. From big business into collectivism: the Marxians know their formula. But if we are willing to enjoy these benefits in moderation, and leave a great deal of business on the small, personal, moral, and manageable basis, Mr. Calverton cannot get us. We shall remain economically free.

The goose-step of collectivism differs only in degree from the progressive disfranchisement of men as economic agents under big business. A big business operates an army of men, and organizes and regiments them like an army. Each rank receives its orders from above; they are explicit and peremptory. The personnel likes the arrangement to the extent that it has the army temperament. Responsibility is limited in the army, except at the top, and there are certainly many men in the world who like to reduce their responsibility; who like to carry out orders if they suppose that the orders are intelligent with respect to promoting efficiency. It seems that in a modern efficient society like America the best brains discoverable are behind the patterns of conduct which are imposed upon business men at all points. But it becomes increasingly hard to find work for all the good brains that apply. A few brains go a long way. It is an ignominious situation for the many men with economic initiative and intelligence who find nothing to do but to go into employment and take orders; and it takes a fantastic ingenuity, almost, to found a new business and make a place of power.

There is no less of property to own in the age of big business, but it is owned in a new and peculiar manner. Its ownership for the most part does not carry any responsibility; it is paper ownership. A business may be owned, conceivably, by a hundred thousand admirable widows and orphans, and yet its operation need not reflect either the moral scruple or the business judgment of its tender proprietors; for it may be run by executives who have only a salaried interest. Usually, of course, a business has a few owners with large holdings and a multitude of owners with tiny holdings; the big owners pick the right executives, the little owners concur cheerfully, and are much pleased if the earnings are high.

It is painful to think of adding to the difficulties of widows and orphans, and also to those of the administrators of colleges, insurance companies, and organized charities, whose income is derived from paper property. But it is all but terrifying to reflect upon the extent to which the capital owners in America have delegated their economic agency. Ownership used to be a much sterner affair. Usury was in low repute, though it meant no more than the lending out of money for hire to enterprises in which the lenders did not participate.

In the new group-book I find an agrarian sort of term used to describe those gentry who may well be distinguished in birth, fortune, and education, but whose whole economic vocation consists in watching their "investments." They are called the geldings of the economic society. They exist in great numbers, and the implication is that the economic society could not afford to employ them in their natural potency. But the modern breed of American citizen submits very pleasantly to being gelded. The citizen with large investments is quite an imposing figure. When something happens to the value of some bloc of his shares, he makes a Napoleonic decision, but it is not by way of pitching in to see what is wrong with the business, and then doing something about it; it consists in ordering his broker to sell.

Non-responsibility attaches to the small owners, irresponsibility to the big owners. Determined by these qualities, American business cannot be saved by all the technical efficiency in the world. It will be economically unstable. Morally it will have no status at all beyond that of keeping free of the toils of the law; and the surplus of brains in American corporate business devoted to outwitting the law is larger than the supply of professional legislative and judicial brains engaged in making it stick.

V

It is not likely that the small Distributist-Agrarian group will cause a vast reversal in American economic practice. Mr. Calverton informs me that Agrarianism is dead, and I think he would have said the same for Distributism, except for the fact that there is a stubborn petty-bourgeois survival which he notes in the South. He may be perfectly right. I can easily suppose, as he supposes, that we will put up with big business until the time when it fails too flagrantly to promote, not health and happiness, but life; and that we will then turn the thing disgustedly over to his well-organized group.

But I must suggest to Mr. Calverton what is a very distinct possibility. A great spontaneous political movement may form now, or at any moment, which will press for Agrarian and Distributist reforms without using these terms or even knowing them. Recently we have seen the re-alignment of the West and the South, so long separated. A few years ago Mr. Roosevelt appealed against the spirit of sectionalism, but what chance has the New Deal unless the West and the South unite against the East? If Mr. Calverton should travel among the inner areas of this country, he would discover a very strong impression that the ills of the present economy are due to the domination of big business, whose center is in the East. The farm populations and the petty bourgeois who are the West and the South have a great deal of force if they will realize it; they have ballots. Suppose the West realizes what the South has painfully known for a long time: that it betrays credulity if it affiliates with a party whose interests are all Eastern?

There is no telling about all this. If I try, I can imagine legislatures and Congresses for years to come whittling away at that special instrument of big business, the corporation; working some destruction inevitably while they are about it; but trying however clumsily to secure America again to its former proprietors. That, I feel, will be going Southern and remaining American.

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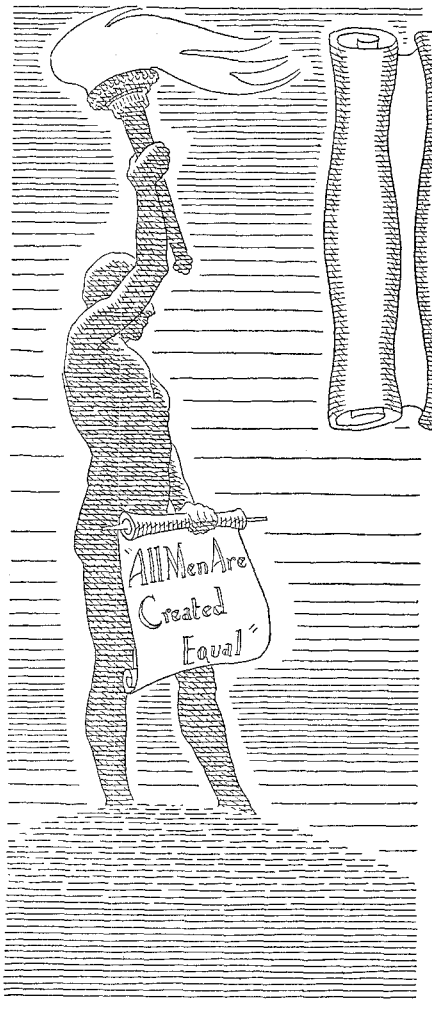
STRAWS IN THE WIND

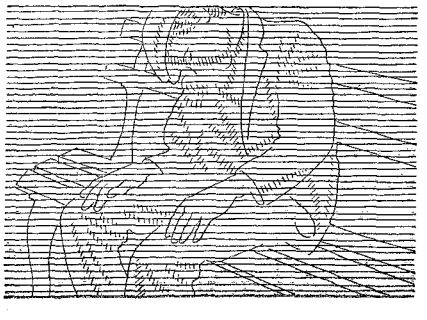
SIGNIFICANT NOTES IN WORLD AFFAIRS TODAY



Our Destructive Idealism

By Louise Maunsell Field

A demand for realism in assessing the world as it is and an attack upon our excessive idealism which leads to a sense of futility and despair because of its very unattainable quality



MODERN Western civilization is a failure.

That theory is now generally accepted. Here in the United States almost every articulate person, from Thomas Wolfe to Father Coughlin, is busy deploring the kind of world which exists. Every stage of life and every phase of life meets with criticism nearly if not positively acrimonious. The gospel of futility is loudly proclaimed; life is a miserable, degrading business, and there's no use trying to do anything about it, declares one group. Smash all existing institutions and give humanity a chance, urges another. Scapegoats of all kinds, capitalists, communists, munitions-makers, and the Jewish race en masse are averred responsible. Yet the source of at least a very considerable part of the prevalent despair and wrath may quite possibly be nothing more, and nothing less, than our own excessive, and therefore destructive idealism.

Destructive, not in itself but in its effects upon our insufficiency, as a too powerful electric current may destroy an inadequate wire. Destructive, because altogether unattainable. "A man's reach should exceed his grasp, Or what's a heaven for?" asserted the poet. But when the desired object is so far beyond the grasp that reaching for it is obviously useless, what then? Will not the man become embittered as well as discouraged by the inevitability of his failure, and declare effort futile, since the grapes are probably papier-mâché, after all? Even so is it with us, and our attitude towards our modern civilization. If we had never dreamed of the Kingdom of God on earth, we would be less dissatisfied with things as they are.

In the ancient world, there was no such bitterness as we are now experiencing, nor any such discouragement. The Egyptian ideal of justice for all men was a high one, but though never yet perfectly achieved, it was not altogether out of reach. Their ideals of a good life, charity to the poor, generosity to the dependent, loyalty to the Pharaoh, tenderness to one's own family were virtues a man might truthfully proclaim upon his tomb that he had practised. All these were ideals, for without ideals a nation must perish, but they were ideals which at least appeared attainable. The same comment applies to the Roman ideals of strength and patriotism, as well as to the Greek ones of sanity and beauty and gracious living; difficult of attainment, but not impossible. Here and there, it is true, some poet or philosopher voiced dissatisfaction with a particular aspect of the civilization he knew; invasions and civil wars brought misery, a cruel or debauched ruler made his people wretched, the "antique virtues" were ignored or forgotten; but these were always treated as something which, however deplorable, was not irremediable—until Christianity assumed dominance over a great part of the thought of the Western world.

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For with the coming of Christianity, ideals and human nature clashed, violently and directly. Generally speaking, Egyptian and Greek and Roman could more nearly attain their ideals by living an active life among their fellows than in any other way, but Christian idealism with its terrific demands of utter self-abnegation sent thousands of men and women to live solitary in the desert. The world and the flesh were hated and feared, because they represented a concrete reality often in direct opposition to the ideal. It might be possible to give all you had to the poor, but what, then, was to become of your own wife and children? It might be possible to turn the other cheek to the smiter, but what if his resultant blow crippled, or perhaps killed you? The Christian ideals were magnificent, unapproachable in splendor and in beauty, but they were scarcely possible of complete fulfilment for those who wished to work and live and love as normal men and women in an imperfect world.

It was the mingled beauty and practical difficulty of this idealism which caused so many of the more spiritually minded to transfer their interest from this world to the next. Earth was a wretched place, evil, afflicted, demon-infested; best separate oneself from it as completely as possible. But slowly there came into being a spirit of discontent with this divorcement, and from the first stirrings of this discontent chivalry was born. It too had its own high idealism, but blended with a recognition of earthly forces which confined its operations largely if not exclusively to the fraternity of those of gentle birth. Honor and chastity, loyalty to one's lady, one's sovereign, and one's God, were fine qualities to which men did well to aspire, but the viewpoint of chivalry bound them to the supreme fighting power of the armored knight; and Bannockburn and Crécy saw the armored knight overthrown by the mere foot-soldier. Yet though chivalry might perish, some of its ideals linger on, notably in the traditions of the sea, with its "Women and children first!" in time of peril, its insistence that the last to leave a doomed ship shall be her captain. There were many, too, who went to the World War in the true spirit of knighthood, believing it would bring about, if not Utopia, at least a world "fit for heroes to live in." The disappointment these have suffered swells the present chorus of despair.

Not untouched by the lingering spirit of chivalry, but far more affected by an effort directly to apply the Christian ethic, came humanitarianism, with its intensive interest in those crippled in mind or body or both. This interest was of course no new thing; it dated back to the dawn of history, but had been rather an individual method of securing justification before Osiris, of saving one's own soul from the terrors of damnation, than an active concern in others' misery. Curiously enough, as the fear of Hell faded the interest in the submerged increased until it rose to its present pitch of intensity, which rates the mentally and physically inferior as of more importance than the superior, handicapping the strong for the benefit of the weak. Today, for instance, there are plenty of schools for mentally retarded children, few for the mentally superior; the thrifty are taxed to the uttermost to support the thriftless; the pay of the piper is coming from those who have not danced. Money is poured into our absurdly wasteful public school system in an abortive effort to educate the uneducatable; everything that wealth and science can accomplish is being used to help the weak, to the end, apparently, that these may replenish the earth. It is the families on relief who have the high birthrate. Our destructive idealism is fast bringing about a preponderance of those who are and always will be mentally immature, as well as of those less dangerous who are merely physically defective. We declare that the Lord helps those who help themselves, and cheerfully leave that particular job to Him, devoting our energies to helping those who for the most part have no intention of trying to help themselves, even when they do not altogether lack the ability.

Here in the United States our destructive idealism is working most noticeably in two separate ways. The contrast between the world as it is and life as it is, and the world and life as we think they should be, induces despair, and despair's gospel of futility. The ideal of love and fellowship is confronted by the reality of a world in arms, where men are giving their keenest thought to devising means for killing one another. The idealistic, "Do unto others as you would they should do unto you," is confronted by the cynical, "Do others before they do you." We have been led to expect too much, and our disappointment often takes the childish revenge of smashing what we have. We look for perfect love, and divorce is often the consequence. We found our political structure on the idealistic if slightly idiotic fallacy that all men are created equal, and machine rule and race riots are the result. We look for beauty and find blatancy, look for dignity and see the mob, our rulers, applauding buffoonery and following the buffoon. We expect the whole loaf, or at least a full half of it, and cry out in disgust over the bit of crust we receive. The very grandeur of the ideal emphasizes the meanness of the real. In our impatience we do not appreciate the progress we have made because it seems so slight compared with the huge distance between us and our chosen goal. Had our choice been one less far away, we would be less despairing.

Still more destructive is what may be called our active, or humanitarian idealism. If among the more intelligent the contrast between life as it is and life as we think it ought to be often results in a conviction that existence is futile and our civilization a failure, the average man has more resilience, and is too engrossed with his personal concerns to bother about the condition of the world in general. Far more serious, to him, is the mischief being wrought by our ethically laudable but practically unwise efforts to fulfil our humanitarian ideals.

For the ill these are doing is already manifest, and will become more so with each succeeding generation. It is, too, proceeding just now at an enormously accelerated pace. In the first place, we are piling up an enormous public debt which must eventually be paid by that relatively small portion of the population which will consist of the descendants of those who have helped themselves, descendants who will be obliged to bear the weight not only of that debt, but also of the huge number of unfit descendants of the unfit, inheritors of "relief," who will continue to expect "relief" as a matter of course. Ancient Rome nurtured with disastrous results a population which took for granted

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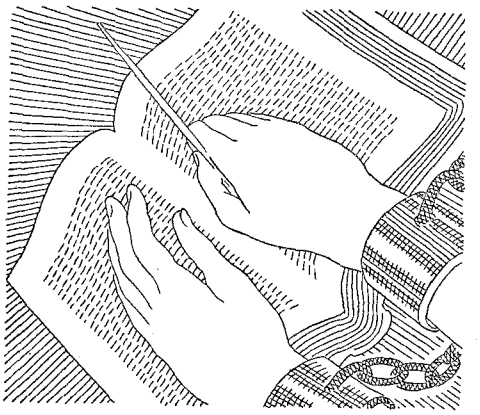
that it would be given "bread and circuses." If we follow the example, why look for different consequences? Yet alter the situation we cannot, unless we are ready to admit that many of our favorite sentiments are diametrically opposed to fact; fact which has a way of thrusting itself upon us, no matter how great our objections. For all the education, all the training possible, will never turn the moronic into the intelligent, nor the born parasite into the producer.

We upbraid the Victorians for what we are self-righteously pleased to call their hypocrisy; in other words, their efforts to assume that their ideals were in process of being attained. Yet if our present age practises fewer efforts at concealment than theirs, that is not because it is better or braver, but because it has relinquished hope of ever reaching those shining summits the Victorian believed would one day prove attainable. But since the vision of those shining summits is part of our inheritance, conviction that we can never reach them is a major cause of our present dissatisfaction, our present hopelessness.

If only we of the present day who so pride ourselves upon our honesty would but be honest with ourselves! Honest enough to recognize such elemental truths as that we are living on this earth where life is very old and civilization very new, that men are unequal, that pity can be carried to excess, that the hope of a nation lies in the few who are strong, and that for its own sake it must not heap upon those few burdens whose weight may prevent them from assuming the responsibilities which must be carried by them if they are to be borne at all. Instead of gloating over our despair like so many adolescents let us realize our cloud-capped towers for that vision-fabric that they are, beautiful and therefore worthy of admiration, even reverence, but not dwellings wherein we can at present, if ever, take up our permanent abode. Realize too that it is childish folly to wail over the unattainable, that a nation can claim to have come of age only when it is able to look steadily at mankind and the world as they are, while making all reasonable provision for that future improvement, chances of which are being gravely injured if not altogether ruined by our present-day indulgence in destructive idealism.



Mental Hygiene for Economists

By Harold M. Fleming

A recommendation that economists undergo psychiatric treatment so that they can understand not only their own emotions but those of others. The science of human behavior at present is ridden with unscientific prejudice

Psychiatric research has produced certain facts and formulas of which economists are in imminent need, yet of whose existence they seem so far wholly unaware. If they but knew it, this information could help them greatly in understanding the strange creatures whose wants they study, and might turn a good deal of the heat which their subject now engenders into light.

Of such things as markets, prices, carloadings, depreciation, and surpluses, economists have more information than they can use; but of human nature, which is always pushing the statistics and the laws of supply and demand out of line, this ponderous profession has all too little information.

Unwittingly economists have overlooked a large fund of knowledge which modern psychotherapy has made available. Within the short space of a lifetime so much has become scientifically accessible about the depths of the personality that lie beneath logical concepts and "rational motives," that a third dimension has been added to what psychologists in the time of William James knew about the human mind. Probing of the "unconscious mind" has laid bare hidden emotions, concealed intentions, and irrational motives which raise havoc with the theories of the economists.

Economics purports to be a science of human behavior, and all its self-respecting theories are built on psychological foundations. The classical teachers fashioned their world out of the profit motive, which their critics pilloried as the acquisitive instinct. A generation of modern theory has been colored with the "instinct of workmanship" of Thorstein Veblen. The modern statistical economists try to measure such facts of abnormal psychology as "overconfidence" and "depression." And the New Economics of social control deals with the hopes, fears, yearn-

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ings for security, and bargaining habits of the community—if only to regulate them.

Yet the psychological foundations of economics have been almost incredibly weak. Its "motives" and "instincts" have been armchair rationalizations of what each economist could understand of human nature, home-made products of his individual intuition, high-sounding ways of saying what any one of insight could have said about self-interest, greed, altruism, market judgment, laziness, love of luxury, need for security, *et alia.*

The orthodox Victorian theorists avoided the problem by arbitrarily choosing to consider only the desiccated motives of the market place, which with high unconscious humor they distinguished as "rational." Political motives they ruled out except the constant one of protecting property, and the fluctuations of business *sentiment* they discreetly sidestepped.

This was safe so long as nineteenth-century property-protecting political institutions were impregnable. But the modern guardians of classical theory, the financial writers and bank economists, are endlessly irate because their psychology does not encompass the political feelings of debtors, unemployed, and other unhappy or financially "irrational" persons. Blind to political realities, they affirm that people "ought" to accept "necessary liquidation," and that the recipients of public relief, bonuses, processing taxes, lavish public works, and other drains on the public treasury "ought" to yield to the needs of budget balancing. They accept the laws of economics; the laws of politics they cannot accept.

Their antagonists, the Economic Planners, are even more naïve. Not only do they disregard the psychological laws of supply and demand, but it is beginning to be evident that they have a sweetly over-simplified picture of the political forces which they hope to direct.

The storm-center of economic discussion today is the *laissez-faire* principle, the relative merits of being paternally protected or of being free to make one's own mistakes. This is an issue squarely based on emotional values. Yet neither side has anything more scientific than its own deep feelings with which to meet the issue.

Still another group of economists are palpably weak on psychology—the currency and credit management people. They use the terms "confidence," "depression," and "credit" in blithe disregard for their psychological meaning and try to think of the state of mind of the business community as an automobile tire that can be inflated and deflated, or as well-water for whose flow the pump can be primed.

Modern textbooks and theoretical works on economics usually have an introductory chapter on economic psychology. To any one with even a smattering of familiarity with the modern medical understanding of motive, fear, and want, these must seem as obsolete as the horse-and-buggy. Perhaps the smartest men in the field are the statistical economists. They skip the instincts and leave the motives to some one else.

For their amateur notions of human nature the economists probably have the obsolete nineteenth-century psychology to blame. It, too, was introspectively conceived, an imaginary simplification of logical, reasoned behavior, which regarded the mind as a god in a box.

Nor is it strange that they have so far overlooked modern psychiatry. It is only about as old as the Ford car. Until scarcely twenty-five years ago it was almost entirely concerned with active therapy for psychotics, the care of the insane. Its out-patients were largely persons on the verge of "nervous breakdown," the civilian equivalent of "shell-shock." Its theoretical formulas were still the subject of active controversy among a small coterie of Viennese nerve specialists. Since then its name has been taken in vain by charlatans; exaggerated claims have been made for it and exaggerated hopes entertained about it; some of its expositors have disagreed in a way that looks fundamental to the layman. Only in the present decade has psychotherapy been fully recognized by the American Medical Association as a treatment in medicine; only this year are the psychiatrists organizing their membership on an authenticated basis.

Last and most formidable of the obstacles to recognition of the value of psychiatry has been the fact that its material is highly subjective, and that many of its formulas lie on the very border-line between the subjective and the objective—a highly controversial no-man's land that is hard to establish as an area of scientific knowledge.

Yet there is a body of psychiatric formula not in this controversial area. It has stood practical test with thousands of patients. It is more than intuitive guesswork. It has been so formulated that it can be taught to students. It has converted the field of abnormal psychology from catch-as-catch-can conjecture to a practising technic.

The core of modern psychiatric theory is the figment of the "unconscious mind." Here the unreasoned and prelogical movements of the mind are traced. In psychiatric definition it consists of those mental processes which we must take for granted in another person, or in ourselves, because the person cannot state, explain, or sometimes even acknowledge them. They are not logic but its preliminaries; not reason but the assumptions and premises from which reasoning starts.

Unconscious emotional processes are most evident in response to success and failure. Some people, for example, reacted to the stock market crash by suicide, some by the clinically familiar twin response of self-pity and revenge, some with transparent excuses for their mistake, some by philosophically turning to fresh fields and pastures new, and some by going back and selling short. Whether sound or unsound, these reactions were spontaneous and unreasoned; each loser's response seemed to him quite natural.

For economists there are two fields in which this new knowledge of the unconscious mind can be of particular use. They are the fields which the classical economists most carefully avoided, and into which modern economists are most strongly drawn—politics, and the business cycle.

Never before have economists been so embroiled in politics. If they are not trying to get Washington to do something they are trying to get Washington not to do something. By far their outstanding preoccupation today is either the exposition of or the exposing of plans to be put into effect under political auspices. The "political" has been put back into "political economy."

But before the economists got into politics the psychiatrists had looked the field over. It is no accident that many

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political terms are common in psychiatry, including such words as "repression," "control," "security," "conflict," "hostility," "freedom," "peace," and "compensation," not to mention "bribery," "censorship," "release," and many others. The psychiatrists *borrowed* them from politics.

How this happened is a story by itself. When Sigmund Freud first tried to explain the dream he found it to be like a letter written to pass a *censor*. For some time he used this concept as an aid in explanation of the inhibiting force in both the dreams and the waking lives of his patients. Subsequent investigators, in casting about for clarifying analogies, again and again hit on political phenomena as the readiest means of explaining what they found to actuate their patients. Hence the idiom of psychotherapy still includes heavy borrowings from politics, particularly from its more callous European forms, and the literature of psychoanalysis is full of explanations of the forces of the unconscious mind in terms of the political forces of society.

Most of the common terms in which the business cycle is discussed—"confidence," "depression," "mania," "shock," "hysteria," "hope," and so on, are part of the everyday technical vocabulary of the psychotherapist.

In fact, one of the commonest disorders in our mental hospitals is almost a replica of the business cycle. It is the "manic-depressive psychosis." The patient goes through weeks, months, or even years of intense excitement. This is usually followed by a depression, in the deepest stage of which the patient may even feel himself too unworthy to care for his bodily needs.

Now economists have their unconscious emotional processes like every one else. Not only would an intellectual grasp of the recent discoveries in deep psychology be of value to the entire profession, but a more intimate emotional re-conditioning, such as psychiatry can provide, through analysis, consultation, or mental hygiene, would be of value to many individual economists. Economists must stand in the heat of group emotions as psychiatrists stand in the fire of individual emotion. Modern society has been through a severe crisis and many unsound reactions have been thrown to the top. Of all people economists most need to be immune to them. Yet many men are accepted in the profession whose fundamental attitudes are strongly reminiscent of clinically familiar emotional deviations.

Among the common emotional disorders of individuals which have their analogy today both in politics and in economic theory are paranoia and compulsion neurosis.

The paranoid believes himself persecuted. He attributes hateful motives, actually the reflection of his own feelings, to some person or persons whom he supposes to be maliciously trying to harm him. He interprets the actions of the suspect with sometimes extreme plausibility. The object of the paranoia may be a specific person, or a personification such as Society, the Government, the Capitalists, the Jews, the Medical Profession, or any other group.

Paranoia is obvious in German fascism and Russian communism and here and there apparent in American politics. But it simply glares from between the lines of the New Economics, the very idiom of which figuratively implies a running battle between the economist St. George and the dragons of Wall Street, the utilities, big business, the vested interests, "the existing system," old man Capital himself, or other vaguer personifications, built around any group that is conservative, self-confident, or powerful.

Compulsional or obsessional neurosis is the end result of over-compensation. To escape a feeling of guilt, despair, frustration or unworthiness, the patient strives for super-human achievement, embraces unrealistic ideals, and tries to force an unnaturally finished life-pattern on himself. This too has its analogies in politics and in economics. The classical economists felt that the world with all its unpropertied inhabitants ought to let itself be stretched on the Procrustean couch of Malthusian economics. Among the New Economists compulsional neurosis has analogy in reformer-mindedness, the compulsion to "roll up one's sleeves and remake the world" by an unyielding pattern, controlling its wayward impulses as the compulsion neurotic tries to control his.

The times cry out for some one with the modern medical approach to write a psychoanalysis of economic theory, old and new, its loves and hates, implications, innuendos, gaps, rationalizations, aversions and fixations. Psychotherapy is young and though its practitioners have tried a broader application of its principles to religious and to criminal behavior, and in one notable instance (Freud, *Totem and Taboo*) to anthropology, none have had the courage to tackle the task of disentangling the unconscious motives out of modern economics. Yet that field is becoming yearly more surcharged with hidden emotions.

The Marxians long ago asserted that economists are driven to their views by identification with a particular class or state of society. But psychiatrists would probably find a more personal explanation. The Marxian dogma of historic materialism may explain the views of the Morgan partners, the East Side garment workers, and the Federation of Labor officials, or of the classical economists, who were men of leisure and income. But it hardly explains the views of Marx himself, a typical Marxian, who came from a middle-class family, nor those of the present-day middle-class radical American economist, who is usually the son of a preacher or a small business man.

The psychiatric explanation of unconscious emotional *set* is that it is formed in the nursery. Early domination or over-protection produces unconscious rebellion, on the one hand, and an unconscious desire to dominate and dictate, on the other. This paradoxical combination appears often among the so-called "liberal" economists, whose very designation implies the contradiction. The former reaction makes political "liberals" of them; the latter prevents them from being truly liberal in their attitude.

In this pained and dazed American world, just recovering from prolonged depression, where hardship, frustration, and insecurity have set men's faces against each other, the greatest service our economists could do us would be to take all possible steps to free themselves from emotional blind spots. No economist can hope to take a sound, objective attitude toward social problems if his vision is distorted by emotional conflicts of his own. If economics is to become, or remain, a science of human behavior, economists must be well educated emotionally.

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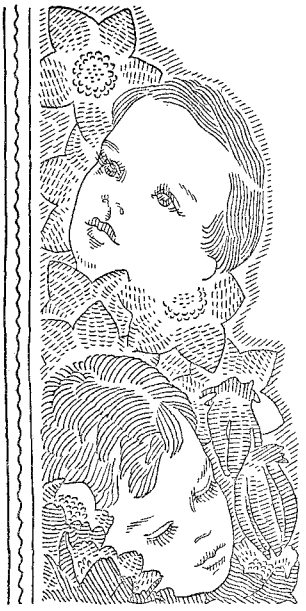

For the Parents' Sake

By Blanche C. Weill

An educational psychologist reveals the role of children in simplifying and clarifying family problems. The day when extremists in psychology and education could frighten parents into a condition of abject humility is past. We now can observe the rather obvious fact that parents are good for children—and that children also have their valuable part to play

CHILD psychologists are still picking up the pieces of parents and children who were victims of the psychological efforts of the twenties, which may be called the decade of fear. Those were the earnest years when such articles as "Nineteen Ways of Being a Bad Parent" set the fashion. Parents were assured that there was virtually no escape from one or all of the nineteen ways. Those who tried to find one way of being good racked themselves and their children with their taut anxiety. Others, observing that the child's suffering increased in proportion to his parents' effort, felt it safer not to train their children at all. But those with the warmest mother and father hearts mercifully decided to beget no children.

The curse was lifted by the fully attested and statistical discovery that parents, bad as they may be, are good for children. It seems to me a fitting celebration of a half-decade of returning confidence to point out one way in which children are good for parents.

Take the sorest point of all, disharmony between the parents themselves. In the midst of the difficult moments which come to all marriages, or of the disaster which comes to some, to be reminded of the harm which children suffer from a threat to their home may seem one more complication. But that is to make the mistake of the overanxious psychologist, to treat children apart as "the children," instead of accepting them as parties to the contract with their own contribution to make. I submit that the contribution of children, intelligently used, is, on the whole, to simplify. The simplicity of their need and of their comprehension may be a kind of wisdom which the parents have lost.

The reminders of the harm to children of emotional uncertainty can never be too frequent, or too adequate. For the sensitivity of children is beyond the comprehension of the grown, as also is the totality with which parents fill the child's world. If a threat to this world is no less than an earthquake to the child, his sensitivity enables him to register faint and deeply hidden tremors. We may liken him to the quivering needle of the seismograph. The child may be indicating something that his parents do not know and need to know about themselves.

I can show what I mean through the experience which a young father once confessed to me. The story is slightly spectacular. But so were the father and mother, their position in life, and the spoiling which had produced them. Their three-year-old son was the first interest that had taken them outside themselves. They were devoted to him. Naturally they had worried when in spite of diet and rest, doctor and nurse, the child had taken to vomiting every day. About this time he began crying whenever his father or mother left his sight, and to wake up at night screaming.

The two young people had taken to quarrelling. They were in the midst of a particularly violent scene one evening, trying, though, to keep their angry voices from reaching the child asleep upstairs, when suddenly the little boy cried out.

Absorbed in his anger, the father ran upstairs, grabbed the boy from his crib, rushed with him back to the stairs. Then he heard the child's frantic voice:

"Daddy, don't throw me downstairs! Daddy, Daddy, don't!"

To his horror the father realized that that was exactly what he had been about to do!

At first he was overwhelmed. Then, having soothed the child to sleep, he went down to face his wife with the story of the tragedy they had all so narrowly escaped. Then very soberly he went on:

"The boy's sick. It isn't his food that disagrees with him. He's sick of worrying about us. He's afraid we're going to crack up. But we're not. We're all he's got and we're going to take care of him. I can control my temper. I'll learn. We've got to learn to pull together and cure that baby."

And they did. What made it possible to keep their resolve was its almost magical effect on their son. A few days afterward he was sleeping soundly, digesting his food, and waving happy good-bys to his father, secure in his return. I don't mean that the father and mother never quarrelled again. But the resolve held and the child felt the resolve. Besides, theirs was a kind of violence which often goes with a strong attraction. If living together in

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peace was something to be learned, it had taken a shock to tell them so. They would need a strong incentive to keep on learning. And they had it.

Another family, with ten years of marriage and a second child, makes a different story.

Mr. Kane, father of two, arrived at my door one day, much disturbed, a bandage on his thumb. Bob, his eight-year-old son, who had a perfectly good I.Q., had brought home two successive report-cards filled with failures, while Margaret, his ten-year-old daughter, had become so touchy that her teacher thought she ought to see the doctor. The principal suggested the consulting psychologist, in order to find the cause of the children's difficulties. We agreed that I should talk with Mrs. Kane and the children separately.

The one thing common to all four stories was the jealousy between the children of which they made shrewd use. Margaret's description of the scene when Bob brought home the second bad report showed the whole family in action. The father attacked Bob. Bob sassed his father. The mother protected her son. The father taunted the mother with favoritism and renewed the attack. Margaret looked on with malicious pleasure. Finally Bob bit his father on the thumb. In short, this presumably civilized family had gone completely savage. This scene alone gave me all the clues I needed.

One was my suspicion that under the hatefulness which these four brought out in each other were four human beings all longing for affection. In fact, Margaret must have felt thrust out by her mother ever since the birth of the baby boy when she was two. Even her father's petting didn't make up for this. In her desperation she kicked at her mother. The mother hit back. That was punishment. Every punishment was proof that her mother did not love her.

The younger brother whom she envied was no more fortunate than she, for he had to share his mother with a huge man of incalculable power who was easy on the great big sister and intolerably hard on him.

I sent for the father and mother and gave them a surprise. I asked them if there had not been a crisis in the disagreement between them almost exactly two months before. Disagreement? They flushed. They had prided themselves on their concealment. And the time, two months ago? They began to glance at each other as they made an inward calculation. Their faces told me plainly that I had hit upon the truth.

It had really been the easiest sort of detective-work. The clue to a long misunderstanding came in their trick of playing favorites, an all but infallible sign of an unsatisfactory relationship, for if a man and a woman are both satisfied with each other as partners, they love their children with some degree of reasonableness, as children should be loved.

And what use they were making of their favorites! Mrs. Kane had armed herself with Bob. She had sharpened him to a maddening point by pampering in him the qualities which Mr. Kane detested. But Mr. Kane could return her thrusts by nicking the boy. To do them justice the two were appalled when they saw the nature of their duel.

I knew that this contest had reached a crisis when the children's excellent school behavior suddenly changed. School till then had been a refuge. Bob's failure was a kind of mental paralysis and Margaret's nerves were a sign of fear. Both children were expressing the panic of people in an earthquake.

The Kanes had married in a romantic hurry and at once each discovered the other to be quite different from his expectations. Reproachful and indignant, they had made no effort to adjust themselves to their disappointment. Now they would have to begin again, accept each other for what they were, and build a new relationship. Could they do it? They found practical help in solving their own problem through working together to help the children.

"Nothing ever made me feel so deeply ashamed of myself," said Mrs. Kane, "as the look of incredulous joy on Margaret's face the first time I put my arm around her as well as Bob as we sat reading together."

She watched her husband trying to make friends with that small enemy his son, his advances not always understood, yet trying again. She began to see a boyish look on his face, like Bob's, as if he needed her.

That was two years ago. There are no more reports from school of nerves and failure. Slowly, with set-backs of rebellion, the children have been enlisted in healing what they had been helping to hurt.

"But," I hear a protest, "you don't believe in patching up every bad marriage? You don't think you can? And surely you don't think you should?"

Decidedly not. If the child's best security is his parents' firm affection for each other, his second is their mutual respect, which may be greater apart than together. His third is just plain certainty, one way or another. That is the least he can ask.

I remember Leslie. Leslie was a boy of fourteen. He was sent to talk things over with me because he had recently changed from a friendly child to a moody, discourteous youth, and now he was threatening to run away.

His teachers thought that Leslie was merely suffering from his own adolescence—one of those explanations that doesn't explain. The parents couldn't account for the change at all. They remembered that he used to have night terrors which they had never understood, he was always so happy.

Incidentally they revealed that they had troubles of their own. The father had always found interests outside of home. The mother was unhappy and reproachful. They were certain, however, that their son's behavior could have nothing to do with theirs. Why, they had kept him from knowing anything about it.

But when Leslie told his own story it was clear that he knew exactly what was happening. He had loved both his parents. When he realized how his father was hurting his mother it was such a shock that he couldn't sleep, or if he slept he had horrible dreams. Yes, he had always had bad dreams.

Now he could no longer keep his mind on his school-work or indeed on anything but the terrible thought that his father no longer loved his mother. He couldn't act the same towards his father. Surges of anger would come up and he found himself saying rude and ugly things. Then he would hate himself. But the thought of his mother would rise and the fury come on again. There seemed to be only one thing to do; run away and build a new life for himself, for even his mother seemed to do nothing now but scold or plead and

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he could see that he was piling up misery for her.

As we all worked together on this problem we learned that the solution for Leslie lay, not in the reconciliation of his parents, but in his acceptance of the fact that separation was inevitable. When matters had been explained to him frankly and he realized that his father too had been unhappy, he took a more adult view of the situation.

Why should the parents struggle any further to keep up pretenses for him? He was no longer a child. He and his mother would go their way and his father could go his. His mother pointed out that he could see and enjoy his father without feeling any disloyalty to her. This was important. It made it possible for his divided mind to heal. And their divided minds as well.

Parents cannot conceal from their children strains and divisions in their relationship. They may try to keep up family gaiety and good manners, but the attempt, however gallant, is futile if they do nothing more fundamental. Is it better to make frank avowal?

In a recent number of SCRIBNER'S Mrs. Brande discusses modern marital honesty, showing how often it is contingent or spurious, and calling attention to the harm it may do the children when it masks an equivocal situation.

No, we can't fool the children with concealment or honesty. But there is something to be done. It is so obvious that I pause as I write. It is: face your problem and do something about it!

It is astonishing how many marriages are helplessly adrift, delicately sewed up, intricately knotted, as if no one had ever used an oar or unravelled a thread. It may be absurd that married people should need notification of their unhappiness and an incentive to try to be happy. But often they do.

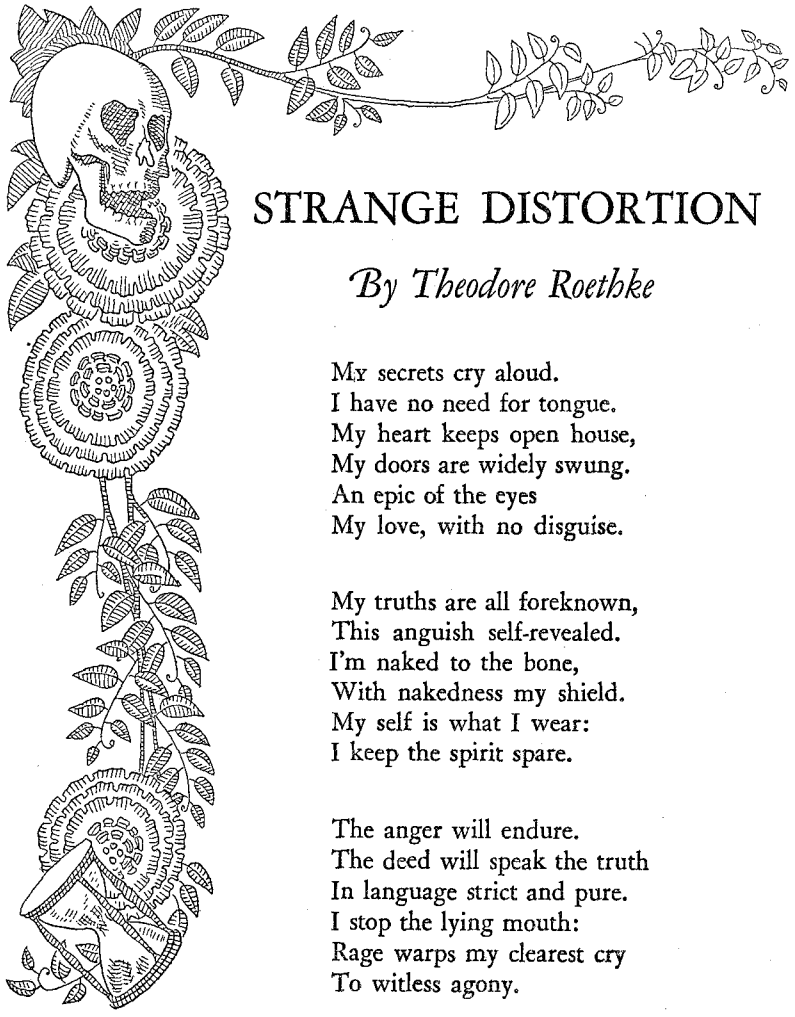
Children may supply the notification and incentive. If their signals are heeded in time, if the children are allowed to cooperate in the solution, even if unconsciously, need the question resolve itself into a bleak choice between sacrifice of oneself or of them? I have seen too many marriages saved and made to believe so.

There is a happy sacrifice that goes with parenthood. But sacrifice has its dangers, and is a dubious tribute to childhood unless in the giving it ceases to be sacrifice. Like honesty, it too may be a mask. It may hide fear of struggle or of responsibility, or give face to the satisfaction of the martyr, sure to render a parent unwholesome.

There are situations which ask for self-sacrifice as a first step towards something more positive. For example, the mother who should give up a lover for the sake of her children must also make a decisive adjustment with their father, re-value and re-fill her life, or at the minimum, savor her new release from complications if she is to sustain her children by her act. And too, children should be allowed the occasional privilege of sacrificing themselves for their parents.

It may be questioned whether grown people thrive any better on emotional insecurity than children. In children we stress the relation of security to growth. They need to root, we say, in order to develop. There are those who see opportunities for growth in adult life, particularly in marriage. Who believe that to quarrel, to evade, or to repudiate without effort is to remain childish, to stunt, and cheat oneself, while to achieve a relationship through struggle is to open up new life. If it is the children who teach their parents to grow up, that is one of the things they're for.

I had intended to claim that for once in a way I am not making a plea "for the sake of the children," but rather for the sake of the parents. But that is hardly revolutionary. Are we not talking of the two parts of the whole?



STRANGE DISTORTION

By Theodore Roethke

My secrets cry aloud.
I have no need for tongue.
My heart keeps open house,
My doors are widely swung.
An epic of the eyes
My love, with no disguise.

My truths are all foreknown,
This anguish self-revealed.
I'm naked to the bone,
With nakedness my shield.
My self is what I wear:
I keep the spirit spare.

The anger will endure.
The deed will speak the truth
In language strict and pure.
I stop the lying mouth:
Rage warps my clearest cry
To witless agony.

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AFTER HOURS

FIRST AMERICANS IN OKLAHOMA

By Edna Muldrow

When Uncle Bill was elected last year to honorary membership in the Oklahoma Academy of Science, he dressed up for the occasion: discarded his boots, but forgot his tie. Doctor Forrest E. Clements, head of the department of anthropology of the University of Oklahoma, says of him, "Uncle Bill Baker knows more about flint technic than any man in America." Mrs. Muldrow, who tells us why, is a teacher of English. The March issue of "The North American Review" carries her article, "The First Immigrant."

Fourteen years ago W. E. "Uncle Bill" Baker, county agent of Cimarron County, Oklahoma, sent for his family. When the mother, the daughter, and the four sons arrived in Boise City, there was no movie, no library, no playground, no streams to fish in, no pools to swim in, no trees to climb, for Cimarron County is high on the staked plains under the lowering brow of Black Mesa, Oklahoma's highest point. Uncle Bill did not like the prospect of four idle boys dawdling around the railroad tracks.

And then one Sunday the boys went exploring and brought home a lot of arrowheads.

The next Sunday Uncle Bill went along. He found other flint tools and recognized them as objects made with design. His neighbors had seen those same scrapers, picks, etc., ever since the country had opened for settlement, but Uncle Bill recognized that they were implements made and used by a man who did not know iron.

After seven years of flint picking, the family had a collection of 5000 recent artifacts, and knew more about the knapping of flint than many a man with a doctor's degree in archeology. They learned it from actual flint practice. That was in 1928, a pivotal year in Uncle Bill's personal history, as well as a pivotal year in American archeology. For in that year, Doctor Leslie Spier, then head of the department of anthropology at the University of Oklahoma, visited Uncle Bill and gave him a list of books to read. In conversation he gave him a few fundamentals in stratigraphy and impressed upon him the necessity for care in excavation and the need of exact cataloging.

Uncle Bill, in his leisure, studied his books. The level plains acquired a fourth dimension, that of antiquity. Instead of a past of settler, rancher, Spaniard, Indian, Cimarron County became the home of the Basket Maker, then considered North America's oldest inhabitant. After his twelfth year, when his father's family ceased collecting buffalo bones for a living in Kingman County, Kansas, and came to Oklahoma, where they could starve in earnest, he had had not more than two years' formal schooling. Thus, he reversed the usual learning process. He had experienced what he now read.

But Doctor Spier did even more than this. He inspired the Bakers with the idea that the caves of the dark-capped mesa to the north might once have been the home of the Basket Maker. Ele, the youngest son, rode the ledges, scanned them for crevasses likely to have been alluring to this man so archaic that he did not know pottery or the bow-and-arrow. Ele located two Basket Maker dwellings.

Spier, Uncle Bill, and Ele were to excavate. Delays intervened. Spier was called to the South Seas. Before the group had the opportunity to dip their shovels in the powder-fine, powder-dry dust, some one rifled the better cave. Uncle Bill was fifty-one years old, and at the time it seemed that he had lost his one big chance.

But there was one other item that his friend Spier had given Uncle Bill on that visit of 1928. It concerned a unique flint, the like of which had never been found among all primitive races. It was a characteristic memento of the only people in all the world to haft their points between the split ends of the dart instead of at the side. This point and eighteen others like it, Spier said, were being taken out of an arroyo wall fifty miles up Cimarron canyon, near Folsom, New Mexico. With them were the buried skeletons of thirty head of prehistoric buffalo.

Here was an American earlier than the Basket Maker—as much earlier as the Basket Maker was earlier than the settlers. He was called the Folsom man after the site where he was first identified.

Uncle Bill learned that the Folsom points were quarried at Amarillo, Texas. This didn't seem pertinent to him for a few months. Then all at once it occurred to him that Cimarron County lay between Amarillo, Texas, and Folsom, New Mexico, that the men who shot the flat-horned bison in the Folsom arroyo ten thousand years ago had journeyed to Amarillo to mine the dolomite from which they had shaped the points.

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At the time, these two items were common knowledge to many archeologists. It was Uncle Bill's contribution that he thought of Folsom man as an individual needful of certain materials and obtaining those materials in an obvious way. He placed himself in the circumstances of his prehistoric neighbor and then reasoned from that point. He blocked out a likely route from Folsom to Amarillo. Perhaps the detritus on some place along that old migration way might be washed or blown away. The Bakers went to see. On their second excursion they found an ancient camp site, the first camp site of the first American to be located. Eventually, it yielded one hundred artifacts, including a cache of four or five flint knives.

The find started Uncle Bill on a new adventure. He came to recognize another culture, an intermediary one between the Folsom and the Basket Maker, the only such culture so far acknowledged in that archeological gap of eight or ten thousand years.

Then came the drouth, the dust storms that lifted farms in Cimarron County. Uncle Bill was well in the way of becoming a county farm agent without any cattle to vaccinate, any horses to drench, any field on which to plot contour plowing. His neighbors moved back to Arkansas, to Missouri, to the home folks, but he stayed—and found a most extraordinary circumstance. The wind had swept all the cultivated ground away, spreading it in a thin layer to the Atlantic. This left a new surface exposed, one that Uncle Bill recognized as probable Folsom. On this new surface were stone tools that had sifted out of the ground. As the wind continued to blow, it continued to expose vast stretches of subsoil that had been surface four, eight, ten thousand, maybe fifteen thousand years ago, when the lake expanses in front of the last great glacier were slowly evaporating.

Here Uncle Bill found those mysterious Folsom points which exhibit the best workmanship in stone to be found on this continent. He now has three or four hundred specimens, probably the best collection of its kind in the world.

When one considers his scanty education and his family burdens, Uncle Bill's progress in an exacting science seems unbelievable. Yet it is those very disadvantages that have made him accomplish what he has. His geographic position has given him a most fertile archeological field. His scanty schooling has freed him from pedagogic bias. His family has given him the incentive for a most absorbing research.

After fourteen years the four sons are out for themselves. The youngest studies archeology at the University of New Mexico. But still, every Sunday and holiday, the daughter, the mother, and Uncle Bill bend against the whittling western winds. Every Sunday and holiday, Uncle Bill's "six-feet-one-in-his-stocking-feet" is etched against the dusty horizon. Beneath his forty-gallon hat sweeps a double cornucopia mustache. The wind strikes the wide hat brim, making it writhe and flatten against the crown. His high boots step among the debris of an ancient village. His keen eyes scan it for the identifying artifacts and the tell-tale earth-color.

IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

By Harlan A. Marshall

A worsted dyer by trade, Mr. Marshall finds his hobbies "an ever present help in trouble" in these days of enforced leisure.

Possibly the nearness of my home to the great Indian fishing and camping grounds at Amoskeag Falls in Manchester, New Hampshire, had something to do with my collecting of Indian relics. I began by exploring the bank and shore of the Merrimac River near the falls. At first my reward was very small: a few flint chips and later a broken arrowhead.

As time went on, more exact knowledge as to the location of camping grounds came into my possession. Not only arrowheads but spearheads, hammer-stones, and pottery were added to an ever growing array of the handiwork of the early residents of this locality. In my collection today are arrowheads and spearheads, axes, gouges, chisels, pestles, pitted anvils, plummets, sharpening-stones, hammer-stones, ornaments, and pottery, a total of five hundred and thirty-one perfect pieces. It is now nearly forty years since my interest was first aroused and still the site of an ancient camp ground holds the same old allure.

One thing to be noted about this hobby is the fact that no expense is involved. Of course one can buy relics but the buyer, if not expert, often finds that he has been deceived into purchasing a fraudulent specimen.

FLORIDA, NORTH CAROLINA

By Edna P. Hoffman

A case of poison ivy for every foray afield is no deterrent to Edna Hoffman, M.A., 1935, Florida College for Women, reporter and school editor on "The St. Petersburg Times."

Although hunting Indians for sport has been extinct since the days of Buffalo Bill there is still enjoyment to be found in hunting Indian arrowheads. For the last few years, on hikes covering a sizable portion of the surface of Florida, we had been picking up arrows at random. We found them in fields, on land dredged up from the bottom of Tampa Bay, and along the Gulf beach. We did not find very many, it is true, but we did discover enough to convince us that somewhere —probably on the site of old Indian villages—there must be arrowheads galore.

Old records have given us most of our clues. Travel books seem to have been as popular in the eighteenth century as they are today. Many of the settlers in the new world took trips into the wilds and then went home to England to write and be lionized—à la Richard Halliburton. These books are interesting for themselves alone. They paint vivid pictures of the early Indians, showing them in a far different light from the Elsie Dinsmoreized "noble red men" of the Hiawatha model. The aborigines of this country, as seen by those early campers, were as wild, as savage, and as full of weird taboos and strange sex practices as any of the tribes found in darkest Africa. Nor were the authors paragons of civilized culture.

But more to our point, the explorers located villages with a fair degree of accuracy. For instance, William Bartram made a trip through central Florida in the early 1700's. While the place names he uses are now long forgotten it is not difficult, from his descriptions, to recognize the Suwanee and Withlacoochee Rivers.

We also put our theory to work

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this summer in the Piedmont section of North Carolina, with remarkable success. Using John Lawton's *History of North Carolina* and Governor William Byrd's *History of the Dividing Line,* both written before 1710, we began our search. Lawton described in detail a large settlement used by the Eno, Tuscarora, and Saponi tribes from 1700 to about 1750. This limited our search to a ten-mile strip of land stretching along both sides of the Eno River. Fine, but ten miles is still a sizable bit of ground. Next, we looked over the land and literally put ourselves in an Indian's moccasins deciding where we would choose to camp if we were Indians. Evidently we were pretty good at Indian psychology. In one tobacco field we picked up no less than forty-five artifacts in two hours.

At the end of the summer our North Carolina collection included many differently shaped arrows, spearheads, scrapers, knives, and axes, made of flint, quartz, granite, and other less easily identified stones. Many are perfect while others, although broken, are still easily recognizable. They show different degrees of workmanship, from the clumsy, crudely shaped tools of savages, to the beautiful, and finely chipped products of more highly civilized tribes. There are mute sermons in these stones—the passing of a primitive culture before the powder horn and musket ball of civilization.

RADIO IS MY HOBBY

By Paul A. Goodwin

Paul is sixteen years old and plans to become a chemist (not a radio operator). His father, Reverend Hooper R. Goodwin, was considerably relieved when Paul's second set no longer required that father's car be parked outside the window.

Write to the American Radio Relay League, West Hartford, Conn., for a copy of "How to Become a Radio Amateur."

GE OM ES TNX FER CALL. UR SIGS RST 579 HR IN TILTON, N. H. WX HR CLEAR ES COLD. PSE QRK ES QRA. AR W9XYZ DE W1ILA AR K.

No, it isn't Polish. To the initiate it is the plainest of plain English. And from thousands of amateur short-wave transmitters the world over it goes out on the air every hour of the twenty-four:

"Good evening, Old Man, and thanks for the call. Your signals are very readable, fairly strong, and of fine clear tone as received here in Tilton, New Hampshire. The weather here is clear and cold. Please report on my signals, and give me your address. That is all. Station W9XYZ being called by Station W1ILA. All right. Go ahead."

My interest in radio, or, to be more exact, in "CW," dates from three years ago, when with a borrowed short-wave receiver I began to listen to the "hams," or radio amateurs. In a year I had my own receiver and transmitter, but that does not mean that I could operate the set. Until you are licensed, you must not cause the transmitter to emit one peep. So all my spare time in one summer vacation was spent in learning to send and receive code at ten words a minute—a speed which seems pretty slow to me now—and in digesting enough of the theory of radio and details of construction of apparatus to enable me to pass the government examination. In the fall I had the license and was free to go ahead so long as I obeyed the strict laws governing amateur transmission.

"How do you call the party you want to talk with?" is a question often asked.

The answer is that you don't, unless you have made arrangements with him beforehand, so that he will be listening, or unless you happen to hear him on the air. What you do is to send out a general call, and talk with any one who answers. Like this:

I turn on the transmitter and clap on ear-phones. I then tap out the letters "CQ" over and over for, say, half a minute, and sign my own call: W1ILA. I repeat and this time add the letters: "Ar K," which signifies that I am listening for a response.

In the phones I hear my call repeated several times, followed by "de" which means "from," and then the letters of the station responding.

When I hear his "Ar K" I send something like the gibberish at the beginning of this article, and then "qso" which is radio slang for "conversation is on." With conditions favorable, so that we can hear each other's signals through the many other messages which are coming into the phones, we may continue to converse for half an hour. We then exchange "QSL'S" by mail: cards bearing the call letters and address of the station, and indicating when and under what conditions (as to static, interference, etc.) the qso was carried on. Every ham fairly papers his walls with these cards.

It is the ambition of every ham to be able to print "WAC" on these cards, indicating that he has held code or phone conversations with hams on all continents. My own station is not favorably located for distant reception, and I have reached only South America and Europe besides, of course, North America. But there is one city —Oshkosh, Wisconsin—in which all the hams are said to be WAC's.

Distance, however, does not mean so much in short-wave transmission as the uninitiate might suppose. For example, there was recently a man seriously injured in New York State. His nephew immediately turned on his transmitter and sent out an emergency call, intending to have it relayed to the hospital on Long Island. He succeeded, and the message got through in a few minutes, but it travelled via Port Maria, Jamaica! And when, in December, 1934, an earthquake occurred in the little republic of Honduras, a ham there established contact with a group of amateurs in far-off Detroit who stood by ready to transmit calls for aid from the stricken area.

There is always the chance that thrills in plenty will come ticking in through the phones, as they did in October, 1934, when a ham on the west coast, carrying on a qso with a friend, heard a weak signal calling that same friend's station. He at once informed the other of it, and stood by to let the message come through. It came from a disabled lighthouse.

Condensed from the official magazine "QST" of the American Radio Relay League, the story is this: The lighthouse had been battered by a gale of increasing intensity for hours. Seas had swept over it, hurling heavy stones through the lantern glass and flooding all quarters. The telephone cable was carried away, breaking communication with the mainland. The heating system was put out of commission, the light was smashed. Word must be sent to the mainland at once.

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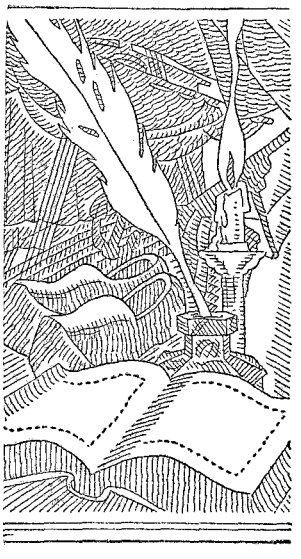
Fortunately the keeper understood the science of radio transmission, and fortunately, too, he was the sort of man who does not know when he is licked. He tore apart his broadcast receiver for necessary parts, and out of these parts, together with bits of board, tinfoil, bread wrappers, a brass door-knob, pieces of brass, a lead pencil, and other junk, he actually managed to throw together the crudest possible transmitter and receiver. Tuning the receiver and listening, he heard the two hams carrying on their qso, and called one of them, giving him the emergency message to be relayed to the superintendent of lighthouses at Portland, Ore. With the help of those two amateurs and two others who later joined in, communication was kept up for several days until the crew was rescued by the Coast Guard.

Such dramatic happenings are rare, of course, but the relaying of much less exciting traffic is the most fascinating part of this hobby. For example, suppose you want to send word to your aunt in California that it's a ten-pound boy and both doing well. You give me the message and your aunt's address. I set my transmitter to the frequency of 40 meters and call "C Q 6" because California is in the sixth district. Perhaps a ham in Utah answers, because Utah is also in that district. I give him the message and address. He contacts a ham in California, at the other end of the state, we will suppose, from your aunt's home. The Californian takes the message, sets his frequency at 80 meters, which is better for short distances, and calls C Q for a ham in your aunt's city who takes the message and telephones it. If we have good luck it doesn't take long. There is no charge for such service; but on the other hand we do not guarantee that the message will finally get through.

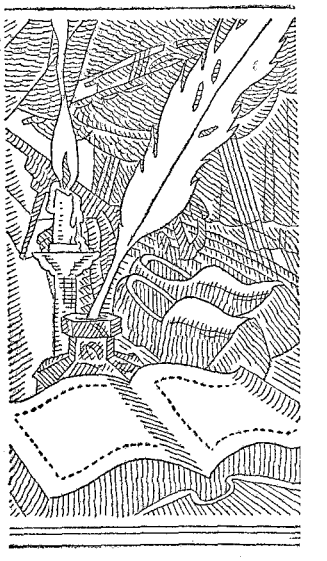
It's a great hobby, and not too expensive. Oh, you can put all the money into it that you please. The stars are the limit. But with a moderate outlay there is endless enjoyment.



AS I LIKE IT

By William Lyon Phelps

Sacha Guitry's Reminiscences . . . A Letter from St. John Ervine . . . The Hymn of Flies . . . Notes on Thomas Read's Poetry and Tennyson



Although the autobiography of the famous actor-manager Sacha Guitry was published in French in 1934 and in English in the late autumn of 1935, it does not yet seem to have attracted the attention of American readers to the extent its merits deserve. It is one of the most brilliant, witty, charming, sparkling collections of reminiscences that I have read in this century; it is also remarkable that in so brief a space—for it is a short book—there are crowded so many facts, so many diverting anecdotes, and so many pungent comments on the education of youth, the art of the actor, and the psychology of actors and of audiences. I have never read a contemporary book which seems so wholly and exclusively French—French in turns of expression, in wit and intelligence, in exquisite irony, in the realistic sense of fact. Although, in spite of national boundaries, human nature is the same everywhere, there are methods of expression and mental attitudes that are surely national. No one on earth could have written this book except a Frenchman.

The title in the original is *Souvenirs* with the sub-title *Si j'ai bonne mémoire*. The English translation, beautifully rendered by Lewis Galantière, is *If Memory Serves*. There are many illustrations and portraits in both. Mr. Galantière's occasional footnotes have much of the keenness of the original text. For example, in translating a sentence difficult to render with precision and perfection in English, the translator's footnote says, "For those readers familiar with French, *'qu'il me ferait tourner en Russie et qui m'a fait tourner en bourrique.'* For other readers, my regrets."—Tr.

Sacha Guitry, as every one likely to buy the book knows, is the son of the late Lucien Guitry, one of the bright stars of the Parisian stage from about 1890 to his death some years ago. I saw and heard him many times over a period of many years. After Coquelin's death, he was chosen by Rostand for the title rôle in 1910 of *Chantecler*. In 1903 I saw Lucien Guitry in Alfred Capus's comedy *L'Adversaire* and in 1924 I saw him as he gave an entirely new interpretation of Molière, the shock of which was partly absorbed by the audience in a before-the-curtain speech by the great Antoine. Sacha adored his father and Lucien was inordinately proud of his son; but they were both hot-tempered and hair-triggered, and so one night after they had both appeared in a play, they quarrelled and did not see each other for thirteen years!

All persons interested in the educa-

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tion of boys and girls will find much to think about in the first eighty pages of these memoirs. The boy Sacha kept being transferred from one prep school to another; he went to *eleven*. And so, from the age of six to the age of eighteen, he was without any real education at all, and after that, made no pretence of seeking any. His peregrinations however gave him opportunities for observation of teachers, pupils, lessons, and methods; and his summary is worth serious meditation.

> The time we lose in school is lost during the most precious period of our lives. . . . I am convinced that we are extremely intelligent between the ages of eight and fourteen years, and that most of us are less so between fourteen and twenty, much less. . . . I am quite ready to agree that the professors in our institutions of higher education are superior people, but I insist that it is at the beginning of our education that we should be confided to remarkable men. If, from our earliest years, we were given the taste for work, we should thereafter learn soon enough what our needs are; for I believe that we learn easily and usefully what we need. . . .
>
> All the originality that we possess between the ages of eight and fourteen—our natural aptitudes, our individual gifts—are dead at the time of our eighteenth year. Of course these gifts may return later, but what time lost!

In my own case, I was a brilliant and eager student from the age of seven to the age of thirteen; then I went under a cloud and was near the foot of the class for two or three years; then I emerged and thereafter—except in mathematics—I had no difficulty in staying in the first flight.

But Mr. Guitry also says something that applies I think not only to the education of children, but to that of college undergraduates. It seems to me ridiculous that in most colleges today lectures and recitations are regarded as a penalty for the dull and lazy; all the students are trying to get on the "Dean's list" which means that if they are sufficiently intelligent or industrious, they will not have to attend classes regularly. The implication, of course, is that they are more brilliant than their teachers; and should not have to be forced to listen to the stupidity of specialists. I have maintained that college classes should be so conducted that those who are dull or lazy or incompetent should be refused the privilege of attending them. They should be forced to study alone or with a private tutor until they can show sufficient ability to be readmitted. Therefore I was pleased by Sacha Guitry's statement,

> Classwork should be passionately interesting. Of course for this we should have to have passionately interested teachers, people convinced of the beauty of their mission—and not poor crocks whose chief characteristics are their mediocrity and commonplaceness.
>
> I dream of the time when a master will be able to say to a pupil, "You behaved badly, and I shall punish you. You will not be allowed to attend class." *Vous n'avez pas été sage, tantot. Pour votre punition, vous n'assisterez pas à la classe.*

In his comments on contemporary dramatists and actors, he is frequently epigrammatic. Discussing the personality of Octave Mirbeau, author of *Les Affaires sont les Affaires,* he says,

> *Bien des gens de lettres ont cru qu'ils n'aimaient pas Mirbeau.*
>
> *Erreur.*
>
> *C'etait lui qui ne les aimait pas.*

There are thrilling descriptions of Sarah Bernhardt and of Edmond Rostand at rehearsals; and of many others as well. Many Americans will especially enjoy the account of his first journey to America, and his witty comments on the famous American producer, Al Woods. One day Sacha Guitry had told a newspaper man in London who had asked him if he would like to go to New York, that he would immediately accept a favorable offer from a director.

> That same evening my friend C. B. Cochran walked into my dressing-room . . . accompanied by a pleasant-looking untidy man with a cigar in his teeth who shook hands with me and said, "You sail on the *Leviathan* on December 13th and open in New York on the 27th. You play eight consecutive weeks at —— dollars a week, and I pay your transportation both ways."
>
> Here is the man. He is about fifty-two or fifty-three years old. You look at him and think he has a belly: he hasn't: simply, he wears no braces. You see a great deal of his shirt, particularly between his vest and his trouser band, and it is usually a gigolo color —pale pink or sky blue. . . . You look at him and say to yourself, "He is certainly brutal but very kind." Very kind he is, but if he is brutal, he never shows it. You would not say he looked distinguished, but he is unfailingly considerate. He seems always to be wearing out old clothes; yet when you look closely you see that his clothes are always new. . . .
>
> Apart from the terms of our contract, every one of which he fulfilled, the man made me the craziest promises—and kept them all.

As Sacha Guitry had just been describing various swindlers, his splendid appreciation of the honesty and straight-forward dealing of the American is all the more impressive.

More Studies in Murder, by Edmund Pearson, is an admirable addition to the works of our foremost American master of criminology from the literary point of view. These essays and narratives and short stories are written with great skill and with compelling excitement. At the same time they are valuable treatises on human nature, told in concrete form.

Stars and Telescopes, by the accomplished Director of the Franklin Institute in Philadelphia, is the latest and best of all books on popular astronomy. What more need be said? Both the text and the numerous illustrations are equally clear.

Bold Blades of Donegal, by Seumas MacManus, would have delighted Mark Twain, and it will delight all who love to read stories of boyhood, told with the glamor of reminiscence. Now when to these features, common to all humanity, is added a vivid picture of village and country life in Ireland, with all the customs and superstitions and poetry of that incomparable land, the reader has constantly interesting knowledge and information added to his pleasure.

And it is not only for pleasure, though there is plenty of it, that Americans should read Will Irwin's *Propaganda and the News.* It is our duty to read it.

Letter from the distinguished dramatist, St. John Ervine.

> . . . How odd that Twain should have thought little of Dickens! Meredith, I remember, made what seems to me a fatuous remark when he said that *Pickwick Papers* would not live, and gave as his reason the fact that it is the essence of Cockneydom. I should have thought that a book which contained the essence of anything had a fair prospect of immortality. It must gall Meredith in heaven to hear that Dickens is always "out" of our public libraries, while *his* works are always "in," mouldering on the shelves. Men of genius appear less able than ordinary people to recognise genius. Tolstoy thought little of Shakespeare, Ibsen thought Tolstoy was a fool, and Strindberg foamed at the mouth every time Ibsen's name was mentioned. . . .
>
> That, I suppose, is natural: the genius is so busy seeing his own point of view, that he either cannot see any other person's or is annoyed with it when he can. It is a comic reflection that one has to be an ordinary person to recognise variety of genius or see more than one point of view. But I should have thought that Twain would have loved Dickens. I shall break my heart if anybody tells me that Dickens could see nothing in Mark.
>
> Has anybody, besides me, pointed out that the great American authors, Emerson, Walt Whitman, Mark Twain, Edgar Allan Poe, and the rest all belong to the period of your history when your people could be called homoge-

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neous? Lincoln belonged to that homogeneous age. There hasn't been *greatness* in American literature since its people became heterogeneous, and there won't be until they become homogeneous again. Cleverness, yes, any amount of it—glimpses even, of genius—as in Sinclair Lewis, Susan Glaspell, Willa Cather—but genius itself, no. That woman, Emily Dickinson, had a hint of it, and I suspect that Edna St. Vincent Millay belongs to the great tradition, but I'm waiting, as I am sure you are, for the authentic genius. Eugene O'Neill looked at first as if he might be the man, but alas, alas! . . . All that dreary, half-high-brow stuff about masks and psycho-analysis. I'd give the whole of *Strange Interlude* and *Mourning Becomes Electra* for the poetic spirit that suffused *Beyond the Horizon*. But I've not lost hope of O'Neill. The poet in him is not dead, but snoring. Why don't you wake him up?

Did you ever see Edna St. Vincent Millay? I met her once, on my first visit to America, but I remember her very vividly: a wispy, pale girl with a thin body, but a vigorous mind and an assured manner. John Drinkwater and she and I were to speak at one of those interminable dinners in which your countrymen delight: dinners that go on and on and on, with innumerable courses and terrible bouts of oratory. There were thirteen speakers that night, and the only comfort I had was that John Drinkwater was the thirteenth. I was the twelfth. My God, how bored I was. But in the middle of the orgy of speeches, Edna Millay rose up to speak, and she sauced everybody. My heart leaped within me. Thank heaven, I said to myself, somebody's being cheeky! She was wearing a white dress, and she looked pathetically young, but she talked well, *and she's a poet.* Hardy liked her work. I once heard him say so.

Professor Carlton Wells' reference to letter-writing interests me. I like writing letters, and think the modern habit of scribbling notes is deplorable. We're cheating posterity when we send the barest lines to our friends, for we are robbing those who come after us of all hope of intimacy with us. I suppose our letters are poor because we take for granted everybody's familiarity with ordinary events, through the newspapers and the radio. (We call it the wireless.) We do not say what we think of current events because we assume that current events are everybody's knowledge and there is no need, therefore, to maintain them. But supposing all reference to King George's death were omitted from private correspondence on the ground that everybody knows he is dead, how little posterity would glean from newspapers of the private person's feelings about him. We loved our king. I can't hope to make you realise how much we loved him, how very dear that simple, sincere, unaffected English gentleman was to his people, but you'll have seen the newspaper reports of the way in which great crowds have stood in queues five miles long to pay their tribute of respect to his dead body. Queen Victoria was a venerable being, almost a legend to us; King Edward was a likeable, human person, but we weren't sure of ourselves with him; King George, however, commanded both our respect and our affection. We liked him and we admired him. Insensibly he grew into our love, and we never saw the old man without pleasure. I think his life is a remarkable proof of the way in which upright character prevails. His early manhood was overshadowed by the fact that he was not the heir; then when the Duke of Clarence died, he was in the shadow of the Queen and of his father. Edward VII was so popular that there seemed no hope of any popularity for George, and the facts of his reign, at the beginning, were not auspicious for him. The war might have wiped him out. After it was over, his son's popularity looked as if it were going to throw him into another and deeper shade. But somehow, nobody can tell exactly how, the King came through his oppressions and troubles to our inalienable love. There isn't a taint of insincerity in the demonstrations of that love at this moment. The King's death was a bitter blow to us. We did not believe that he was going to die, and the swiftness with which the end came was profoundly shocking.

Did I ever tell you the story of the little Elizabeth and her grandfather? He was very fond of the child, and had her to play with him while he was convalescing after that bad illness. One day she was naughty and refused to be good. "Very well," the King said to her, "if you won't behave properly I'll leave the room!" She made no sign of amendment, and the King walked away. He had scarcely gone when the child cried out, in an agitated voice, "Grandpa England! Grandpa England!" and the King came running back, fearing she had hurt herself. "You forgot to shut the door after you!" she said when he had returned.

King Edward the Eighth has started well. Everything he has done, however small, seems to have been right. I think he'll be a very fine king, entirely different from his father, but no less liked. The first thing he did after his father's death was to have all the clocks at Sandringham, hitherto kept half an hour fast, put right. I shall not be cowardly enough to refuse to see something symbolic in that act.

But talking about letters, I remember in the War asking to be allowed to censor the letters of the men in my battalion. I thought I should learn from them what the private soldiers thought about the War. They never mentioned it, except to wish it were over. All their references were to small domestic events. "So glad you went to Aunt Pollie's on Sunday and had a nice tea!" Things like that, much more important and much more enduring than war. I'd give the world—wouldn't you?—for a bundle of letters, not intended for publication, written by Anne Hathaway? Or a bundle from Shakespeare to his friends, to his wife, to his daughters and his son?

I didn't intend to burden you with this effusion when I started to write to you, but I felt in the mood to write—one ought not to write letters unless one is in the mood—and your letters always provoke me to say something.

P. S.: A friend in Liverpool has just sent me a cutting from a newspaper published in that city. It seems that young women between 16 and 20, aspiring to be secretaries, had to sit for general knowledge examination. One of the questions asked was "Who is St. John Ervine?" Two of the answers were "one of the men who attempted to climb Mount Everest, but never returned," and "he lived a long time ago and was canonised by the Pope."

THERE ARE NO FLIES

With reference to the Salvation Army's singing this song, Mrs. Wm. P. Wyman of Santa Barbara, Calif., writes me:

In the January "As I Like It" I notice speculation in regard to a certain Salvation Army song of long ago.

Forty-five years ago I was living in the small city of Charlotte, Michigan, and just across the street was the Salvation Army "Barracks." Often I saw a band of happy Salvationists, led by a man named Beardsley, march forth singing, "There are no Flies on Jesus." It shocked me a little at the time, and probably that is the reason I remember it so well.

Mrs. T. C. Kunkle, of Miltonvale, Kansas, writes me:

There was a song in use some forty or fifty years ago dealing with Jesus's freedom from flies and I heard it sung with amazing fervency and gusto. Not infrequently bands of some Pentecostal faith—not however the Salvation Army—congregated on the tree-clad banks of the classic Chauqua (Iowa) (which being translated means skunk), some mile and a half from my home. To my knowledge and observation they indulged in some weird and violent proceedings . . . and I actually heard the doggerel in question running thus:

There may be one or two
Big green flies on you.
There are no flies on me
And there are no flies on Jesus.
There are no flies,
There are no flies,
There are no flies on Jesus.

It may be that this song originated with one of these sects, and was later taken over by the Salvation Army.

Here is an amusing letter from the architect Mr. Frank Ayres Wright, of Summit, N. J., showing the difference between oral and sculptured expression:

There is a finely worded bronze plate inscription in Sibley College at Cornell. One day Dean Kimball and President White were looking at it. Said the Dean, did Ezra Cornell really write that? Well, said Prexy, "I dressed it up a little." Prof. Kimball told me very likely Ezra Cornell really said, "Look here, White, I want a place where every boy and every gell can study anything they damn please," and then White dressed that up.

Mr. Wright adds that fifty-seven years ago when he was a Cornell undergraduate on the occasions when the Reverend Joseph Twichell preached at the college, Mark Twain always came over from Elmira to hear him. One evening there at Psi U Mark Twain, Twichell, and Bayard Taylor were the guests of honor, and were forced to listen to a long original poem recited by an undergraduate! (I can imagine Mark's profane whispered annotations). Then Twichell, asked for a speech, told the story of his experience with the sea-captain who explained Elijah's miracle with the prophets of Baal—the story that Mark later made immortal.

Referring to Ezra Cornell and Andrew D. White, mentioned above, it

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would be interesting if we could always have what the hero said rather than what the history-books say he said. For two years I took Professor William Graham Sumner's graduate course in American history. Sumner told us that the Revolutionary commander never said "in the name of the great Jehovah and the Continental Congress." What he said was, "Come out of there, you G—— D—— old galoot!"

THE CLOSING SCENE

When Mr. Hadlock of Duluth, Minn. wrote me (see "As I Like It" for last December) about T. B. Read's poem "The Closing Scene" and I told him I had never heard of it, the reference drew a flock of letters, extracts from some of which I have already printed. A particularly interesting one has come from Mr. Henry Butler Schwartz from Wailuku, Maui, Territory of Hawaii:

Fifty-two years ago I committed "The Closing Scene" to memory and recited it in my college literary society. . . . Read had a versatile career. He turned his hand to many things, and probably thought of himself as a painter rather than a poet. Some time in the late sixties, my mother took me to see Read's picture "Sheridan's Ride," then on exhibition in old Melodian Hall, Cincinnati. It was a huge thing. Sheridan on his black horse, waving his sword, surrounded by a mob of panic-stricken blue-coats to whom he is saying "Come on, boys, we're going back!" (I wonder where it has found a final resting-place.) At intervals, the crowd seated themselves and some one, probably Professor Murdock, Cincinnati's pet elocutionist, recited the poem.

Another of Read's poems, "Drifting," has had a considerable vogue, and is found in anthologies which do not contain "The Closing Scene." . . . I only remember the opening lines. . . . My college chum and I were returning from a Y. M. C. A. international conference. Neither of us had ever seen a body of water, which we couldn't see across, and we couldn't resist the chance for a round trip by lake steamer from Chicago. Going, Lake Michigan was as still as a mill pond, but on our return a cyclone swept across the lake, and mowed a swath half a mile wide through the city of Racine. The white capped waves and a pair of water-spouts, which we saw racing across the water, fascinated us, and we went to the bow of the boat to watch them. As we stood there, growing more and more shaky on our feet, my chum came over to me and began to recite.

"My soul today
Is far away.
Sailing the Vesuvian bay.
My little boat,
A bird afloat."——

That was enough—then things came to a climax. I have spent many months on the ocean since, but have never been so seasick as that afternoon and night on Lake Michigan.—And I have never had any desire to read the rest of "Drifting."

And here is an interesting letter with an anecdote illustrating former international amenities, which comes to me from Mr. Edwin C. Torrey, of St. Paul, Minn.:

I cannot agree with R. Hadlock of Duluth, Minn., whose communication in your department of the December SCRIBNER'S asserted that Thomas Buchanan Read's fine poem, "The Closing Scene," has been ignored in the various anthologies of American poetry. . . .

But I do agree with Mr. Hadlock that Read should be read. "Sheridan's Ride," that great favorite of our early school days, is not a true measurement of his poetical abilities. Rather, he reached the near heights in his poems of country life, such as "The Closing Scene," the "New Pastoral," "The Stranger on the Sill," and "The Deserted Road." Here his muse delighted in the common and humble subjects borne in upon him in years when as a farm boy he roamed the picturesque country adjacent to the Susquehanna in Pennsylvania.

If we are ever to have a school of American pastoral poetry, Read's noble verse will deserve a place alongside Bryant's, Whittier's, Lowell's, and Longfellow's. Of fanciful poems his tender and musical "The Brave at Home" always charms and captivates, and his "Revolutionary Rising" stirs our blood.

Read was a distinguished portrait painter as well as poet. He spent several years in art centers of Europe. When he was introduced in Civil War days to Lord Alfred Tennyson, that egotistical Englishman, ignoring the customary social amenities, gave burst to the following: "I have in the past had a liking for your country, but as it is now plainly going to the dogs I feel bound to tell you that you must not look for sympathy or aid from us Englishmen."

"Do not disturb yourself, Mr. Tennyson, about our country," replied the American. "We don't care a d—— either for you or your aid or sympathy. We propose to fight this thing out ourselves, regardless of Europe. John Bull and his noble family can go to —— for all us. We Americans are not going that way."

Tennyson's reaction was that of the traditional bully. Instead of offending, Read's comeback seemed to have a mollifying effect. "Thereafter," wrote Read, "he treated me quite decently."

The account was taken verbatim et literatim from a reprint, probably in some Chicago daily, of an article written by a London correspondent to *The Philadelphia Press* and apparently first printed in that paper. I am 75 years old, and I clipped the article and pasted it in my scrapbook, which is on my desk as I write this, 50 years or so ago. The reprint clipping gives full credit to *The Philadelphia Press*. I regret that I failed to set down the date. The following headlines appear over the reprint:

TENNYSON AS A BARON

The Vainest and Most Eccentric of Great English Poets
Agony of Composition which made the Man a Baron and a Millionaire
His Interviews with Read and Sumner

To give further assurance I will quote portions of the article directly preceding the account of the meeting of Tennyson and Read, as follows:

"Numberless instances might be cited of his (Tennyson's) rudeness, so notorious over here (England), that persons who know him are not likely to place themselves in the way of it. His egotism and self-absorption are so great as to leave no room for manners. . . . Congenial companionship means, to his mind, incessant and unmeasured flattery. If the dearest of his friends should criticise his work, or mention his faults, their relation would be sure to undergo a sudden change.

"Charles Sumner, being abroad in 1857, met Tennyson, and the senator, never remarkable for modesty, talked to the poet of American politics and his own position toward the south and slavery. He soon perceived that the Englishman was very impatient under his discourse, and recognizing the familiar truth that a man is a bore who talks about himself when you want to talk about yourself, he dropped the subject in order to let his companion play bore.

"Tennyson seized the opportunity at once. As they were in the library he took down a volume and asked 'Have you ever read the "Princess?" '

"Sumner replied that it was one of his favorite poems.

" 'Read it, then,' demanded the bard, pushing the book toward him. Although fully conscious of the extreme delicacy of reading verses before their author, Sumner opened to the page and began. He had not finished 20 lines before the Briton almost snatched the volume from his hand, saying: 'This is the way it should be read.'

"Then in his high, pompous, chanting tones he recited the greater part of the poem, affording his compulsory listener no chance for a word. Sumner endured it all without protest; but he never, it is said, called on Tennyson again—never, never, never."

THE FANO CLUB

Two distinguished additional members are Miss Annie Jennings and Miss Alice Lounsberry, both from New York.

I had supposed that Professor and Mrs. Henry Perkins of Trinity College, Hartford, Conn., were the only persons who had ever been both in Fano, Denmark, and Fano, Italy; but one evening recently when I was speaking about Fano and the Browning poem, a young gentleman, Mr. Egon Wedell, told me he was born in Fano, Denmark. I admit him instantly to all rights and privileges.

NAMES OF BOOKS DISCUSSED, WITH PUBLISHERS

If Memory Serves, by Sacha Guitry. Tr. by L. Galantière. Doubleday Doran. $3.

More Studies in Murder, by Edmund Pearson. Smith and Haas. $2.50.

Stars and Telescopes, by James Stokley. Harpers. $3.

Bold Blades of Donegal, by Seumas MacManus. Stokes. $2.

Propaganda and the News, by Will Irwin. Whittlesey House. $2.75.

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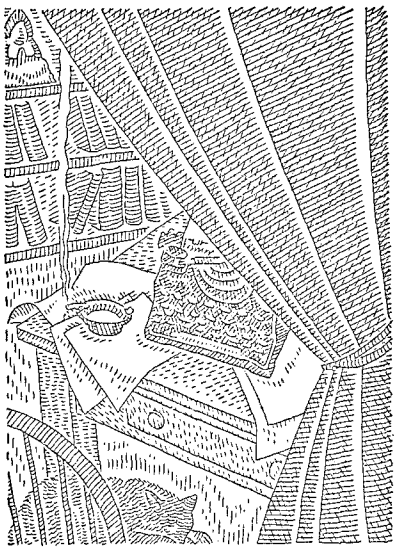
Behind the Scenes

About Scribner authors . . . What they say . . . Chard Powers Smith, an American Liberal . . . Helen Wills Moody off the tennis court . . . Academic freedom . . . "Philandering Wives" assailed



"I AM an American Liberal, which means that to date I am a man without an effective nation-wide party, though there are many million voters in about my frame of mind, split up among a dozen small parties and movements and the liberal wings of the big parties. My conviction is that capitalist industry has run us up a rapidly narrowing blind alley, and that the future of the country is in the hands of the farmers. As distinguished from the industrial employers and their employees, both of which groups are alien to the basic American tradition, the farmers comprise the one large group which is ethnically, culturally, morally, politically, and economically a unit. They are the custodians of the fact of America and, when capital and labor have reached their impending stalemate, will rise, I believe, to define the future."

Chard Powers Smith speaks for himself and apparently for a great floating group of liberals all over the country. Poet and paleontologist, whose *Annals of the Poets* came out last fall and whose epic of evolution *Prelude to Man* appears this month, Mr. Smith says that at the moment his political interests seem to be eclipsing both his poetic and paleontological ones. Next summer he plans to make a tour of some of the country's agricultural regions, in order to strengthen or weaken his present convictions of the essential integrity and potential dominance of the farmers.

Pearl Buck's books on China, from *The Good Earth* through her most recent *The Exile*, have in a few years almost become classics. Since her return to this country she has not been blind to the American scene and "Crusade" is one of her first stories about it.

Whether it's tennis tournaments or what, that has taught **Helen Wills Moody** that fortune is fickle and therefore that it's a good idea to be chary of planning for the future, she says that she is prejudiced about telling of her plans. "First, because I have scarcely any and they are only vaguely formed, and secondly, because if you never tell of your plans for the future, you never have to explain why they have not worked out—that is, if they do not work out. To all appearances, you seem to be doing as you wish to do, and at the same time you have saved all the time that you would otherwise have spent in explaining." Conservatism like that from the world's greatest woman tennis player is worthy of note. Although she thinks that it is immediately regarded as an affectation if a tennis player says that he likes other things or is doing other things besides tennis, she confesses that she spends considerable time in her studio whose ceiling is twenty feet high. "To measure up to its perfect light, its space and air, I should have to be a very good painter indeed." About her writing she will not comment, "since practically all tennis players say they are authors."

James Truslow Adams, whose recent series of articles on "The Crisis and the Constitution" has received nationwide editorial comment, in "Enforced Gambling" turns his attention to the financial situation and its effect on the social and psychological aspects of our living.

"Two days from the South," though fiction, is written with a thorough knowledge of the facts of the dust storm areas of Kansas, for **John Herrmann** spent two months there during the spring of 1935 as a reporter for the *Farmers' National Weekly*. He is the author of *What Happens* and *Summer Is Ended* and was co-winner of the 1932 SCRIBNER'S short novel contest.

After a youth spent in Rye, N. Y., in Kentucky, North Carolina, and Pennsylvania, **Edmund Watkins** worked in rapid succession at being an automobile mechanic, an automobile salesman, at a temporary job with the United States Forest Service, in two different lumber camps, one in Pennsylvania, one in West Virginia, and once at being deckhand on a St. Lawrence River freighter. Since then, when not at his regular job of being secretary to a partner of a New York stock-exchange firm, he has been writing steadily. His only outside interests are music, painting, and Joe Louis. Franklin Watkins, the painter who won the 1931 Carnegie International, is his brother.

Probably no question is more before the mind of America just now than Who Owns America? and To Whom Does the Future of America Belong? America has for a long time been tossed cheerfully back and forth from Communists to Fascists and back again by economic and literary prophets, and others, and recently a new group, the "Agrarians" and their followers, have risen to claim it as their own. To this group, the South, and what it typifies, is full of hope. To **V. F. Calverton,** editor of *The Modern Monthly* and country-wide lecturer, it is the seat of a declining culture. Mr. Calverton's latest book, *The Passing of the Gods,* appeared in 1934.

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"The South is a Bulwark" is **John Crowe Ransom's** answer. Mr. Ransom is a poet whose latest book is *Two Gentlemen in Bonds,* an essayist, co-author of *I'll Take My Stand,* a Southern Agrarian and Professor of English at Vanderbilt University in Nashville.

Doctor Blanche C. Weill, with her sister, was the first after Anne George to introduce Montessori work into America. She served for several years as Montessori director in this country and specialized, after 1915, at Doctor Montessori's suggestion, in work with crippled, paralyzed, "nervous," and retarded children. In 1927 she spent the summer studying with Doctor Alfred Adler in Vienna. Since then she has been, among other things, a "hidden" psychologist in one summer camp and an open one in another. She is at present a consulting psychologist and one of the group leaders in the Child Study Association. The best known of her books are *The Behavior of Young Children of the Same Family,* and *Are You Training Your Child to Be Happy?* "For the Parents' Sake" was written at the request of one of them.

Harold M. Fleming, author of "Mental Hygiene for Economists," graduated from Harvard as a Socialist in 1920, worked a year in Europe, and a year in Russia (1922–23) in famine relief; a year in China as a newspaper man; a year in the New Orleans Cotton Exchange in statistical work; a year in Washington on railroad statistics; and seven years in La Salle Street and Wall Street brokerage houses as security analyst and then market letter writer. Last year he ghost-wrote a book on psychiatry; and now he is Wall Street correspondent for an international daily paper published in Boston. "I found psychiatry a useful antidote to the harsher elements of a New England upbringing, as well as to many of the emotional elements in modern economic theory. . . . I turned Republican before I went into the brokerage business."

Both volumes of selected essays edited by William and Kathryn Cordell —*Moulders of American Thought* and *American Points of View*—contain articles by **Louise Maunsell Field.** "Our Destructive Idealism" is another comment on an American point of view. Miss Field is well known as a book reviewer and for her book talks before women's clubs and other organizations, as well as for her magazine articles and essays.

THERE is no way of estimating the different points of view, the number of interpretations which may be read into a given article or story. It is a common experience to receive, all in one mail and about one article, praise, blame, sympathy, advice, and—which would be hardest for an editor to bear, if it were not so amusing—criticism for something which a reader saw in an article but which was never there at all. Last year we published an article by the English essayist and novelist, John Cowper Powys, in which he eulogized our Middle West, saying that from there might rise a new civilization to rejuvenate the world. It was somewhat surprising to receive, a few days later, a letter from an irate Nebraskan saying that he thought it about time we stopped bringing in foreigners to criticize the Main Streets, the backbone of America. Yet even this was welcome with the rest, for reader response is dearer to an editor's heart than the most golden silence.

This month penetrating and understanding letters of criticism have come in. Edward L. Finley writes from Tucson, Ariz.:

Academic Freedom

Sir: In "What Is Academic Freedom?" by Gerald Chittenden (February SCRIBNER'S) the author makes the statement that "the teacher is responsible to society as it exists in his time and country." I think that this statement is open to criticism. A teacher is responsible to mankind and not to the form of society in which he finds himself. Society in this sense has never been more than a blundering form of human associations; a tool—not always a good one—to serve the needs of mankind. One's responsibility to mankind might, therefore, demand radical change as in revolution; whereas a sense of duty to a form of society is all too likely to demand the support of a particular form even though such support is inimical to the greater good of mankind.

Mr. Chittenden says further "To draw pay from a university organized under a capitalistic society, and then to attempt the destruction of that society is commercial dishonesty and cannot, by any stretch of the imagination, be the foundation of intellectual honesty." The second part of the statement is misleading; intellectual honesty can have its foundation only in one's convictions. If a teacher believes that the capitalist system should be overthrown, he cannot be intellectually honest if he supports it, even though he has a commercial obligation to do so.

Mr. Chittenden replies from St. Paul's School, Concord, N. H.:

Nothing But Respect

Sir: Thank you for the copy of Mr. Finley's letter.

Certainly, as he says, a teacher is responsible to mankind. Mankind, however, has always found it necessary to coalesce into groups, at first small and later large. Membership in these groups provides security and other desirable ends, but involves the sacrifice of primitive liberties. The responsibility of a teacher, or of any other man for that matter, to mankind, cannot be direct, but must pass through the channels of the prevalent organization in order to become effective. The right to revolt, and the not infrequent necessity for revolution, involves a separation from the

(*Continued in Advertising Section*)

OUR AUTHORS SAY

"Meanwhile the only dangerous threat to the public peace comes, not from the Liberals, not even from the Communists, but from the Mrs. Dillings, the D. A. R.'s, the Liberty Leaguers, the K. K. K.'s, the sitters on the lid, the Reactionaries."

Chard Powers Smith. P. 257

"One does not watch the fluctuations in the price of one's home or of one's mortgages or sound bonds in the same emotional state as one watches the gyrations of the stock market."

James Truslow Adams. P. 273

"I had an almost complete lack of interest in learning for the sake of knowing something. . . . I was a cup hunter in the field of scholarship."

Helen Wills Moody. P. 268

"You must train for business or *for the liberal arts. To attempt to train for both at the same time, as the business man expects the colleges to do, is merely to bedevil the process."*

Sempronius. P. 285

"Farmers are bad medicine for Marxists."

John Crowe Ransom. P. 299

"Children should be allowed the occasional privilege of sacrificing themselves for their parents."

Doctor Blanche Weill. P. 309

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BEHIND THE SCENES

(*Continued from page 384*)

More than any other I like its sense of relative values. What moves me to write you after reading the April issue is the article on consumer cooperatives. Mr. Fowler is a keen spokesman for 2,000,000 who are too busy trying to stand on their own feet—instead of leaning on the government—to be articulate.

I wish that space had permitted him to anticipate and reply in advance to those readers who will say, "Oh, cooperatives are just a mushroom growth out of the depression." Only those familiar with the *years of organization work* by the government, the agricultural colleges, the Granges, county agents and farm bureaus to establish the present vast, coast-to-coast network of farmers' cooperative associations for purchasing bulk farm supplies—seeds, feeds and fertilizers—are in a position to understand the strength and the potentialities of the present extension of cooperative buying into the *retail field*. This cooperative technique has behind it years of proven success. That's why these farmer cooperatives are *here to stay*, and why they will *continue to grow*.

It is also interesting to know that the state of Wisconsin last year passed a law requiring the teaching of both producers' and consumers' cooperatives in every high school and college. Text books are now being written. (I am betting that Ohio will be the next state to follow suit.) My husband and I have been in the cooperative movement—both town and country—for years, but I never expected to live to see the day when this subject would be taught in schools. It still seems almost too good to be true.

One final letter, not to be ignored, by an anonymous author, on the subject of "Philandering Wives":

Some that Don't

Sir: Your recent article, "Philandering Wives," has a peculiar appeal to me, so that I am driven to write in response to it.

My interest is caught because it is my impression that the world I know is not unlike that described in the article. The author's and my economic and social strata are probably the same, as well as our backgrounds of private schools, college, memberships in clubs, Junior League, and similar organizations. I suspect that even my social activities, dining with friends, tennis, and other sports, bridge, various hobbies, differ very little from what the author enjoys and should we sit down together we would undoubtedly discover mutual acquaintances. Yet in spite of this outward similarity, the inner family life she describes with such frankness differs strikingly from the marriages of which I have any intimate knowledge. For on the whole these marriages, my own, and those of my close friends, are happy marriages. By that I mean that, in spite of disagreements, disappointments, and difficult adjustments, husband and wife have, in their ten or fifteen years together, built up a security in each other and fundamental peace on which they and their children lean.

Since reading "Philandering Wives" I have been asking two questions: First, are these happy couples I know queer, isolated, apart from the world, or are the marriages described in "Philandering Wives" really the more unusual? Secondly, what are the hidden factors which make two groups of families, whose external lives are so similar, differ so radically in their inner relationships?

As for the first question, that you can answer better than can I. I can only say that geographically our friends form no isolated group: They are scattered over the country from Maine to California. A good many, but by no means all of them, however, are either physicians, like my husband, or scientists. This does mean that the men have chosen their profession for reasons of genuine interest and undoubtedly a man's sincere interest in his work, and belief in its value to the world, has a stabilizing influence on the whole family life. This common characteristic may mean that as a group we are a little queer! Yet I cannot believe this one characteristic explains fully the success of these marriages.

There is, however, another characteristic our friends have in common, one I feel to be more significant, and of which I find no evidence in your article. These happily married couples are all religious people. Now many of these same friends would be startled, and even shocked, to know themselves so defined, for they are not all church people, and some are frankly agnostic. But all of them are consciously building a vital philosophy of life for themselves out of their own experience. This attitude has a profound effect on marriage, not in any vague, sentimental or sanctimonious way, but for a very specific reason. It meets head-on one of the peculiar menaces to happy marriage in this country. This difficulty I can best explain with the words of a cultured Japanese commenting on English literature, from Shakespeare to Jane Austen. He said, "It is astonishing to me that your literature deals so exclusively with romantic love. This is such a small, such a passing phase of the whole story of love in life." In America this emphasis on romantic love is both greatly intensified and cheapened, until the belief is prevalent, as shown in your article, that it is the *whole* of love. The effect on marriage is unfortunate, for romantic love, while the most thrilling and vivid phase of love, is also love at its most selfish and most unstable. Too often this first step in mature love remains fixed, as an ideal and end. Here it is that the habit of religious living shows its worth. Those who have this habit never rest in static content, but know that change is inevitable, and that we must use each experience as a stepping stone to the next, like Eliza leaping over the ice-floes. To such people changes in themselves, in each other, in their marriage relationship, do not come as disasters, but as an interest and challenge. Even the fading of the romantic atmosphere of their love does not seem disastrous because of the new things that have flooded into their lives, which they have taken hold of together, thought about, tried to understand and build into their personal philosophy. Running with it is what carries them, stumbling and often protesting, from that dazzling glimpse of love we call Romance, to the love which is life, and more than life. Is it this spirit, which I call religion, that gives such security and vitality to certain marriages? And is it the absence of this spirit which keeps others from following that glory of love, whose very essence is progress, until it has dwindled in the distance? Are the desperate attempts to overtake love by catching momentum from fresh personalities—these pathetic philanderings—really anti-climactic, another layer of dust gathering on feet religion has never taught to run?

V. F. Calverton's article "The Bankruptcy of Southern Culture" has drawn fire from many quarters, particularly his statements about the Southern Agrarians. Donald Davidson, at a gathering in Nashville early in May of many of the people of whom Mr. Calverton speaks, wires:

WILL YOU KINDLY PUBLISH A CORRECTION OF MR. V. F. CALVERTON'S GROSS MISSTATEMENTS CONCERNING ME IN HIS ARTICLE THE BANKRUPTCY OF SOUTHERN CULTURE STOP I WAS NOT EDITOR OF I'LL TAKE MY STAND NOR AM I LEADER OF THE NASHVILLE GROUP STOP FURTHERMORE I AM NO FASCIST

And Chard Powers Smith from Falls Village, Conn., writes:

Sir: In your May number Mr. V. F. Calverton (Radical), in the course of a peculiarly unenlightened attack on the Southern Agrarians, made the following statement regarding them: "The Editor of *The American Review*, Mr. Seward Collins, has definitely described the movement 'as fascist.'" In the first place Mr. Collins is a long way from qualifying as spokesman for the Southern Agrarians, holding views diametrically opposed to them on several fundamental matters. In the second place, whether the "definite description" is Mr. Collins's or Mr. Calverton's, it is absolutely false. The Southern Agrarians and their colleagues elsewhere are unanimous in anti-fascism.

Perhaps the reason that Mr. John Crowe Ransom (Southern Agrarian), in replying to Mr. Calverton, chose to ignore this charge of fascism was that it is a piece of gratuitous silliness. The Communists have a melodramatic habit of hissing "Fascism" at everything that is not communistic. For this they have two justifications, one that they believe it, or pretend to, the other that phonetically this foreign word, with its explosion of snake-like sibilance, is splendidly suggestive of villainy. By spitting it about indiscriminately they have already aerated away the truly sinister and poisonous meaning which it once carried. If, as they seem to be bent on doing, they succeed in Americanizing the word, it will shortly settle into our glossary of naughtily opprobrious slang. The next phase will be its transmutation, like certain well-known older words, into a mere term of barroom familiarity, and finally one of affectionate endearment.

So, Mr. Calverton, you old fascist, as your friendly enemies we suggest that you either abandon this wicked word or restrict your aim of it to those targets it may properly reach. As we understand it, the word properly signifies (among other things) centralized authority, regimentation of the entire population, tyranny (both in the Greek and the sinister sense), expropriation and oppression of minorities, and, as and when helpful to these ends, torture and butchery. It seems painfully necessary to call your attention to the fact that these qualities do suggest certain familiar aspects, not only of the German and Italian situations, but of the Russian also; while they are precisely negated by the corresponding items of the Agrarian program, to wit: decentralized authority, economic and personal liberty for the individual, democracy, wide distribution of property, tolerance for minority and regional differences, and the orderly processes of politics and law.

The point is a minor one, and quite unnecessary to Mr. Ransom's satisfactory demolition of Mr. Calverton's main argument. I merely wish to suggest to the communist controversialists generally that they confine the word "fascist" to specific uses wherein it may be often useful to them—as well as to us.

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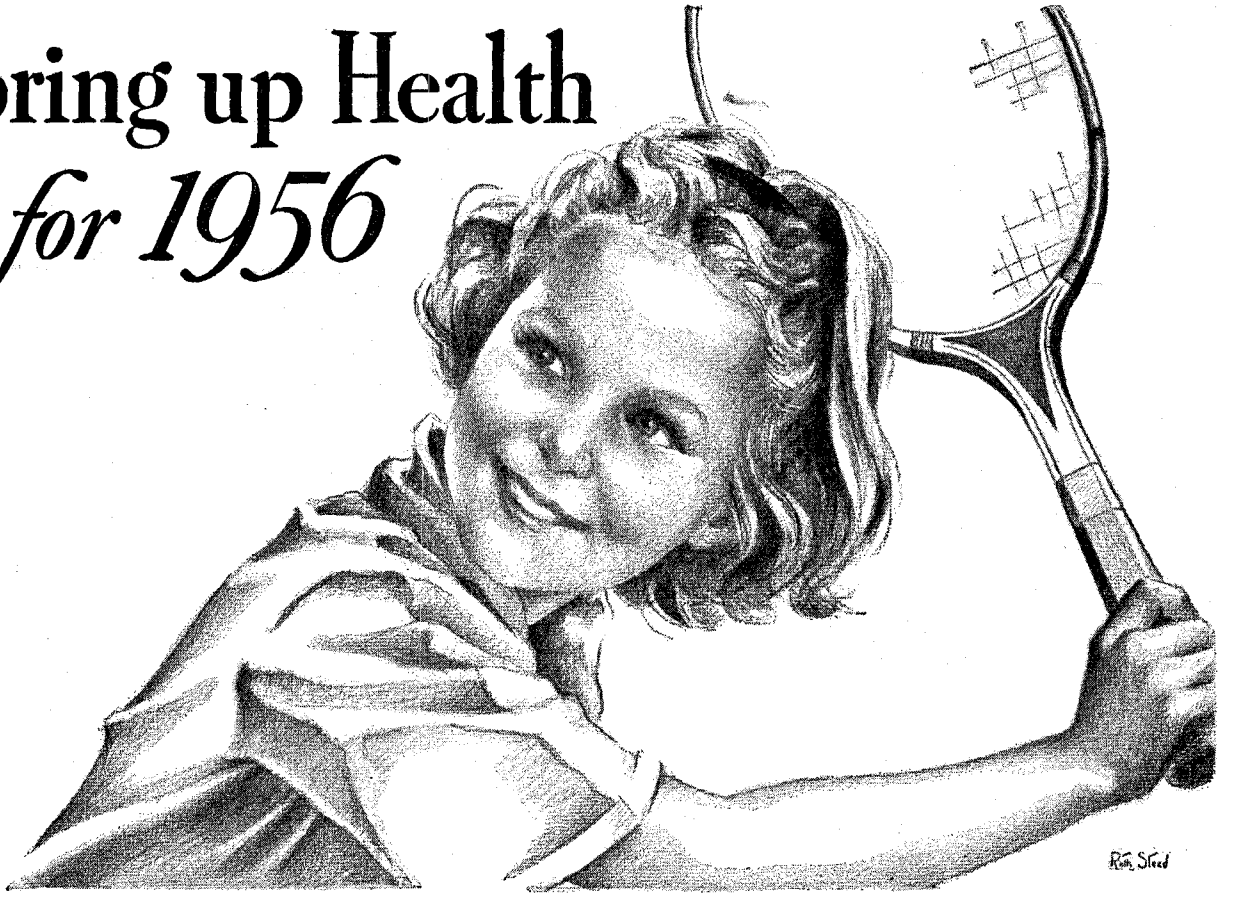
Storing up Health *for 1956*



HOW healthy will your boys and girls be twenty years from now?

The time to lay the groundwork for healthy adult life is during Childhood — and the place is outdoors—running, jumping, hiking, wrestling, swimming, skating, skiing, bicycling, playing football, baseball, soft ball, tennis. Supervised gym work or self-directed exercises at home supplement outdoor play.

While the majority of healthy boys and girls need no urging to take part in active games, many of them can develop better muscles, greater skill and more natural grace in their sports if they have proper direction. The way your child sits, walks, runs, stands, lies in bed may determine, long in advance, whether or not he, as an adult, will be straight and graceful in form—without bone or posture defects.

Sunshine is one of your child's greatest allies. It is essential for health and development. But sunshine which passes through ordinary glass loses its real, beneficial effect. Gray light of a cloudy day outdoors is more healthgiving than bright sunshine filtered through ordinary glass. Sunlight helps to prevent rickets. It is as important to keep a child out in the sunlight, as it is to safeguard the quality and amount of his food.

Have your doctor examine your child at regular intervals to find out whether or not he has any defects which if uncorrected would prevent proper growth and development.

The building years of childhood are of vast importance to the mind as well as to the body. A child, in active games, may learn the spirit of fair play, honesty and courage, which contribute to success and happiness in later life.

Send for a free copy of "Keeping Fit Through Exercise," which is planned to help parents as well as children enjoy better health. Address Booklet Department 636-S.

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